

THE
S A T I R E S
O F
H O R A C E,
In LATIN and ENGLISH.

W I T H
Critical NOTES collected from his best
Latin and French COMMENTATORS.

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,
Excerptam numero; neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis — SAT. 4. L. 1.*

By PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.

V O L. III.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

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Rev. Wm. Liddell
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Q. Horatii Flacci

S A T I R Æ.

T H E

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O F

H O R A C E.

V O L. III.

Q. HORATII FLACCI
S A T I R A R U M
LIBER PRIMUS.

S A T. I. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

QUI fit, Mæcnas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentes?

O for-

Horace addresses this first Satire to Mæcnas, as he hath inscribed to him the first of his Odes, Epodes, and Epistles: at least, they have been handed down to us in this Form, and may be considered as Dedications of the different Parts of his Works. Inconstancy and Avarice are here treated of with so much Art and Address (as indeed are all the Subjects of his Satires) that if his Odes have given our Author the Character of the first and greatest Lyric Poet, we may be bold to say, that his Epistles and Satires shall make him ever esteemed as a Philosopher inferior only to Socrates. It has been long acknowledged, that Philosophy is the Daughter of Poetry; but she was carried off, when very young, and concealed under various Disguises. At last she hath found her real Parents, the Poets, and Horace hath been the first to raise her from Obscurity.

DACIER.

Verf. 1. *Qui fit.*] The Conduct of Mankind is a perfect Riddle. Always discontented with their present Situation, and fond of changing it for any other; yet put it into their Power to change, and they certainly refuse, what they so ardently desired. What Words can define an Animal of this Character?

SANADON.

2. *Seu*

THE FIRST
BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES *of* HORACE.

SAT. I. *To* MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, what's the Cause, that no Man lives
Contented with the Lot, which Reason gives,
Or Chance presents ; yet all with Envy view
The Schemes, that others variously pursue ?

Broken

2. *Seu ratio dedit.*] The Choice of Words in this Expression is worth observing. The Gifts of Reason are always valuable, because they are bestowed with Judgment and Discernment. *Ratio* at. But Fortune, incapable of distinguishing, blindly throws her favours round her. *Fors objicit.*

Perhaps the Poet intended to balance between the Principles of the Stoics, who believed, that all Events of Life were directed by the Reason and Order of Providence ; and the Opinion of the Epicureans, who imagined, that the World was wholly governed by Fortune.

VETUS INTERPRES.

3. *Laudet diversa sequentes.*] Horace hath been reproached for contradicting, in this Satire, what he said in the first Ode. But there speaks of the Passions, which direct Mankind in their pursuits of Happiness ; here he treats of the different Professions, which they are engaged.

DAC.

4. *Gravis*

B 2

O fortunati mercatores ! gravis armis
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore. 5
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,
 Militia est potior. Quid enim ? concurritur : horæ
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
 Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus,
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat. 10
 Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
 Cætera de genere hoc (adeò sunt multa) loquacem
 Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
 Quò rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego, dicat, 15
 Jam faciam quod vultis ; eris tu, qui modò miles,
 Mercator : tu consultus modò, rusticus : hinc vos,
 Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus ; Eia,
 Quid ! statis ? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.
 Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas 20
 Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
 Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem ?

Præ-

4. *Gravis armis.*] We shall acknowledge the Necessity of this Correction (proposed by a Person, who has concealed his Name) if we consider, that Soldiers, beyond six or seven and forty Years of Age, were discharged from the Service, in the Time of Augustus. Indeed it would be difficult to find an older Man, capable of carrying that almost incredible Weight of Arms and Baggage, which a Roman Soldier was obliged to bear. Besides, if these Complaints were caused by the Soldier's Age, they must probably continue for his Life ; but in the other Examples, cited by the Poet, they arise only from some light occasional Disgust. The Merchant envies the Soldier, only while the Tempest continues ; as the Lawyer when his Clients disturb his Rest, would exchange his Condition for that of the Rustic, who envies not the Citizen, but when he is summoned to Town. What, beyond all Doubt, confirms the Necessity of this Correction, is, that when the Poet asks, why they do not accept this Offer of Jupiter, they answer, they were determined to bear the Dangers and Fatigues of their Professions, that they might gain an easy Competence for their old Age. *Senes ut ætata tuta recedant.*

Broken with Toils, with ponderous Arms oppress'd,
The Soldier thinks the Merchant solely blest.

In opposite Extreme; when Tempests rise,
War is a better Choice, the Merchant cries;
The Battle joins, and in a Moment's Flight,
Death, or a joyful Conquest, ends the Fight.

When early Clients thunder at his Gate,
The Barrister applauds the Rustic's Fate.
While, by Subpœnas dragg'd from home, the Clown
Thinks, they alone are blest, who live in Town.

But every various Instance to repeat
Would tire ev'n Fabius, of eternal Prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the general Aim
Of these Examples — Should some God proclaim,
“Your Prayers are heard; You, Soldier, to your Seas;
“You, Lawyer, take that envied Rustic's Ease:
“Each to his several Part — What! Ha! not move
“Ev'n to the Bliss you wish'd!” And shall not Jove
Swell both his Cheeks with Anger, and forswear
His weak Indulgence to their future Prayer?

But

7. *Horæ momento, &c.*] This Merchant, according to the usual Manner of those who envy another's Profession, looks only on the favourable Side. A Battle seems to have no other Consequences attending it, but immediate Death, or glorious Victory. Indeed, War has a thousand Accidents far worse than Death. DACE

14. *De lassare Fabium.*] The ancient Commentator informs us, that Fabius had followed the Party of Pompey, and had written several Books in Defence of the Stoic Philosophy, with which he had probably full often teased our Epicurean Poet.

19. *Licet esse beatiss.*] The direct and regular Construction requires *beatiss.* Yet this Manner of Expression has a beautiful Effect in Poetry, and is frequently used by our Author.

——— *dederim quibus esse poetis.*

——— *Mediocribus esse poetis,*

Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.

21. *Iratus buccas inflet.*] Mr. Spence, in his *Pelymetis*, imagines, our Poet had some ridiculous Statue of Jupiter in his View, from which he draws this whimsical Figure. But perhaps he laughs at

Prætereo; ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens
 Percurram: quanquam ridentem dicere verum
 Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi 25
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.
 Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.
 Ille, gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
 Perfidus hic caupō, miles, nautæque per omne
 Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem 30
 Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
 Aiunt, quum sibi sint congesta cibaria:

AVAR.

some poetical Description of the God drawn by his Contemporaries, such as when *canâ nive conspuat Alpes*. In this Instance, as in many others, we may see the Necessity of a literal Translation, which could alone preserve this ridiculous Image of Jupiter. The Pleasantry of it would be totally lost either in Paraphrase or Imitation, or a general Description of Anger.

23. *Prætereo*.] Mr. Sanadon has here taken a Correction from the Person who proposed that of the fourth Line, which hath somewhat too curious not to deserve being mentioned. He reads *prætereo*, and explains the whole Passage thus.

The Poet warmly asks, why Jupiter does not determine never to be so indulgent to their Prayers again? It were natural to expect, either that Horace should make Jupiter answer, or should himself answer for him to this Interrogation. But he stops short, *prætereo, ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens percurram*. I pass over the Reason in Silence, for the Subject is too serious for jesting. Thus he insinuates, that the Gods are so interested, that the smallest Presents (such as Masters give to their Scholars) can disarm them of their Anger. He does not indeed speak in plain Terms, but leads his Readers to make the Comparison themselves.

There is really some Difficulty in the common Reading. It is hard to say, to what *prætereo* refers, or how to make it agree with *sed tamen* in the twenty-seventh Verse. However, we may receive the Correction of the Text, yet not be obliged to alter the usual Manner of understanding the Remainder of the Sentence.

26. *Elementa prima*.] *Letters of the Alphabet*. Quintilian recommends to us the Example of Philip, who would not suffer any other than Aristotle to teach Alexander to read. Of so much Consequence to their future Education is the first opening and forming the Mouths of Children. *Os puerorum instituere*. Aristotle was probably of this Opinion, when he accepted such an Employment.

28. *Ille duro, &c.*] This Line is of a more elevated Style; and
 Horace

But not to treat my Subject as in Jest,
 (Yet may not Truth in laughing Guise be drest ?
 As Masters fondly sooth their Boys to read
 With Cakes and Sweetmeats) let us now proceed :
 With graver Air our serious Theme pursue,
 And yet preserve our Moral full in view.

Who turns the Soil, and o'er the Plowshare bends ;
 He, who adulterates the Laws, and vends ;
 The Soldier, and th' Adventurers of the Main,
 Profess their various Labours they sustain,
 A decent Competence for Age to raise,
 And then retire to Indolence and Ease.

MISER.

Horace gives us, from Time to Time, these Heroic Verses, to enliven his Subject, and awaken his Reader's Attention. DAC.

29. *Perfidus hic caupo.*] It is a little extraordinary, that none of the Commentators have taken notice of the new Character introduced here instead of the Lawyer, who is mentioned twice before, and who should have been regularly remembered with the other Actors in this Scene. The Pronoun *hic* seems to point at a Person, whom the Poet already had in his View, in Opposition to *ille*. Horace often mentions the Law, and its Professors, with Epithets of Perfidy and Cunning. Perhaps the *Perfidus caupo* was intended to describe a Lawyer, who sells by Retail, and adulterates the Law, to his Clients, as Vintners dash their Wines. Ennius says of Military Vintners, *cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes*, an Expression taken from the Greek. *καπηλεύειν μάχην, καπηλεύειν εἰρήνην. καπηλεύειν τὰς δίκας.* Την σοφίαν καπηλεύειν. St. Paul to the Corinthians, *καπηλεύοντες τὸν λόγον τοῦ Θεοῦ.* *Adulterating the Word of God.* The Author of Hudibras of an Attorney,

Hight Whackum, bred to dash and draw,
 Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law.

A Critical Letter to Dr. Hare, which the Translator never saw until these Notes were written, very justly takes notice of the new Character in the Person of this Vintner, but relieves the Difficulty by a pleasant Manner of altering the Text. The Letters *fidus hic cau*, says our ingenious Critic, being transposed, give us the Word *caufidicus* ; for *f* and *s* are frequently mistaken in the Manuscripts for each other, and the Letter *b* is often thrown into the Middle of a Word by the Blundering of Copyists. A Manner of Criticism not unlike that of Lord Peter,

B. 4.

who

AVAR.

Sicut

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris
 Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo
 Quem fruit, haud ignara ac non incanta futuri; 35

HORAT.

Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
 Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante
 Quæsitis sapiens; quum te neque fervidus æstus
 Demoveat lucro, neque hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
 Nil obset tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter. 40
 Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus & auri
 Furtim defossâ timidum deponere terrâ?

AVAR.

Quod, si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.

HORAT.

At nâ id fit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
 Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum; 45
 Non tuus hoc capiat venter plus ac meus: ut si
 Reticulum panis venales inter onusto
 Fortè vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quàm

Qui

who not being able to find the Word *Shoulder-knot* in the Will *totidem syllabis*, was determined to find it *totidem litteris*. But Mr. Markland, by this fortuitous Concourse of Letters, seems only to have intended a Sacrifice to the God of Laughter, *Deo Risiui sacra facere*, according to his own Expression.

An Italian Translation, printed in 1559, renders the *perfidus cantor* by *il ghiotto taverniero*, the cheating Vintner; a Proof, that the Text was unsuspected, when this Translation was published.

35. *Haud ignara, &c.*] Virgil calls an Ant, *hyemis memorem*. It is not only sensible of the Change of the Seasons, and Approach of Winter, but of the Wane of the Moon, and therefore works all Night when the Moon is at full.

Horace here answers the Merchant, who says, he imitates the Wisdom of the Ant. The Poet allows the Example to be good, but by no means an Object of the Merchant's Imitation, since it wisely enjoys in Winter the Stores, which it had laboured to raise in Summer. DAC.

43. *Quod*

MISER.

For thus the little Ant (to human Lore
No mean Example) forms her frugal Store,
Gather'd, with mighty Toil, on every Side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future Want ———

HORACE.

———— Yet when the Stars appear,
That darkly sadden the declining Year,
No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
On the fair Store, industrious Summer gives.
For thee, nor Summer's Heat, nor Winter's Cold,
Fire, Sea, nor Sword, stop thy Pursuit of Gold;
Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold Design,
So none possess a larger Sum than thine.
But, prithee, whence the Pleasure, thus by stealth
Deep in the Earth to hide thy Weight of Wealth?

MISER.

One Farthing lessen'd, you the Mass reduce.

HORACE.

And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its Use?
What though you thresh a thousand Sacks of Grain,
No more than mine thy Stomach can contain.
The Slave, who bears the Load of Bread, shall eat
No more than he, who never felt the Weight.

Or

43. *Quod si committas.*] The Change of the Speakers gives to the Miser his proper Language, and presses him with this Dilemma: *If you touch your Treasure, you reduce it to Nothing; and if you do not, it is perfectly useless.* But he hath more Pain in being obliged to spend a little of his Wealth, than he hath Pleasure in the Remainder.

45. *Millia frumenti.*] *Centum millia modiorum*; or *millia*, like other Nouns of Number, may be an Adjective, and, to form the grammatical Construction, we may read *centum millia negotia modiorum*.

DAC. SAN.

46. *Hec capiat plus ac meus.*] *Ex hoc frumento.* The Alterations in
B 5 this

Qui nîl portârit. Vel dic, quid referat, intra
Naturæ fines viventis, jugera centum, an 50
Mille aret? —

AVAR.

— At suave est de magno tollere acervo.

HORAT.

Dum ex parvo nobis tantumdem haurire relinquo,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non ampliùs urnâ,
Vel cyatho, ac dicas; Magno de flumine malim 55
Quàm ex hoc fonticulo tantumdem sumere. Eo fit,
Plenior ut si quos delectet copia iusto,
Cum ripâ simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.
At qui tantuli eget, quantum est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis.
At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso, 61
Nîl satis est, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.
Quid

this Line from the common Reading, *capiet plus quam meus*, are of Manuscript Authority.

49. *Quàm qui nîl portârit.*] The ancient Romans, in Imitation of the Wisdom and Modesty of the Greeks, had usually one Slave to carry their Luggage, when they went into the Country. Æschines reproached Demosthenes for having two Slaves to attend him in an Embassy, as if it were luxurious and effeminate.

50. *Viventis.*] *Living within the Bounds which Nature has marked for her Creature Man.* This Correction, instead of *viventi*, was proposed by Mr. Cuninghame, and has been received by Mr. Sanadon. The Latin Syntax will not bear any other Manner of speaking.

54. *Ut tibi si sit opus liquidi.*] This Comparison rises from the Verb *haurire*. Nothing, says Mr. Dacier, can more open our Understanding, or better direct us in forming a Judgment of the Ancients, than observing what gives Rise to their Thoughts and Expressions.

61. *Decepta cupidine falso.*] After Horace hath proved, by unanswerable Arguments, that Riches, except we use them, have nothing

Or say, what Difference, if we live confin'd
Within the Bounds, by Nature's Laws assign'd,
Whether a thousand Acres of Demaine,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient Grain ?

MISER.

Oh ! but 'tis sweet to take from larger Hoards.

HORACE.

Yet, if my little Heap as much affords,
Why shall your Granaries be valued more
Than my small Hampiers, with their frugal Store ?

You want a Cask of Water, or would fill
An ample Goblet ; whence the froward Will
To chuse a mighty River's rapid Course,
Before this little Fountain's lenient Source ?
But mark his Fate, insatiate who desires
Deeper to drink, than Nature's Thirst requires ;
With its torn Banks the Torrent bears away
Th' intemperate Wretch ; while he, who would allay
With healthy Draughts his Thirst, shall drink secure,
Fearless of Death, and quaff his Water pure.

Some, self-deceiv'd, who think their Lust of Gold
Is but a Love of Fame, this Maxim hold,
No Fortune's large enough, since others rate
Your Worth proportion'd to a large Estate.

Say,

thing valuable, beautiful, or agreeable ; he now prevents an Objection, which a Miser might possibly make, that this Love of Money is only a Desire of Reputation, since we are always valued in proportion to our Wealth. This Objection might have some Weight, for a Love of public Esteem has Virtue in it. But the Miser falsely disguises his Avarice under the Name of a more innocent Passion, and wilfully mistakes. *Decepta cupidine falso.*

DAC.

62. *Quia tanti, quantum babeas, sis.*] This Judgment, as absurd as it is universal, was unhappily authorised by the Laws of Rome, to which Pliny ascribes the first Weakness of her State. Indeed, what

Quid facias illi? Jubeas miserum esse, libenter
 Quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
 Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces 65
 Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac numinos contemplor in arcâ.
 Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
 Flumina — — Quid? rides! Mutato nomine, de te
 Fabula narratur. Congestis undique faccis 70
 Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere sacris
 Cogaris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.
 Nescis quo valeat nummus? quem præbeat usum?
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius; adde
 Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis. 75
 An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
 Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
 Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat? Horum
 Semper ego optârim pauperrimus esse bonorum.

AVAR.

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus, 80
 Aut alius lecto casus te adfixit; habes qui
 Adfideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
 Suscitet, ac natis reddat carisque propinquis.

HORAT.

Justice could be expected from Persons chosen to determine the Lives and Properties of their Fellow-Citizens, not for their Understanding or Integrity, but because they were possessed of such a certain Sum of Money?

69. *Quid? rides!*] The Miser laughs, imagining that Horace had no more Arguments to support his Cause, since he throws himself into a Tale-telling Strain. But he is soon convinced of his Mistake.

DAC.

88. *At*

Say, for their Cure what Arts would you employ?
“ Let them be wretched, and their Choice enjoy.”

At Athens liv'd a Wight, in Days of Yore,
Though miserably rich, yet fond of more,
But of intrepid Spirit to despise
Th' abusive Croud. “ Let them hiss on, he cries,
“ While, in my own Opinion fully blest,
“ I count my Money, and enjoy my Chest.”

Burning with Thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying Waters——Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the Name, of Thee the Tale is told,
With open Mouth when dozing o'er your Gold.
On every Side the numerous Bags are pil'd,
Whose hallow'd Stores must never be defil'd
To human Use; while you transported gaze,
As if, like Pictures, they were form'd to please.

Would you the real Use of Riches know?
Bread, Herbs and Wine are all they can bestow.
Or add, what Nature's deepest Wants supplies;
This, and no more, thy Mass of Money buys.
But, with continual Watching almost dead,
House-breaking Thieves, and midnight Fires to dread,
Or the suspected Slave's untimely Flight
With the dear Pelf; if this be thy Delight,
Be it my Fate, so Heaven in Bounty please,
Still to be poor of Blessings such as these.

MISER.

If, by a Cold some painful Illness bred,
Or other Chance confine you to your Bed,
Your Wealth shall purchase some good-natur'd Friend
Your Cordials to prepare, your Couch attend,
And urge the Doctor to preserve your Life,
And give you to your Children and your Wife.

HORACE.

HORAT.

Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius; omnes
 Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri, atque puellæ. 85
 Miraris, quum tu argento post omnia ponas,
 Si nemo præstet quem non merearis amorem?
 At, si cognatos, nullo, Natura, labore,
 Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,
 Infelix operam perdas; ut si quis asellum 90
 In campo doceat parentem currere frænis.
 Denique sit finis quærendi: quumque habeas plus,
 Pauperiem metuas minùs; & finire laborem
 Incipias, parto quod avebas: ne facias quod
 Ummidius qui tam (non longa est fabula) dives 95
 Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
 Non unquam fervo meliùs vestiret, ad usque
 Supremum tempus, ne se penuriâ victûs
 Opprimeret, metuebat: at hunc liberta securi
 Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndariarum. 100

AVAR.

Quid mî igitur suades? ut vivam Mænius? ac sic,
 Ut Nomentanus? —

HORAT.

88. *At si cognatos.*] This Passage, says Mr. Dacier, hath more Difficulty than appears at first Sight. If we understand it, that Nature gives us Relations without Trouble, the Sense is flat, and unworthy of our Author. If we construe it, with the ancient Commentator, *nullo tuo labore*, it hath hardly any Meaning, and is not even Latin. The Punctuation will assist us to clear the real Perplexity and Confusion in the Words. They may be then easily ranged, *At si cognatos, quos Natura tibi dat, retinere velis nullo labore.*

100. *Fortissima Tyndariarum.*] The Daughters of Tyndarus, Helen and Clytemnestra, who killed their Husbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon. The Copyists being used to the Word *Tyndaridæ*, a Name by which Castor and Pollux are frequently called, have here mistaken the Masculine for the Feminine Gender, writing the Word *Tyndaridarum*.

CUNINGHAM. SAN.

101. *Ut vivam Mænius, ac sic, ut Nomentanus.*] We have the History of Mænius at length in the fifteenth Epistle of the first Book,

HORACE.

Nor Wife, nor Son, that hated Life would save,
While all, who know thee, wish thee in the Grave.
And canst thou wonder, that they prove unkind,
When all thy Passions are to Gold confin'd?

Nature, 'tis true, in each Relation gave
A Friend sincere; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine, with unfeeling Heart,
And careless Manners to preserve, your Art
As well may teach an Ass to scour the Plain,
And bend obedient to the forming Rein.

Yet somewhere should your Views of Lucre cease,
Nor let your Fears of Poverty increase,
As does your Wealth; for since you now possess
Your utmost Wish, your Labour should be less.

Ummidius once (the Tale is quickly told)
So wond'rous rich he measur'd out his Gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a Slave,
Afraid of starving ere he reach'd his Grave:
But a bold Wench, of right Virago Strain,
Cleft with an Axe the wretched Wight in twain.

MISER.

By your Advice what Party shall I take?
Like Mænius live a Prodigal, and Rake
Like Nomentanus?

HORACE.

Book. Lucilius informs us, that he sold his House in the Forum, reserving only a Balcony to see the public Games. *Mænius colum-nam cum exciperet.* The Name of this Nomentanian (so called from Nomentum, the Town where he was born) was Lucius Cassius.

An Italian Translation by Lodovico Dolce says, I know not upon what Authority, that Mænius was a Miser, and Nomentanus a Spendthrift, *Menio fu avarissimo, e Nomentano prodigo.* This Opposition of Characters better supports the Poet's Reasoning, than their being both Prodigals or Spendthrifts.

Pergis

HORAT.

———Pergis pugnancia secum

Frontibus adversis componere. Non ego, avarum

Quum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.

Est inter Tanai'n quiddam focerumque Viselli. 105

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,

Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.

Illuc, unde abii, redeo. Nemon' ut avarus

Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes?

Quoddamque aliena capella gerat dissentius uber, 110

Tabescat? neque se meliori pauperiorum

Turbæ comparet? hunc atque hunc superare laboret?

Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat:

Ut quum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus;

Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum 115

Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Inde

Pergis pugnancia secum.] The Miser hitherto justifies his Avarice in the best Manner he can, but it does not appear, that he hath yet past in Practice from one Excess to the other. How then can Horace reproach him with such a Contradiction in his Character? Certainly the Poet does not mean it. *Pergis pugnancia secum frontibus adversis componere*, must be understood, *pergis te defendere componendo pugnancia frontibus adversis*. The Miser, by continuing to defend himself, runs into an Extreme directly opposite to that, which he is advised to leave.

SAN.

105. *Tanai'n, focerumque Viselli.*] These Persons are wholly unknown to us, nor does it appear, whether the Poet sets them in opposition for their moral Vices, or their personal Deformities. The ancient Commentator indeed informs us, that Tanai's was a Freed-man of Mæcenas, and that the Father-in-law of Visellius had a Rupture. But we know not whence he got their History, and therefore cannot depend on it.

108. *Illuc, unde abii, redeo.*] Mr. Sanadon, not unjustly, blames our Poet for this Digression from his Subject; for indeed, such Wanderings are more allowable in Lyric Poetry, than in Poems of serious and moral Kind.

Nemon' ut avarus se probet.] Horace now returns to his Subject, which he left in the twenty-third Line. The Miser thinks himself the most miserable of Mankind, yet there is equal Wretchedness in

all

HORACE.

——— Why will you pretend,
 With such Extremes, your Conduct to defend?
 The fordid Miser when I justly blame,
 I would not have you prodigal of Fame,
 Spendthrift or Rake; for sure some Difference lies
 Between the very Fool, and very Wife;
 Some certain Mean in all Things may be found,
 To mark our Virtues, and our Vices bound.

But to return from whence we have digress.
 And is the Miser, then, alone unblest?
 Does he alone applaud his Neighbour's Fate,
 Or pine with Envy of his happier State?
 To Crouds beneath him never turn his Eye,
 Where in Distress the Sons of Virtue lie,
 But, to outspeed the wealthy, bend his Force,
 As if they stop'd his own impetuous Course?

Thus, from the Goal when swift the Chariot flies,
 The Charioteer the bending Lash applies,
 To overtake the foremost on the Plain,
 But looks on all behind him with Disdain.

From

all Professions, and Conditions of Life. Thus the Poet would convince us, that Mankind are generally as unhappy by their Inconstancy, as their Avarice, which is the very Point he was obliged to prove. We may remark, with how much Art he returns from his Digression. *Probare se*, and *laudare se*, are synonymous Words to express, *He thinks himself happy*.

III. *Meliori turbæ*.] This Reading was recovered from an ancient Manuscript by Mr. Cuninghame, and is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon. It adds a new Thought to the Sentence, and the usual Epithet, *majori*, is express'd in the Word *turbæ*. To look down to Crouds of valuable People in Distress, would be a wise Method of making us enjoy our own Conditions of Life with Satisfaction. Yet Mankind, who were born to be happy, too frequently view their present Circumstances, in that Point of Light alone, which renders them most disagreeable.

114. *Ut quàm carceribus*.] This Comparison equally shews the Folly and

Inde fit, ut rarò, qui se vixisse beatum
 Dicat, & exactò contentus tempore, vitâ
 Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
 Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
 Compilâsse putes, verbum non ampliùs addam.

120

and Ambition of Mankind. In the Chariot-race the Prize was given only to the foremost; but Happiness is not given to the first in our Pursuit of Riches. The Poet, apprehensive that so long a Dispute might grow tedious to his Readers, ends it with this beautiful Comparison, which he hath enlivened by the Language of the Sublime. Would to Heaven, says Mr. Dacier, that Writers of our Time could imitate this Address.

118. *Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur.*] There are few People, says Epicurus, who do not go out of Life, as if they were just come into it; from whence their Lives, as Lucretius expresses it, are always imper-

SAT. II. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

AMBUBAIARUM collegia, pharmacopolæ,
 Mendici, mimæ; balatrones hoc genus omne
 Mœstum

Our Poet looked upon Adultery with so much Horror, that in the Odes he calls it the Source from whence all the Misfortunes, which afflicted Italy, arose. The second Excess, which Horace blames in this Satire, is the Vice of frequenting public Stews, and the Folly of being ruined by conversing with common Women. Thus far he may deserve our Praise, and the Satire may be not unuseful to the present Age. But while he would direct us in a virtuous Medium between these two Extremes, he unhappily falls into Crimes, which we ought to be ashamed to name. He justly becomes an Object of his own Satire, and a Proof, that Fools (they who suffer themselves to be governed by irregular Passions) while they avoid one Excess, constantly run into another. Such ever has been human Nature, since it lost its original Purity, when left to the Guidance of Natural Religion. For whatever our present Race of young Philosophers may think; however perfect Natural Religion may appear in Theory, it never has been able, in Practice, to preserve its wisest Votaries from Vices most abominable, and a Manner of Reasoning most infamous.

With

From hence, how few, like fated Guests, depart
From Life's full Banquet with a chearful Heart?

But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole-
From blind Crispinus this eternal Scrawl.

imperfect. Perhaps our Poet had in View an Expression of Aristotle, *We should go out of Life, as we ought to rise from a Banquet, neither thirsty nor full of Wine.*

120. *Crispini lippi.*] Crispinus was a bleer-eyed, impertinent Scribler, *non oculorum ratione, sed mentis*, says the Scholiast, which Lord Rochester seems to have translated, *Who squints more in his Judgement than his Sight*; although Mr. Dacier thinks it unworthy of Horace. However, it is not unpleasant, to find our Poet apprehensive of being suspected of pillaging poor Crispinus, especially after the last beautiful Comparison.

SAT. II. To MÆCENAS.

THE Tribes of Minstrels, strolling Priests and Players,
Perfumers, and Buffoons, are all in Tears,
For

With Preservatives of this Kind against the Poison of the present Satire it may be translated, and not without Advantage to the present Age. Perhaps, as Mr. Dacier observes, we imprudently endeavour to conceal these dangerous Passages of ancient Authors from the Eyes of Youth, who might better be permitted to see them, under the Direction and Temper of their Teachers. Is it not waiting until the Storm of the Passions is raised, which drives them upon unknown Rocks, so fatal to their Virtue; that might have been prudently pointed out to them in the calmer Hours of Life?

Verf. 1. *Ambubaiarum.*] *Women who played on the Flute.* It is derived from a Syrian Word, for the People of that Country usually excelled on this Instrument. *Pharmacopolæ* is a general Name for all who deal in Spices, Effences, and Perfumes. TORR.

2. *Mendici, mimæ, balatrones.*] The Priests of Isis and Cybele were Beggars by Profession, and under the Veil of Religion were often guilty of the most criminal Excesses. *Mimæ* were Players of the most debauched and dissolute Kind; and *balatrones* in general signifies all Scoundrels, Buffoons and Parasites, who had their
Name,

Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli;
 Quippe benignus erat. Contrà hic, ne prodigus esse
 Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico, 5
 Frigus quo duramque famem propellere possit.
 Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
 Præclaram ingratâ stringat malus ingluvie rem,
 Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis:
 Sordidus, atque animi quòd parvi nolit haberi, 10
 Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.
 Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
 Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis:
 Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
 Quantò perditior quisque est, tantò acriùs urget: 15
 Nomina sectatur, modò sumptâ veste virili
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit? At in se
 Pro quæstu sumptum facit hic. Vix credere possis

Quàm

Name; according to the old Commentator, from Servilius Balatro. *Balatrones hoc genus omne*, for *omne hoc balatronum genus*, is a remarkable Sort of Construction. TORR. SAN.

3. *Tigelli.*] Tigellius was merely formed for Diversion: a Kind of Creature always acceptable to the Great. Of an elegant Taste in Music; a lively Buffoon; a dexterous Flatterer, who had successively been a Favourite to Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, and Augustus. Horace hath in three Lines made his funeral Oration; by telling us he hath ruined his Fortune among Scoundrels of this Kind, by whom alone he was lamented, when he died. COMMENT. SAN.

13. *Dives agris.*] Mr. Sanadon justly suspects this Line, which more properly belongs to the Art of Poetry; and is here used without any Necessity; Nor is it the Custom of Horace to copy himself, without changing his Expression. However, we have one Instance in his *Ordes*——*Mater sæva Cupidinum.*

Odes

14. *Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat.*] *Caput* is the Principal; *merces* the Interest, and *exsecare* is to deduct the Interest before the Money

For ah! Tigellius, sweetest Songster's dead,
And sure the Soul of Bounty with him fled.

Behold a Wretch, in opposite Extreme,
So fearful of a Spendthrift's odious Name,
He dare not even a sordid Pittance give
To raise a worthy Friend, and bid him live.
Or ask another, why, in thankless Feasts
The Wealth of all his frugal Sires he wastes;
Then the luxurious Treat profuse supplies
With borrow'd Sums: because I scorn, he cries,
To be a Wretch of narrow Spirit deem'd——
By some condemn'd, by others he's esteem'd.

Fusidius, rich in Lands, and large Increase
Of growing Usury, dreads the foul Disgrace
To be call'd Rake; and, ere the Money's lent,
He prudently deducts his Cent per Cent.
Then, as he finds the Borrower distressed,
Cruel demands a higher Interest,
But lends profusely to the lavish Heir,
Whose Guardians prove too frugally severe.
All-powerful Jove, th' indignant Reader cries,
“ But his Expences, with his Income, rise.”

No——

Money is lent. For Instance, Fusidius lends an hundred Pounds, and at the End of the Month the Borrower is to pay him an hundred and five, Principal and Interest. But he gives only ninety-five Pounds, deducting his Interest when he lends the Money, which thus increases in twenty Months equal to his Principal. The Laws allowed an Usury called *Usuria centesima*, which doubled the capital Sum in an hundred Months, or eight Years and four Months.

TOR.

16. *Nomina sectatur.*] *Nomen* signifies a Debt, because the Borrower gave the Lender a Note of Acknowledgement for the Money, signed with his Name. The Laws forbade lending Money to Minors, or Persons under the Age of five and twenty Years.

CRUQ.

Quàm sibi non sit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terentî 20
 Fabula quem miserum nato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejùs cruciaverit atque hic.
 Si quis nunc quærat, quò res hæc pertinet? Illuc:
 Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
 Malthinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui 25
 Inguen ad obscœnum subductis usque facetus.
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum:
 Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subsutâ talos tegat instita veste:
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olenti in fornice stantem. 30
 Quidam notus homo quum exiret fornice: Maeste
 Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis;
 Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
 Permolere uxores. Nolim laudari, inquit, 35
 Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi.
 Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
 Qui mœchos non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;
 Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla. 40

Hic

20. *Pater ille Terentî.*] Menedemus, and his Son Clinias, in the Self-Tormentor of Terence.

25. *Malthinus.*] A Word derived from *μαλθακός*, effeminate. The old Commentator informs us, that some People imagined Horace means his Patron Mæcenæ, whom Velleius describes, *Flowing in Idleness and Luxury beyond even a Woman's Effeminacy*. But it is hardly possible, that he should thus ungratefully outrage a Man, from whom he had received the greatest Obligations, and for whom he professes the tenderest Affection.

27. *Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.*] We know not who these Persons were; but, whether because they were People of Distinction, or supported by Men in Power, we find, this Line was publicly resented.

31. *Maeste virtute esto.*] We may here add what Cato said to this *notus homo*, this Person of Distinction, whom he found frequently in the Stews. *Young Man, I commended you for coming hither sometimes; not for lodging here.* In

No—'tis amazing, that this Man of Pelf
Hath yet so little Friendship for himself,
That even the Self-Tormentor in the Play,
Cruel who drove his much-lov'd Son away,
Amidst the willing Tortures of Despair
Could not with Wretchedness like his compare.

But say, at what this tedious Preface aims—
THAT Fools are ever vicious in Extremes.
While soft Malthinus trails a Length of Train,
See that short Robe, ridiculously' obscene.
Rufillus with Perfumes distracts your Head;
With his own Scents Gargonius strikes you dead.
There are, all other Passions who disclaim,
Except th' impurpled Robe, and wedded Dame:
Others their safer, cheaper Pleasures chuse,
And take a willing Mistress from the Stews.

When awful Cato saw a noted Spark
From a Night-Cellar stealing in the dark,
“ Well done, my Friend, if Love thy Breast enflame,
“ Indulge it here, and spare the married Dame.”
Be mine the silken Veil, Cupiennius cries,
Such vulgar Praise and Pleasure I despise.

All ye, who wish some dire Mishap may wait
This horning Tribe, attend while I relate
What Dangers and Disasters they sustain,
How few their Pleasures, and how mix'd with Pain.

A

In these Instances we see the deplorable State of Morality among the most enlightened Heathens. Cato, the Roman Censor, and according to our Poet's Expression, the *divine Cato*, *sententia dia Cato-nis*, is here introduced applauding the Youth of Rome, for indulging themselves in every other vicious Pleasure, as a Mean to secure them from violating the Marriage Bed. Our Auther too, a Philosopher, Satirist and Moralist, supports this infamous Doctrine.

37. *Audire est operæ premium.*] Is a pleasant Parody of a solemn Passage in Ennius,

Audire

Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
 Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
 Prædonum in turbam. Jure omnes: Galba negabat.
 Tutior at quantò merx est in classe secundâ!
 Libertinarum dico; Sallustius in quâ 45
 Non minùs insanit, quàm qui mæchatur. At hic si,
 Quâ res, quâ ratio suaderet, quâque modestè
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse, daret quantum fatis esset; nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. Verùm hoc se amplectitur uno, 50
 Hoc amat, hoc laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango:
 Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque:
 Nil fuerit mî, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
 Verùm est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus; unde 55
 Fama malum gravius, quàm res, trahit. An tibi abunde
 Personam fatis est, non illud, quidquid ubique
 Officit, evitare? Bonam deperdere famam,
 Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicunque. Quid inter-
 est in matronâ, ancillâ, peccesne togatâ? 60
 Villius in Faustâ Sullæ gener, hoc miser uno
 Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit usque, superque

Quàm

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
 Qui rem Romanam, Latiumque augescere vultis.*

All ye, who wish to see the Roman Fame
 And Latium flourish with Increase of Name,
 May with Advantage hear——

60. *Togatâ.*] *A Prostitute.* Women of this kind were obliged,
 when they went abroad, to wear a Robe, called *Toga*. The Re-
 semblance of it to the Robe, worn by Men, made it a Mark of
 Infamy.

A desperate Leap one luckless Caitiff tries :
Torn by the flagrant Lash another dies ;
Some are by Robbers plunder'd as they fly ;
Others with Gold a wretched Safety buy.
Such various Woes pursue these Sons of Lust,
And all, but Galba, own the Sentence just.

Far safer they, who venture their Estate,
And trade with Females of the second Rate.
“ Yet Sallust rages here with wild Desires,
“ As mad as those, which lawless Love inspires.”
But had he been with less Profusion kind,
Had common Sense his lavish Hand confin'd,
He had not now been wholly lost to Shame,
In Fortune ruin'd, as undone in Fame.
But here's the Joy and Comfort of his Life,
To swear, he never touch'd his Neighbour's Wife.

Thus, to an Actress when with lavish Hand
Maræus gave his Mansion-House and Land,
My Soul, thank Heaven, he cries, from Guilt is free ;
The wedded Dames are Vestal Maids for me.

Actress or not, the Crime is still the same,
Equal the Ruin of Estate and Fame ;
Equal the Folly, whether in Pursuit
Of Wife, or Slave, or loose-rob'd Prostitute ;
Unless you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the Person, not the Vice to shun.

Of Sylla's wanton Daughter when possesst,
Villius believ'd himself supremely blest :
To a Dictator thus to be allied,
Dazzled his Senses, and indulg'd his Pride ;

Quàm satis est, pugnis cæsus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, quum Longarenius foret intus.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis

65

Dives opis Natura suæ! Tu si modo rectè
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis

Immiscere; tuo vitio, rerumne labores,

Nil referre putas? Quare, ne pœniteat te,

Define matronas sectarier; unde laboris

70

Plus haurire mali est, quàm ex re decerpere fructus.

Nec magis huic niveos inter viridesque lapillos

(Sit licet hoc, Cerinthe, tuum) tenerum est femur,

aut crus

Rectius; atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.

Adde huc, quòd mercem sine fucis gestat, apertè

75

Quod venale habet ostendit; nec, si quid honesti est,

Jaçtat habetque palam; quærit quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos est; ubi equos mercantur, apertos

Inspiciunt, ne, si facies (ut sæpe) decora

Molli fulta pede est, emtorem inducat hiantem,

80

Quòd pulchræ clunes, breve quòd caput, ardua cervix.

Hoc illi rectè. Tu corporis optima Lyncei

Contemplere oculis: Hypsæâ cæcior, illa

Quæ mala sunt, spectas. O crus! ô brachia! Verùm

Depygis,

64. *Quum Longarenius foret intus.*] The Commentator tells us, that Longarenius was Fausta's Husband, but he is probably mistaken. He was rather some wretched Scoundrel Gallant, and it sets the Folly of Villius in a stronger Ridicule, who, for mere Vanity, loved a Woman, who could be prodigal of her Favours to such a worthless Rival.

66. *Dives opis Natura suæ.*] Nature is sufficiently rich in her own proper Funds, without any foreign Wealth. The Riches of Nature are Health, Beauty, Good-humour; and these are all she asks. On the contrary, Names of Distinction, Honours, Quality, are the Riches of Fortune, which Nature never desires.

DAC.

91. Cais

But sure, if Vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks, poor Villius was full hardly treated,
When buffeted and stabb'd the Coxcomb dies,
While in the Wanton's Arms a Scoundrel lies.

But Nature, rich in her own proper Wealth
Of Youth and Beauty, Chearfulness and Health,
In her Pursuit of Happiness disclaims
The Pride of Titles, and the Pomp of Names.
Be thine, her wise Economy to learn,
And real from affected Bliss discern.

Then, lest Repentance punish such a Life;
Never, ah! never kiss your Neighbour's Wife,
For see, what thousand Mischiefs round you rise,
And few the Pleasures, though you gain the Prize.

What though Cerinthus doats upon the Girl,
Who flames with Emerald green, or snowy Pearl,
Is she beyond a common Mistress blest
With Leg more taper, or a softer Breast?

Besides, the public Nymph no Varnish knows,
But all her venal Beauties frankly shows,
Nor boasts some happier Charm with conscious Pride,
Nor strives a vile Deformity to hide.

When skilful Jockeys would a Courser buy,
They strip him naked to the curious Eye;
For oft an eager Chapman is betray'd
To buy a founder'd or a spavin'd Jade,
While he admires a thin, light-shoulder'd Chest,
A little Head, broad Back, and rising Crest.

Th' Example's good; then keep it in thy Mind,
Nor to the Fair-one's Faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle Rapture on her Charms,
"Oh! what a taper Leg! what snowy Arms!"

Depygis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est. 35
 Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata (nam te
 Hoc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum officient res :
 Custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitæ,
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata pallâ :
 Plurima, quæ invideant purè adparere tibi rem. 90
 Altera nil obstat : Cois tibi penè videre est
 Ut nudam ; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi,
 Metiri possis oculo latus. An tibi mavis
 Infidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
 Quàm mercem ostendi ? LEPOREM venator, ut altâ 95
 In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit ;
 Cantat & apponit : MEUS amor est huic similis ; nam
 Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.
 Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
 Atque æstus, curasque graves è pectore tolli ? 100
 Nonne cupidinibus statuatur Natura modum quem,
 Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
 Quærere plus prodest, & inane abscindere soldo ?
 Num, tibi quum fauces urit fitis, aurea quæris
 Pocula ? Num esuriens fastidis omnia præter
 Pavonem rhombumque ? 105

Candida

91. *Cois tibi penè videre est.*] These glassy Robes, *vitreas togas* as Varro calls them, were invented by a Coan Woman, whose Name was Pamphila ; for, as Pliny observes, we should not defraud her of the Glory of finding this marvellous Secret of shewing Women naked in their Clothes. They cannot swear, says Seneca, that they are not naked, when they are dressed in this Manner. Publius Syrus, with greater Boldness of Expression, says,

*Æquum est induere nuptam ventum textilem ?
 Palam prostare nudam in nebulâ lineâ ?*

A woven Wind shall wedded Matrons wear,
 And naked in a Linen Cloud appear ?

97. *Cantat*

For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
Low Hips, short Waist, splay Feet, and hideous Length
of Nose.

But if you still pursue this dangerous Game
(Perhaps the Dangers your Desires inflame)
What formidable Works around her rise!
Maids, Chairmen, Footmen, Flatterers, guard the Prize.
The flowing Robe, and closely muffled Veil
With envious Folds the precious Thing conceal;
But what from Nature's Commoners you buy,
Through the thin Robe stands naked to your Eye:
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the Fair,
With foolish Fondness, ere she shews her Ware.

As when a Sportsman through the snowy Waste
Pursues a Hare, which he disdains to taste,

"So (sings the Rake) my Passion can despise

"An easy Prey, but follows when it flies."

Yet can these idle Versicles remove

The Griefs and Tortures of this guilty Love?

Were it not better Wisdom to inquire

How Nature bounds each impotent Desire;

What she with Ease resigns, or wants with Pain,

And thus divide the Solid from the Vain?

Say, should your Jaws with Thirst severely burn,

Would you a cleanly, earthen Pitcher spurn?

Should Hunger on your gnawing Entrails seize,

Will Turbot only or a Peacock please?

97. *Cantat & apponit.*] We are obliged to the Learning of Heinsius for an Explanation of this Passage, which hath sufficiently perplexed the Commentators. He hath happily found in Callimachus the Song, to which the Poet alludes, and Part of which he hath here translated.

Candida rectaque sit munda haecenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quàm det Natura, videri.

Hæc, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
Ilia & Egeria est; do nomen quodlibet illi.

110

Nec vereor ne vir rure recurrat;

Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno

Pulsa domus strepitu resonet; ne pallida lecto

Defiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;

Cruribus hæc metuat, doti deprensa, egomet mî.

115

Discinctâ tunicâ fugiendum est, ac pede nudo;

Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.

Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel iudice vincam.

Let her be straight and fair ; nor wish to have,
Or Height or Colour, Nature never gave :
Then, while with Joy I wooe the pleasing Fair,
What Nymph, what Goddes can with mine compare ?
No Terroures rise to interrupt my Joys,
No jealous Husband, nor the fearful Noise
Of bursting Doors, nor the loud, hideous Yelling
Of barking Dogs, that shakes the Matron's Dwelling,
When the pale Wanton leaps from off her Bed,
The conscious Chamber-maid screams out her Dread
Of horrid Tortures ; loudly cries the Wife,
“ My Jointure's lost, ”—I tremble for my Life :
Unbutton'd, without Shoes, I speed away,
Lest in my Person, Purse, or Fame, I pay.
To be surpris'd is, sure, a wretched Tale,
And for the Truth to Fabius I appeal.

SAT. III. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

OMnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
 Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
 Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
 Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
 Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
 Quidquam proficeret. Si collibuisse, ab ovo
 Usque ad mala iteraret: Iō Bacche; modò summâ
 Voce, modò hac, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

The Morality of Zeno, among a Number of excellent Precepts, had some which really dishonoured Virtue, by rendering it impracticable and ridiculous. One of their Dogmas asserted an Equality of Vices, and, as it would not acknowledge any Faults of less Malignity, so it would never pardon any, but punish all with equal Severity. Horace, in opposing this Principle, shews, that there are Faults, which we ought to pardon; and that, even among those which we cannot forgive, there are some which we ought to punish with less Severity than others.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.*] The Character here given to Musicians, may be as well applied to Painters and Poets, for a Reason common to them all, and which may be well excused. Imagination is equally Mistress of these three Arts, and nothing is more difficult than to regulate or restrain her Power. From hence proceed all the whimsical Extravagancies of those, who profess themselves her Votaries.

SAN.

7. *Iteraret, Iō Bacche.*] We are indebted for this conjectural Emendation to Dr. Bentley. The drinking Catch, which Tigellius incessantly repeats, probably began with the Words, *Iō Bacche*. *Citaret* is a Law Term; and although we should allow, that it is here used for *recitaret*, yet where shall we find *recitare cantilenam*, signifying, *to sing a Song*? Dr. Bentley tells us, that one of his ancient Manuscripts had, very probably, the present Reading, the Beginning of which, *iter*, was erased, and *cit* written by another Hand in its Place.

Mido

SAT. III. To MÆCENAS.

WITH this one Vice all Songsters are possest;
 Sing they can never at a Friend's Request,
 Yet chaunt it forth, unask'd, from Morn to Night—
 This Vice Tigellius carried to its Height.
 Cæsar, who might command in firmer Tone,
 If, by his Father's Friendship, and his own,
 He ask'd a Song, was sure to ask in vain,
 Yet, when the Whim prevail'd, in endless Strain
 Through the whole Feast the jovial Catch he plies,
 From Base to Treble o'er the Gamut flies.

Nothing

Modo summa voce, &c.] In a Tone which answers to the lowest Base-String of the Tetrachord. The four Strings of this Instrument were called by the Greeks;

ὑπάτη.	————	Summa.
Παραπάτη.	————	Subsumma.
Παραμήτη.	————	Pene ima.
Νήτη.	————	Ima.

Thus the *summa vox*, which answers to the highest String, *summa chorda*, must signify the Base; and *ima vox*, that strikes the same Tone with *ima chorda*, must signify the Treble. This Passage hath been shamefully misunderstood by the Commentators, who tell us, that *ima* signifies, in general, the Base, and *summa* the Treble; not considering, that Horace, if regularly construed, mentions the Strings of the Tetrachord by their Names; while they understand him as only speaking of the Voice. The whole Passage may be thus explained: *Modò summâ voce, id est, voce illâ, quæ ita resonat in Tetrachordo, ut si ex quatuor chordis Tetrachordi summa, ratione loci, eademque gravissima ratione soni: modò hac voce, quæ ita resonat in eodem Tetrachordo, ut si ex quatuor chordis Tetrachordi, ima, ratione loci, eademque acutissima ratione soni.* Whoever would be better instructed in this Subject, may read a curious Dissertation upon it, addressed to Mr. Sanadon.

Nîl æquale homini fuit illi : sæpe velut qui
 Currebat fugiens hostem ; persæpe velut qui 10
 Junonis sacra ferret : habebat sæpe ducentos,
 Sæpe decem servos ; modò reges atque tetrarchas,
 Omnia magna loquens ; modò ; Sit mihi mensa tripes &
 Concha falis puri, & toga quæ defendere frigus
 Quamvis crassa queat. Decies centena dedisses 15
 Huic parco, paucis contento ; quinque diebus
 Nîl erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
 Mane ; diem totum stertebat. Nîl fuit unquam
 Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi ; Quid tu ?
 Nullane habes vitia ? Imò alia, & fortasse minora. 20
 Mænius absentem Novium quum carperet : Heus tu,
 Quidam ait, ignoras te ? an ut ignotum dare nobis
 Verba putas ? Egomet mî ignosco, Mænius inquit.
 Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
 Quum tua prætereas oculis malè lippus inunctis, 25
 Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,

Quàm

11. *Junonis sacra ferret.*] This grave and solemn March, although a religious Ceremony in its Place, yet, when improperly used, is Affectation and Impertinence. The Solemnity of this Procession became a Proverb, Ἡρατὸν βαδίζειν, *to walk like Juno*. TOR.

15. *Decies centena.*] *Decies centena millia.* A Million of Sesterces amounted to seven thousand eight hundred and twelve Pound ten Shillings of our Money, computing the lesser Sesterce at one Penny, Half-penny Farthing, Half-farthing. The Romans used to say, *decies millia* and *decies* alone, and *decies sestertium*.

20. *Imò alia, & fortasse minora.*] Nothing can be more strongly authorised than this Reading, which is of all the Manuscripts and ancient Editions. In the next Satire the Poet declares that his Faults are of a pardonable Kind ; and indeed he must have reproached Tigellius, with a very bad Grace, for Crimes, of which he himself was equally guilty. *Haud fortasse minora.* Such a Poet could with very little Modesty pretend to write a Satire on the Vices of Man-kind.

25. Quàm

Nothing was firm, or constant, in the Man;
 He, sometimes, like a frightened Coward ran,
 Whose Foes are at his Heels; then solemn stalk'd,
 As if at Juno's Festival he walk'd.
 Now with two hundred Slaves he crowds his Train;
 Now walks with ten. In high and haughty Strain
 At Morn, of Tetrarchs, and of Kings he prates;
 At Night—"A three-legg'd Table, O ye Fates,
 "A little Shell the sacred Salt to hold,
 "And Clothes, though coarse, to keep me from the
 "Cold."

Yet give the Man, thus frugal, thus content,
 Ten thousand Pounds, and every Shilling's spent
 In five short Days. He drank the Night away
 Till rising Dawn, then snor'd out all the Day.
 Sure such a various Creature ne'er was known.—

"Has Horace, then, no Vices of his own?"

That I have Vices, frankly I confess,

But of a different Kind, and somewhat less.

Mænius, behind his Back, at Novius rail'd,

"What! don't you know yourself, or think conceal'd

"From us, who know you, what a Life you live?"

Mænius replies, Indulgent, I forgive

The Follies I commit. This foolish Love

And criminal, our Censure should reprove.

For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by

Your own worst Vices with unheeding Eye,

Why so sharp-sighted in another's Fame,

Strong as an Eagle's Ken, or Dragon's Beam?

But

25. *Quùm tua præterens.*] The Necessity of this Correction, which is taken from Mr. Sanadon, appears not only from the Sense of the Poet, but the different Readings of Manuscripts, and

Quàm aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? At tibi
contra

Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

Iracundior est paulò; minùs aptus acutis

Naribus horum hominum: rideri possit, eo quòd 30

Rusticiùs tonso toga defluit, & malè laxus

In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir

Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium
ingens

Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique teipsum

Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim 35

Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala: namque

Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.

Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quòd amicæ

Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc

Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ. 40

Vellem

Disputes of Editors, whom it is impossible to reconcile, while each of them proves the other in the wrong. Some understand *pervidere*, like the Greek *παραβλεπειν*, *To view carelessly*, as if *per* were a Diminutive, as in *perfidus*, *perjurus*. Others read *prævideas* for *prætervideas*; an Expression unknown to the Latin Tongue. The other Alteration in this Line, *malè* for *mala*, is of Manuscript Authority. Our Author frequently uses *malè* for *valde*, *malè lippus*, *malè parvus*, *malè laxus*. *Tua* refers to *vitia*, which appears in the Ablative Case in the following Verse.

29. *Iracundior est paulò.*] Mr. Dacier, supported by the old Commentator and Cruquius, acknowledges in this Passage the Character of Virgil; while Dr. Bentley, with his natural Contempt of other Interpreters, finds in it the Picture of Horace himself. However, the Poet seems only to have drawn an imaginary Character, or perhaps might have thrown in some Strokes, which make it resemble Virgil and Himself. The Commentator's Tradition does Honour to our Author, in shewing his Friendship for Virgil; and it were to be wished, for Virgil's Reputation, that he had in any one Place acknowledged that Friendship.

Acutis

But know, that he with equal Spleen shall view
With equal Rigour shall your Faults pursue.

Your Friend is passionate ; perhaps unfit
For the brisk Petulance of modern Wit.
His Hair ill-cut, his Robe, that aukward flows,
Or his large Shoes to Raillery expose
The Man you love ; yet is he not possest
Of Virtues, with which very few are blest ?
While underneath this rude, uncouth Disguise
A Genius of extensive Knowledge lies.

Search your own Breast, and mark with honest Care
What Seeds of Folly Nature planted there,
Or Custom rais'd ; for an uncultur'd Field
Shall for the Fire its Thorns and Thistles yield.

And yet a shorter Method we may find,
As Lovers, to their Fair-one fondly blind,
Even on her Foulness can delighted gaze ;
For Hagne's Wen can good Balbinus please.

Oh !

Acutis naribus] Is the direct Opposition to *naribus obesis*, which the Latins used to signify a Stupid, who wants the natural Quickness and Sharpness of the Senses.

SAN.

38. *Illuc prævertamur.*] The Transition is short, and consequently not extremely clear. *Prævertere* signifies to get before another by taking a shorter Path. To desire Mankind to examine their own Hearts, and enquire whether their Vices proceed from Nature or Custom ; Constitution or Education ; is to engage them in a long and thorny Road. It is an easier, shorter Way, to mark the Conduct of others ; to turn their Mistakes to our own Advantage, and endeavour to do by Virtue, what they do by a vicious Excess.

SAN.

40. *Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.*] This Stroke is of a delicate, cruel Satire, in quoting the Folly of this poor Balbinus, as an Instance of the Virtue he would recommend. Cicero says of Alcæus, *nævus in articulo puellæ delectat Alcæum, at est corporis macula nævus, illi tamen lumen videbatur.*

NAT. DEO.

Hagnæ, instead of *Agna*, is of sufficient Manuscript Authority, and hath been received by all our later Editors.

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, & isti
 Errori nomen Virtus posuisset honestum.
 At, pater ut nati, sic nos debemus amici,
 Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. Strabonem
 Appellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, malè parvus 43
 Si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim
 Sisyphus; hunc Varum, distortis cruribus: illum
 Balbutit Scaurum, talis fultus malè pravis.
 Parciùs hic vivit: frugi dicatur. Ineptus
 Et jactantior hic paulò est; concinnus amicis 50
 Postulat ut videatur. At est truculentior, atque
 Plus æquo liber; simplex fortisque habeatur.
 Caldior est; acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
 Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.
 At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque 55
 Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
 Nobiscum vivit, multùm demissus homo: illi
 Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
 Inf.

42. *Nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*] One happy Consequence would attend this Method of giving honourable Names to the Vices of Mankind, that many People, who practise Virtue only through Ostentation, would be sincere in their Actions, if it had a Name, which flattered their Vanity. DAC.

48. *Balbutit Scaurum.*] We are obliged to Rutgerfius for informing us, that all these Names, *Strabo, Pætus, Pullus, Varus*, and *Scaurus*, are Surnames of illustrious Roman Families, from whence Fathers gave them to their Children, covering their Deformities with Names of Dignity. This is one of many Beauties in the Original, which it is impossible to preserve in a Translation. Mr. Dacier, to raise the Beauty of this Passage, would have us read *Scaulum*, as if the Father lispingly softened the Word *Scaurum*. But, as Dr. Bentley well observes, the Word *balbutit* equally refers to *Varus*, as to *Scaurus*, and consequently the same Reason will oblige us to read *Valus*. Let us add, with Mr. Sanadon, that to pronounce L for R is not the Fault of those who lisp, but of those who speak thick. These Fathers made use of a childish Pronunciation,

Oh! were our Weakness to our Friends the same,
And stamp'd by Virtue with some honour'd Name.

Nor should we to their Faults be more severe,
Than an indulgent Father to his Heir;

If with distorted Eyes the Urchin glares,

"Oh! the dear Boy, how prettily he stares!"

Is he of dwarfish and abortive Size?

"Sweet little Moppet," the fond Father cries:

Or is th' unshapen Cub deform'd and lame?

He kindly liips him o'er some tender Name.

Thus, if your Friend's too frugally severe,
Let him a wise Oeconomist appear.

Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain?

"The pleasant Creature means to entertain."

Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?

"'Tis manly Plainness all, and Fortitude."

Is he too warm? "No: spirited and bold."

Thus shall we gain new Friends, and keep the old.

But we distort their Virtue to a Crime,

And joy th' untainted Vessel to begrime.

Have we a modest Friend, and void of Art?

"He's a fat-headed Wretch, and cold of Heart."

While

tion, like that of Mothers and Nurses caressing their Children,
which is what Horace calls *balbutire*.

55. *Virtutes ipsas invertimus.*] The Poet hath chosen for an Example of this Truth, three Virtues, Probity, Prudence, and Simplicity. By the last he understands a Frankness in our Actions, which frequently passes over the Decencies of Life, rather through Inattention, than Unpoliteness.

SAN.

57. *Multum demissus homo.*] This is not a Vice, but a Virtue, generally attending a real Probity. *Ea omnia quæ, proborum, demissorum sunt, valde benevolentiam conciliant.* Cic. 2. Lib. de Oratore. And in another Place, *Sit apud vos modestiæ locus; sit demissis hominibus perfugium.* Pro Muræna.

BENT.

58. *Illi tardo ac cognomen pingui damus.*] The Commentators would

Infidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
 (Quum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
 Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina,) pro bene sano
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
 Simplicior quis & est (qualem me sæpe libenter
 Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenæ,) ut fortè legentem,
 Aut tacitum appellet quovis sermone molestus;
 Communi sensu planè caret, inquit. Eheu,
 Quàm temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!
 Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
 Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
 Cum mea compensat vitiis bona, pluribus hisce
 (Si modò plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet, amari
 Si volet: hac lege in trutinâ ponetur eâdem.
 Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendant amicum,
 Postulat; ignoscet verrucis illius. Æquum est
 Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

 75
 Deni-

would, in vain, discover an Opposition between these two Words *tardus* and *pinguis*, and being under a Necessity of making one of them a Virtue, they have divided, and by dividing them have multiplied the Difficulty. Where can they find, that the Latins ever made either *pinguitudo* or *tarditas* a Virtue? Horace opposes *tardus* and *pinguis* to *probus* and *modestus*. A Man of Probity and Modesty is often called dull, and stupid. The Honour, whatever it be, of this Explanation, is due to Dr. Bentley.

59. *Latus obdit.*] The Construction is *obdit latus, nulli malo apertum*. Mr. Dacier, by some strange Mistake, in which he is followed by the Delphin notes, and Bond's Variorum Edition, makes *obdere* signify, to *show*, to *lay open*, or *discover*; whereas, it signifies, to *conceal*, to *cover*.

66. *Communi sensu planè caret.*] He wants an Understanding, that distinguishes the common Decencies observed in addressing the Great. Such was the *Communis sensus* among the Romans, for which we have no Expression in English. *Sit in beneficio sensus communis: tempus, locum, personas observat.* SENECA. *Quæ versantur in consuetudine reipublicæ; in sensu hominum communi, in natura,*

While we converse with an ill-natur'd Age,
Where Calumny and Envy lawless rage,
Is there a Man by long Experience wise,
Still on his Guard, nor open to Surprise?
His cautious Wisdom and prudential Fear
Shall Artifice and false Disguise appear.

If any one of simple, thoughtless Kind
(Such as you oft your careless Poet find)
Who Life's politer Manners never knew,
If, while we read, or some fond Scheme pursue,
He teize us with his meer Impertinence,
We cry, the Creature wants even common Sense.
Alas! what Laws, of how severe a Strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain?
For we have all our Vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is oppress'd.

A kinder Friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in Truth he should,
If haply my good Qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the sinking Scale.
For like Indulgence let his Errors plead,
His Merits be with equal Measure weigh'd;
For he, who hopes his Bile shall not offend,
Should over-look the Pimples of his Friend,
And even in Justice to his own Defects,
At least should grant the Pardon he expects.

But,

in moribus, comprehendenda esse oratori puto. CICERO de Oratore.

BENT.

Lord Shaftesbury explains the *Sensus communis* in Juvenal, *That Sense which regards the common Good; the public Welfare* A Sense, according to that ingenious Author, seldom found among the Great.

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna*——

70. *Cum mea compensat vitis bona.*] Mr. Sanadon takes notice
of

Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
 Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia; cur non
 Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac, res
 Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coercet?
 Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere iussus
 Semefos pisces tepidumque ligurierit jus,
 In cruce suffigat; Labeone infanior inter
 Sanos dicatur. Quantò hoc furiosius, atque
 Majus peccatum est? paulùm deliquit amicus;
 (Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis, acerbus)
 Odisti & fugis, ut Rufonem debitor æris;
 Qui nisi, quùm tristes misero venere Calendæ,
 Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
 Porrecto jugulo, historias, captivus ut, audit.
 Comminxit lectum potus; mensâve catillum
 Evandri manibus tritum dejecit; ob hanc rem,

of a faulty Transposition here, and in the tenth Line, *Sæpe velut quæ currebat fugiens hostem*. The grammatical Order is, *Sæpe currebat velut qui hostem fugiens currit*, and *compensat mea bona cum vitiis*.

76. *Denique quatenus*.] The second Part of the Satire begins here, the Stoics called all vicious People *Fools*, *stultos*. *Quatenus* is frequently used by our Poet for *quoniam*, *since that*.

81. *Tepidumque ligurierit jus*.] Horace, to excuse the Slave, says that the Sauce was yet warm, *tepidum*, and therefore more tempting. For the same Reason he says, the Fish was half eaten, and he has therefore a Kind of Right to them, as Fragments.

82. *Labeone infanior*.] The Scholiasts, Commentators, and Interpreters tells us, that Horace means Marcus Antistius Labeo, who, in the Spirit of Liberty, frequently opposed Augustus in the Senate, when he attempted any Alterations in the State. *Agitabat eum libertas nimia & vecors*, says Seneca, which might justly render him odious to Augustus. But whatever Respect our Poet had for his Emperor, we never find that he treats the Patrons of Liberty with Outrage. Nor can we well imagine, that he dare thus cruelly brand a Man of Labeo's Abilities, Riches, Power and Employments in the State; to whom Augustus himself offered the Consulship. Probably the Person here intended, was publicly known to have been guilty of some

But, since we never from the Breast of Fools
Can root their Passions, yet while Reason rules,
Let it hold forth its Scales with equal Hand,
Justly to punish, as the Crimes demand.

If a poor Slave, who takes away your Plate,
Lick the warm Sauce, or half-cold Fragments eat,
Yet should you crucify the Wretch, we swear
Not Labeo's Madness can with yours compare.
Is the Crime less, or less the Want of Sense,
Thus to resent a trivial, slight Offence?
Forgive the Man you lov'd, or you'll appear
Of joyless Kind, ill-natur'd and severe;
Yet you detest him, and with Horrour shun,
As Debtors from the ruthless Rufo run,
Who damns the Wretches on th' appointed Day
His Interest or Principal to pay,
Or else, like Captives, stretch the listning Ear
His tedious Tales of History to hear.

A Friend has foul'd my Couch : ah ; deep Disgrace !
Or off the Table thrown some high-wrought Vase,
Or,

some Folly, not unlike what our Poet mentions. Dr. Bentley hath found a Labienus in the Time of Augustus, whose Character fits this Passage extremely well ; and whom he therefore recommends to a Place in the Text.

86. *Rufonem.*] This Rufo was a double Torment to the poor People, who borrowed Money of him. He ruined them by Extortion, and read them to Death with his Works. The greatest Number, and the best Manuscripts read *Rufo* ; nor was *Drufo* received into any Edition before that of Aldus.

89. *Perreſto jugulo, captivus ut.*] The forced Attention of this miserable Creditor is compared, as Mr. Sanadon understands it, to the Posture of a Captive, who stretches out his Neck to the Chain. We find the Slaves in ancient Comedy stood in this Attitude *obſtipe capite*, as a Mark of Respect to their Masters, and Observance of their Orders, from whence Mr. Dacier thinks our Poet hath taken his Image.

91. *Evandri manibus tritum.*] *Tornatum, cœlatum, fabricatum.*
Hinc

Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini
 Sustulit esuriens, minùs hoc jucundus amicus
 Sit mihi? Quid faciam, furtum si fecerit, aut si
 Prodiderit commissâ fide, sponsumve negarit?
 Quis paria esse ferè placuit peccata, laborant,
 Quum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresque repugnant
 Atque ipsa utilitas, iusti prope mater & æqui.
 Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
 Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter
 Unguibus & pugnīs, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
 Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus:
 Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
 Nominaque invenere: dehinc absistere bello,
 Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges,
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.

*Hinc radios trivere rotis. VIRGIL. Vitrum aliud statu figuratur
 aliud torno teritur. PLIN.* But as the Latins used the Word *toro*
mata to signify any Works either *turned* or *wrought* by the Chisels
 because they were made by the same Workmen, Mr. Sanadon thinks
 the Poet probably means, that this Plate was engraved with an In-
 strument. The Scholiasts tell us, that this Evander was carried
 from Athens to Rome by Mark Antony, and that he excelled in
 Sculpture and Engraving. They, who believe that Horace means
 King Evander, would not only persuade us, that this Plate must
 have been preserved so many Ages by some uncommon good For-
 tune, but have unluckily placed a Vessel so valuable on a Monarch's
 Table, whose Palace was a Cottage; his Throne a Chair of ordi-
 nary Wood; his Beds made of Leaves or Rushes, and his Tapestry
 the Skins of Beasts. *Res inopes Evandrus habebat.* Dr. Bentley de-
 nies, that the Latins ever used *tritum* to signify *cælatum perfectum*
 and he therefore recommends *tortum* to us, on Authority of an an-
 cient Manuscript. The Beginning of this Note will shew, that
 this great Critic was not infallible.

95. *Commissa fide.*] Our Poet frequently uses *fide* for *fidei*, as Vir-
 gil says *die* for *diei*. *Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas;* and
 Sallust, *vix decima parte die.* In *casu dandi, qui purissime locuti sunt*
nōn faciei, uti nunc dicimus, sed facie dixerunt. Aul. Gell.

Or, hungry, snatch'd a Chicken off my Plate,
 Shall I for this a good Companion hate?
 What if he robb'd me, or his Trust betray'd,
 Or broke the sacred Promise he had made?
 Who hold all Crimes alike, are deep distress,
 When we appeal to Truth's impartial Test.
 Sense, Custom, social Good, from whence arise
 All Forms of Right and Wrong, the Fact denies.

When the first Mortals crawling rose to Birth,
 Speechless and wretched, from their Mother-Earth,
 For Caves and Acorns, then the Food of Life,
 With Nails and Fists they held a bloodless Strife,
 But soon improv'd, with Clubs they bolder fought,
 And various Arms, which sad Experience wrought,
 Till Words, to fix the wandering Voice, were found,
 And Name impress'd a Meaning upon Sound.
 Thenceforth they cease from War; their Towns inclose
 With formidable Walls, and Laws compose
 To strike the Thief, and Highwaymen with Dread,
 And vindicate the sacred Marriage-Bed.

For

96. *Ferè.*] The Latins used the Words *fere* and *prope* for *semper*.
 It is a modest Manner of Expression, by which the Affirmation
 loses nothing of its intended Strength.

CRUQ.

98. *Atque ipsa utilitas.*] Horace endeavours to prove, according
 to the Doctrine of Epicurus, that Justice and Injustice arise only
 from Laws; and that Laws have no other Foundation than public
 Utility, by which he means the Happiness of civil Society. On
 the contrary the Stoics asserted, that Justice and Injustice have their
 first Principles in Nature itself, and the first Appearance of Reason
 in the Mind of Man.

SAN.

99. *Quum prorepserunt.*] This Expression is extremely proper for
 the System of Epicurus, who believed, that the first Race of Men
 rose out of the Earth, in which they were formed by a Mixture
 of Heat and Moisture.

TORR.

Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli
 Causa : sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
 Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est,
 Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.
 Nec Natura potest justo secernere iniquum,
 Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis :
 Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantumdem ut peccet idemque, 117
 Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
 Et qui nocturnus sacra Divûm legerit. Adsit
 Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas :
 Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.
 Nam, ut ferulâ cædas meritum majora subire
 Verbera, non vereor ; quum dicas esse pares res
 Furta latrociniis ; & magnis parva mineris
 Falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum
 Permittant homines. Si dives, qui sapiens est,

117. *Et qui nocturnus*] For *nocturno tempore*. It may also signify a Thief; for the Latins called Thieves *nocturnos*, Sons of Midnight, as the Greeks called them *ἡμερόκοιτας*, Day-Sleepers.

120. *Nam ut ferulâ cædas.*] Our Interpreters, in general, believe that *ut* after the Verbs *timeo*, *verecor*, is always negative, and then Horace is made to speak in direct Contradiction to what he means. But we may find in the Latin Authors, that *ut* always enters into the Construction of the Verbs *timeo* *verecor*, and Custom established, that it should be generally understood, when *ne* was used, but always expressed when there was no Point of Negation: This is so true, that the Verb following could not be put into the Subjunctive Mood, but by Virtue of *ut* either expressed or understood; for *ne*, whatever Grammarians assert, hath no such Power, which

122. *Magnis parva mineris, &c.*] The Construction of this Sentence is a little perplexed. It is generally called a Græcism, but even the Greek Phrases, which are brought to explain it, may be construed more naturally than they are by our Interpreters. As to the

For Woman, long ere Helen's fatal Charms,
Destructive Woman! set the World in Arms:
But the first Heroes died unknown to Fame,
Like Beasts who ravish'd the uncertain Dame;
When, as the stoutest Bull commands the rest,
The weaker by the stronger was oppress'd.

Turn o'er the Worlds great Annals, and you find,
That Laws were first invented by Mankind
To stop Oppression's Rage; for though we learn,
By Nature, Good from Evil to discern:
What we should wise pursue, or cautious fly:
Yet can she never, with a constant Eye,
Of legal Justice mark each nice Extreme;
Nor can right Reason prove the Crime the same,
To rob a Garden, or, by Fear unaw'd,
To steal, by Night, the sacred things of God.

Then let the Punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the Crime; nor let the Wretch be slay'd,
Who scarce deserv'd the Lash.—I cannot fear,
That you shall prove too tenderly severe,
While you assert all Vices are the same;
And threaten, that were yours the Power supreme,
Robbers and Thieves your equal Rage should feel,
Uprooted by the same avenging Steel.

If

the present Passage, it may be thus ranged: *Quum mineris te parva
becoma cum magnis recisurum simili falce.*

[*Si tibi regnum permittant homines.*] These Words give Rise
to the following Pleasantry, which agreeably ends the Satire. Ho-
Power, takes Occasion to rally the Stoics for the pretended Royalty
SAN, which they gave to their Philosopher.

Et sutor bonus, & solus formosus, & est rex; 125
 Cur optas quod habes? Non nôsti quid pater, inquit,
 Chrysippus dicat; Sapiens crepidas sibi numquam
 Nec soleas fecit: sutor tamen est sapiens.

HORAT.

Quî?

STOIC.

Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen, atque
 Optimus est modulator; ut Alfenus vaser, omni 130
 Abjecto instrumento artis, clausâque tabernâ,
 Tonfor erat; sapiens operis sic optimus omnis
 Est opifex solus, sic rex.

HORAT.

Vellunt tibi barbam

Lascivi pueri, quos tu nisi fuisse coërces,
 Urgeris turbâ circùm te stante, miserque 135
 Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
 Ne longum faciam; dum tu quadrante lavatum
 Rex ibis, neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur; & mihi dulces
 Ignoscent, si quid peccâro stultus, amici; 140

Inque

127. *Sapiens crepidas sibi numquam, &c.*] Chrysippus is here pleasantly called Father, because he was the first, who explained in this absurd Manner those excellent Precepts of Zeno, which teach us, that Wisdom sets us above Kings; and that the Throne she offers to us is preferable to that of the greatest Monarchs. TORR.

128. *Sutor tamen est sapiens. Quî.*] Such is the Reading of two excellent Manuscripts, which hath been received by our later Editors. *Quo*, that prevails in the common Editions, can never signify *quomodo* or *quo pacto*, which *quî* frequently does.

132. *Tonfor erat.*] This Reading is authorised by two ancient Manuscripts; by a Manuscript-Copy of Acron, the Scholiast; by an Author of near two hundred Years old, who tells us, Alfenus was a Barber; and by the Reasoning of the Poet himself. By the common

If your wife Man's a Shoemaker profeſt,
Handſome and rich ; of Monarchy poſſeſt,
Why wiſh for what you have ?

STOIC.

Yet hold, my Friend,
And better to the Stoic's Senſe attend.
For though the Wiſe nor Shoes, nor Slippers made,
He's yet a ſkilful Shoemaker by Trade ;
Thus, though Hermogenes may ſing no more,
He knows the whole Extent of Muſic's Power ;
Alfenus thus, turn'd Lawyer in his Pride,
His Shop ſhut up, his Razors thrown aſide,
Was ſtill a Barber : So the Wiſe alone
Is of all Trades, though exerciſing none,
And reigns a Monarch, though without a Throne.

HORACE.

Great King of Kings, unleſs you drive away
This preſſing Crowd, the Boys in wanton Play
Will pluck you by the Beard, while you ſhall growl,
Wretch as thou art, and buſt in Spleen of Soul.
In ſhort, while in a Farthing-Bath you reign,
With only one poor Life-guard in your Train ;
While the few Friends, with whom I joy to live,
Fool as I am, my Follies can forgive,

I will

common Reading, *futor*, Horace reaſons thus : Although the Sage
does not make Shoes, yet he is a *Shoemaker* ; as Hermogenes, even
when he does not ſing, is a *Songſter* ; and as Alfenus, after he had
ſhut up his Shop, was a *Shoemaker*. He ought not ſurely to have
taken his ſecond Example from the ſame Trade ; at leaſt, if it does
not injure his Reaſoning, it has leſs poetical Variety. Mr. Cuning-
ham and Mr. Sanadon, upon Authority of one ancient Manuſcript,
read, *aperis ſic protinus omnis*.

133. *Vellunt tibi barbam.*] To pluck a Man by the Beard, was
ſuch an Indignity, that it gave riſe to a Proverb among the Greeks
Vol. III. D and

Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

and Romans. The Stoic Philosophers were usually treated with this Kind of Contempt, to insult their pretended Wisdom, and to put them to the Proof of their boasted Patience.

139. *Et mihi dulces, &c.*] We ought, says Epictetus, to extenuate an Injury committed against us, that we may forgive it more easily, ; and to enlarge our own Mistakes, that we may correct them, and repent of them.

S A T. IV.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poeta,
Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

Hinc

It appears by the hundred and thirty-first Line, that our Poet was young when he wrote this Satire. A Circumstance, which does him much Honour. Obligated to justify himself against an Accusation of too much satirical Séverity, he shews, that he hath been more reserved than the Poets of former Times ; that he had no Design of aiming at the Character of a great Poet ; that he did not engage in this Kind of Writing from a natural Disposition to expose the Follies of others, and that there is not any of that malignant Spirit in his Poetry, which is indulged and encouraged in private Conversation. A little Kind of Epistle, in which he describes the Manner of his being educated by his Father, ends the Poem. But what greatly raises the Spirit of it is, that while he seems to excuse the Liberty of his Satires, he is more satirical than ever.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque.*] These three Poets were Contemporaries. Eupolis distinguished himself among the Writer of ancient Comedy. His Poetry did not want its Beauties, but he was too severe in reproving the Vices and Follies of Mankind. He was drowned in the Hellespont, in the War against the Lacedæmonians, upon which Occasion the Athenians made a Decree, that no Poet should ever bear Arms. Cratinus had Strength and Boldness ; he was particularly formidable to the Great, whom he exposed upon the Stage, without Regard to their Rank. Aristophanes

phane

I will to them the same Indulgence shew,
And Blifs like mine thy King-fhip ne'er shall know.

Peccâro in this Line is of fufficient Authority. We do not find that the beft Latin Poets frequently fhorten the O at the End of their Verbs, and even lefs frequently, when the following Word begins with two Confonants. The common Reading is *peccavero*.

141. *Inque.*] This *que* hath been ill understood, and ill conftrued by the Commentators and Translators. It fignifies *both*, and refers to the *que* in the next Line, *privatusque*. I will *both* forgive their Faults, and live more happy, &c.

S A T. IV.

THE comic Poets, in its earlieft Age
Who form'd the Manners of the Grecian Stage,
Was there a Villain, who might juftly claim
A better Right of being damned to Fame,
Rake, Cut-throat, Thief, whatever was his Crime,
They freely fligmatiz'd the Wretch in Rhime.

From

phanes was of a vehement Spirit; a Genius turned to Raillery; Wit free and elevated; and Courage, not to fear the Perfon, when Vice was to be reprov'd. But thefe Reformers of Mankind ill agreed among themfelves, and each of them, in his Rivalfhip for Fame, hath left us no very amiable Picture of his Brother-Bards.

2. *Comœdia prisca.*] Comedy was divided into Ancient and Modern. In the firft, the Subject and the Names of the Aftors were real. In the fecond, the Drama was formed on Hiftory, but the Names of the Aftors were invented. In the third, both the Story and Aftors were formed by the Poet.

5. *Multâ cum libertate.*] This Liberty was much abufed. The Poets, not contented with expofing the Names and Characters of the Perfons, whom they represented upon the Stage, made them almoft appear themfelves by Masks, drawn with the utmoft Refemblance. Indeed we are to expect but little Impartiality from Satirifts of any Age. Neither the Virtue of Pericles could defend him from the Virulence of Cratinus; nor the Wifdom of Socrates from the Petulance of Aristophanes.

Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce sequutus,
 Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus,
 Emunctæ naris; durus componere versus;
 Nam fuit hoc vitiosus; in horâ sæpe ducentos,
 Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno:
 Quum fluere lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;
 Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
 Scribendi rectè: nam ut multum, nil moror. Ecce
 Crispinus minimo me provocat:

CRISP.

Accipe, si vis,
 Accipe jam tabulas: detur nobis locus, hora,
 Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.

HORAT.

7. *Mutatis pedibus.*] Ennius and Pacuvius had written Satires before Lucilius. He was rather the Restorer, than Inventor of this Kind of Poetry. He formed himself upon the Grecian Comedy, and only changed the Measures of his Verse, Hexameters for Iambics.

8. *Emunctæ naris.*] Of a sagacious, penetrating Genius to discover the Follies of Mankind, and of an agreeable, spirited Raillery to turn them into Ridicule, *facetus*. Such is the Character of Lucilius by Cicero and Quintilian, *perurbanum* and *abunde salis*.

Durus componere versus] Ought to be joined with *nam fuit hoc vitiosus*, since we now enter into the Faults of Lucilius. SAN.

10. *Ut magnum.*] Poets have sometimes their happy Sallies, and they should follow their Muse, while she is in good Humour. They can afterwards in Coolness of Judgment correct the Negligences, which they did not perceive in the Rapidity of Writing. But these poetical Fits are not extremely frequent, and in general the Poet, who too much resigns himself to this Easiness of Writing, will never be better than a moderate Poet. SAN.

11. *Erat quod tollere velles.*] *Propterea quoddam fluere lutulentus, erat quod velles tollere.* Mr. Dacier would persuade us, that *tollere* signifies to *chuse*; to *preserve*; from a Custom of a Father's taking up his Child, when he designed to educate him. This seems an Explanation of more Learning, than Taste. Our Author was not of such critical

From their Example whole Lucilius rose,
 Though different Measures, different Verse he chose.
 He raillied with a gay and easy Air,
 But rude his Numbers, and his Style severe.
 He weakly fancied it a glorious Feat
 His hundred Lines extempore to repeat,
 And as his Verses like a Torrent roll,
 The Stream runs muddy, and the Water's foul.
 He prattled Rhimes ; but lazy and unfit
 For writing well ; for much, I own, he writ.

Crispinus thus my Littleness despises ;
 " Here make the smallest Bet," the Boaster cries.

CRISPINUS.

" Pen, Ink, and Paper—name your Place and Time :
 " Then try, Friend Flaccus, who can fastest rhyme."

HORACE.

critical Severity, as to abuse a Writer, whose Beauties, even in the Rapidity of Composition, *Quum flueret lutulentus*, exceeded his Faults. An Acknowledgment of this Kind would have preserved our Poet from the Resentment of the Admirers of Lucilius. Besides, after the Words *emunctæ naris* Horace mentions only the Faults of Lucilius. He wrote, says our Author, with so much Rapidity, that we should not wonder a great many Lines escaped him, which were better taken out of his Works. The same Expression returns in exactly the same Sense in the tenth Satire. Quintilian understood the Passage in this Manner, although he thought the Word *lutulentus* a little too strong.

SAN.

12. *Garrulus.*] This Kind of *Prattling* in a Writer is a loose, diffusive Style, that says very little in a great many Words. It means here a Fault of Composition, not of Conversation. SAN.

14. *Minimo me provocat.*] We should understand *pignere* or *pretio* ; nor is there any Instance in the Latin Tongue of *provocare minimo digito*, as the Commentators explain it. A Man, when assured of the Truth of what he asserts, is willing to bett a large Wager against a small one, which Horace means by *minimo provocare*.

SAN.

HORAT.

Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quoddamque pusilli
 Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.
 At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
 Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis, 20
 Ut mavis, imitare. Beatus Fannius, ultro
 Delatis capsis & imagine: quum mea nemo
 Scripta legat, vulgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
 Quod sunt quos genus hoc minimè juvat; utpote plures
 Culpari dignos. Quemvis mediâ arripe turbâ; 25
 Aut ab avaritiâ, aut miser ambitione laborat.
 Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum:
 Hunc capit argenti splendor: stupet Albius ære:
 Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
 Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps 30
 Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine; ne quid
 Summâ deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
 Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetam.
 Fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge: dummodo risum

Excuse

18. *Loquentis.*] Lambinus, who cannot bear *animi loquentis*, would have us read *loquentem*. But in Truth it is the Mind, especially in Writing, that speaks, and the Pen is only a Kind of Interpreter. It is an Expression like that in the twelfth Line, *garulus*.

22. *Utro delatis capsis.*] When a Poet was generally esteemed, his Works and his Statue were placed in the public Libraries. But Horace congratulates Fannius upon the Happiness of finding a Method of immortalising his Name, without being obliged to pass through the usual Forms. He thought he had a Right to take an Honour, which he was conscious he deserved, and perhaps imagined it a proper Manner of resenting the public Insensibility of his Merit.

DAC. SAN.

26. *Miser ambitione laborat.*] This Reading, as well as *ab avaritiâ*, is of several Manuscripts. *Miser* agrees both with the avaritious and ambitious.

TOR. BENT.

29. *Mala*

HORACE.

Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humbler Kind ;
 No Wit, nor yet to prattling much inclin'd,
 While thou shalt imitate the Winds, that blow
 From Lungs of Leather, till the Metal flow.

Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free Grace,
 Who in Apollo's Temple hangs his Face,
 And gilds his Works to view ; while I with Fear
 Repeat my Verses to the public Ear ;
 Because by few such Works as mine are read,
 Conscious of meriting the Lash they dread.

Take me a Man, at venture, from the Croud,
 And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.

One burns to Madness for the wedded Dame ;
 Intemperate Lusts another's Breast inflame.

The Silver Vase with Pleasure one admires,
 While Albius o'er a bronze Antique expires ;
 The venturous Merchant, from the rising Day
 To Regions warm'd beneath the setting Ray,
 Like Dust, collected by a Whirlwind, flies
 To save his Pelf, or bid the Mass arise.

All these the Poet dread, his Rhimes detest—

“ Yonder he drives — avoid that furious Beast ;

“ R

29. *Mutat merces.*] The first Merchants traded in an Exchange of Merchandise. When they afterwards used Money, they retained the Terms established.

29. *Surgente à sole.*] The Navigation of the Romans was usually confined to the Mediterranean, which runs East and West.

33. *Poetam.*] We owe this Correction to Dr. Bentley, and the next Line shews the Necessity of it.

34. *Fœnum habet in cornu.*] A metaphorical Expression, taken from a Custom of tying Hay on the Horns of a mischievous Bull. The Laws of the twelve Tables ordered, that the Owner of the Beast should pay for what Damages it committed, or deliver it to the Person injured, *Si quadrupes pauperiem faxit, dominus sarcito, nexæve dedito.*

Excusat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico :
 Et quodcunque semel chartis illevertit, omnes
 Gestiet à furno redeuntē scire lacuque,
 Et pueros & anus. Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
 Primū ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,
 Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere versum,
 Dixeris esse satis : neque, si quis scribat, uti nos
 Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.
 Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
 Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
 Idcirco quidam, comœdia necne poema
 Esset, quæsiwere : quod acer spiritus, ac vis,
 Nec verbis nec rebus inest ; nisi quod pede certo
 Differt sermoni, sermo merus. At pater ardens
 Sævit, quod meretrice nepos insanus amicâ
 Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recusat ;
 E brius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulat ante
 Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis
 Audiret leviora, pater si viveret ? Ergo

39. *Primū ego me illorum.*] This is the first Proof of our Poet's own Opinion of the poetical Style and Language of his Satires. It ought to be a Direction to his Translators, if they would preserve his Manner of Writing. Or if they think it an Expression of our Author's Modesty, it would not injure their Reputation to imitate him.

43. *Ingenium cui sit, cui mens.*] The first of these Words means that Invention ; the second, that Enthusiasm, which form an Epic, Tragic, or Lyric Poet. Invention is indeed the Character of Poetry, in general ; but Sublimity of Sentiments and Language is only of some particular Kinds.

Os magna sonaturum.] This Expression regards the Language alone, which is proper for the greater Poetry. Nobleness of Style is so essential a Part of Epic Poetry, that a Poem, which had both Invention, and Enthusiasm in the highest Degree, would be ridiculous, if the Language were cold and feeble. SAN.

45. *Comœdia necne poema esset.*] Three Things are necessary to form a great Poet. Richness of Invention ; Fire of Imagination, and

" If he may have his Jest, he never cares
 " At whose Expence, nor his best Friend he spares ;
 " And if he once, in his malignant Vein,
 " The cruel Paper with Invectives stain,
 " The Slaves, who carry Water through the Street,
 " To his charm'd Ear his Verses must repeat."

Now hear this short Defence. For my own Part,
 I claim no Portion of the Poet's Art.

'Tis not enough to close the flowing Line,
 And in ten Syllables your Sense confine,
 Or write in mere prosaic Rhimes like me,
 That can deserve the Name of Poetry.

Is there a Man, whom real Genius fires,
 Whom the diviner Soul of Verse inspires ;
 Who talks true Greatness; let him boldly claim
 The sacred Honours of a Poet's Name.

Some, therefore, ask, Can Comedy be thought
 A real Poem, since it may be wrought
 In Style and Subject without Fire or Force,
 And, bated the Numbers, is but mere Discourse.

" But yet in passion'd Tone the Sire can chide
 " His spendthrift Son, who spurns the portion'd Bride,
 " And keeps a common Wench, or deep in Drink
 " Reels in fair Day-light (shameful) with his Link."
 Yet could Pomponius from his Father hear,
 Were he alive, a Lecture less severe ?

'Tis

and Nobleness of Style. But since Comedy hath none of these, it is doubted whether it be a real Poem. This Reasoning, when confined to the greater Poetry, such as the Tragic or Epic, is perfectly just; for although Comedy, Satire, Fables, and Odes, are Species of Poetry, yet Horace meant the nobler Kinds, which he calls *jussa poemata*.

SAN.

52. *Numquid Pomponius istis.*] Our Poet asserts, that Comedy hath neither Spirit or Force; and that with whatever Vehemence of Language

Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis ;
 Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
 Quo personatus pacto pater. His, ego quæ nunc,
 Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
 Tempora certa modoque, & quod prius ordine ver-
 bum est

Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis ;
 Non (ut si solvas : POSTQUAM Discordia tetra
 Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit)
 Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.
 Hactenus hæc : aliàs justum sit necne poema,
 Nunc illud tantum quæram ; meritone tibi sit
 Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer
 Ambulat & Caprius, rauci malè, cumque libellis ;
 Magnus uterque timor latronibus, at bene si quis
 Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.
 Ut sis tu similis Cæli, Byrrhique latronum,
 Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci ; cur metuas me ? 70
 Nulla

Language Demea rates his Son for his Extravagance, it is very little different from that, which Pomponius might expect from his Father, if he were alive. It is the natural Language of the Passions expressed in Measures.

54. *Ergo non satis est puris.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace would not have been so modest with regard to his Satires, and so fearful of prostituting the Name of Poet, if he had not secured his own Right to it by his Odes. This Remark is not in the usual Style of Commentators, who give their favourite Author all the good Qualities they can. But although Poets, in general, are sufficiently jealous of their Titles, yet there seems to be so much Sincerity in our Author's Manner of talking of himself, that the Criticism is as unjust, as it is unkind.

65. *Non, ut si solvas.*] It may not be useless to form the Construction, *Non invenias disjecti poetæ membra, ut si solvas.* These Verses are taken out of an Epic Poem of Ennius, and are imitated by Virgil, which gives us another Proof of their Excellence.

*Impulsi ipsa manu portas, & cardine verso
 Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes.*

'Tis not enough your Language to refine,
When, if you break the Measures of the Line,
In common Life an angry Father's Rage
Is but the same as Demea's on the Stage.

Take from Lucilius' Verses, or from mine,
The Cadences, and Measures of the Line,
Then change their Order, and the Words transpose,
No more the scatter'd Poet's Limbs it shows;
Not so—WHEN hideous Discord bursts the Bars,
AND Iron Gates, to pour forth all her Wars.

Of this enough; some future Work shall show,
Whether 'tis real Poetry, or no.

Now tell me, whether Satire should appear,
With Reason, such an Object of your Fear.
Sulcius, and Caprius, fiercest of their Trade,
Hoarse with the Virulence, with which they plead,
When through the Streets they stalk with libels arm'd;
Mark! how the Thieves, and Robbers are alarm'd;
But yet the Man of honest Hands and pure
May scorn them both, in Innocence secure:
Or though like Cælius you a Villain be,
I'm no Informer. Whence your Fears of Me?

With

Tear such a Poet in Pieces, and every scattered Limb is animated with the Spirit of Poetry. The Head of Orpheus, when floating on the Water, uttered Sounds of Music and Harmony.

63. *Allis jussu sit.*] If our Poet ever executed this Design, it has not been preserved to us.

66. *Rauci malè, cumque libellis.*] *Malè*, extremely. Informers presented to the Judge their Informations signed with their Names, which are here called *libelli*. When Caligula was killed, two Papers were found in his Cabinet, filled with the Names of those whom he had resolved to put to Death. They were Informations of Protophones, which the Tyrant called his Sword and Dagger.

70. *Non ego sum.*] For *sum*. In the Lines following we have *labeat, recitem, videat*, some of which the Copyists have altered, for

Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
 Queis manus infudet vulgi Hermogenisque Tigellî:
 Neu recitem quidquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:
 Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
 Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi; quique lavantes. 75
 Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. Inanes
 Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,
 Tempore num faciant alieno. Lædere gaudes,
 Inquit, & hoc studio pravus facis. Unde petitur
 Hoc in me jadis? est auctor quis denique eorum 80
 Vixi cum quibus? absentem qui rodit amicum;
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
 Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
 Qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto. 85
 Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos;
 E quibus unus amet quavis aspergere cunctos,

Præter

want of observing, that subjunctive Moods are used with much Elegance in Poetry for indicative, and that it is an usual Manner of writing in Horace.

SAN.

71. *Nulla taberna meos habeat.*] Booksellers placed their Books for Sale in Shelves round the Pillars of public Buildings. Hermogenes was probably one of the small People of Literature, who have a Kind of Pride in reading a Book the Moment it is published, and are perfectly transported with the Sight of a Manuscript.

76. *Suave locus voci resonat.*] Seneca speaking of the public Baths, *adice illum, cui vox sua in balneo placet.* Among other Inconveniences of the Bath, let us add the Folks, who are charmed with the Music of their own Voices.

79. *Inquit.*] Three ancient Manuscripts have this Reading. It was a customary Manner of Expression among the Latins, to mark in the third Person a real or supposed Objection, made by one or more Persons, whether present or absent. *Inquis* of the common Editions breaks the Measure of the Verse, as the last Syllable of it is long.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

86. *Sape*

With Printers and their Shops I never deal ;
 No rubric Pillar sets my Works to sale,
 O'er which the Hands of vulgar Readers sweat,
 Or whose soft Strains Tigellius can repeat.
 Even by my Friends compell'd I read my Lays,
 Nor every Place, nor every Audience please.

Full many Bards the public Forum chuse,
 Where to recite the Labours of their Muse ;
 Or vaulted Baths, that best preserve the Sound,
 While sweetly floats the Voice in Echoes round.
 The Coxcombs never think at whose Expence
 They thus indulge the dear Impertinence.

" But you in Libels, mischievous, delight,
 " And never, but in Spleen of Genius, write."
 Is there, with whom I live, who knows my Heart,
 Who taught you how to aim this venom'd Dart ?

He, who malignant tears an absent Friend,
 Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend ;
 Who trivial Bursts of Laughter strives to raise,
 And courts of prating Petulance the Praise ;
 Of Things he never saw who tells his Tale,
 And Friendship's Secrets knows not to conceal,
 This Man is vile ; here, Roman, fix your Mark ;
 His Soul is black, as his Complexion's dark.

At Tables, crowded with a dozen Guests,
 Some one shall scatter round his frigid Jest,

And

86 *Sape tribus lectis.*] There were usually three Beds round a Table, and three Guests, but sometimes four or five on each Bed. Cicero reproaches Piso, that he lay alone, while there were five Greeks on each of the other Beds.

87. *Unus amet.*] An ancient Manuscript hath preserved this Reading. *Amet* only means an Inclination ; *amet* speaks a Frequency

Præter eum qui præbet aquam ; post, hunc quoque potus,
Condita quum verax aperit præcordia Liber.

Hic tibi comis & urbanus liberque videtur,
Infesto nigris : ego, si risi, quòd ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum,
Lividus ac mordax videar tibi ? Mentio si qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petillî

Te coram fuerit ; defendas, ut tuus est mos :
ME CAPITOLINUS convictore usus amico-
que à puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus
Fecit, & incolumis lætor quòd vivit in urbe :
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit. Hic nigræ succus loliginis ; hæc est
Ærugo mera ; quod vitium procul afore chartis,
Atque animo priùs, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, verè promitto. Liberius si
Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius ; hoc mihi juris

Cum

quency of Acting ; or if *avet* filled the Sense, yet it breaks the
Construction, which would require *aveat* after *videas*.

BENT. SAN.

88. *Præter eum, qui præbet aquam.*] Their Host, who provided
Water for the Bath ; a Part of their Entertainment to express the
whole. It was a proverbial Manner of Expression, *frigidam aliquid
suffundere*. To railly. The Construction may be thus formed, *avet
quavis frigida cunctos aspergere, præter eum qui præbet aquam tepidam*.
A Playfulness of Words not unfrequent in our Author. SAN.

89. *Condita quum verax.*] Mr. Sanadon reads *Bacchus* instead of
Liber in this Line, because it is repeated in the next. Yet it seems
to have been the peculiar Name for the God, who presides over the
social Freedom and Liberty of Conversation.

92. *Pastillos Rufillus olet.*] The Satire of this Line was much re-
sented, and perhaps the Stoics in general, who made it a Point of
Morals not to be offended with the Filthiness of Mankind, were
disobliged. I am persuaded, says Mr. Dacier, if these Philoso-
phers were not very dirty Creatures, they would not have taken so
much Pains to render us indifferent to Nastiness.

94. De

And only spare his Host, until the Bowl,
 Fair Friend of Truth, unlocks his inmost Soul;
 Yet, though a cruel Joker you detest,
 He seems a courteous, well-bred, easy Guest.
 But if in idle Raillery I said,
 Rufillus with Perfumes distracts my Head,
 While foul Gargonius breathes a ranker Air,
 You think me most envenom'd and severe.

If we, by Chance, that Thief Petillius name,
 You, as your Custom is, defend his Fame.
 "Petillius is my Friend; from early Youth
 "Chearful we liv'd together, and in Truth
 "I have been much indebted to his Power,
 "And I rejoice to find his Danger o'er.
 "But, in the Name of Wonder be it said,
 "At that same Trial how he sav'd his Head."——
 Such Rancour this, of such a poisonous Vein,
 As never, never, shall my Paper stain:
 Much less infect my Heart, if I may dare
 For my own Heart, in any Thing, to swear.
 Yet some Indulgence I may justly claim,
 If too familiar with another's Fame.

The

94. *De Capitolini furtis.*] The ancient Commentator tells us, that Petillius was Governor of the Capitol, from whence he was called Capitolinus; that he was accused of stealing a golden Crown of Jupiter, and acquitted by the Favour of Augustus. If there be any Truth in this Story, for we know not where the Commentator found it, he was more probably furnished for his Theft, not for his Government of the Capitol.

99. *Sed taxen admiror.*] This *But* spoils all, and this artful, secret Calumny hath something more criminal, than the careless, open Freedom of Horace. This *But*, as Mr. Dacier observes, is of great Usage in modern Conversation.

101. *Afore.*] The Latins never used *ab* before *f*, but our Editors seem

Cum veniâ dabis. Insuevit pater optimus hoc me, 109
 Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
 Quum me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, atque
 Viverem uti contentus eo quod mî ipse parâisset :
 Nonne vides, Albî ut malè vivat filius, ut qui
 Farris inops ? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
 Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore 111
 Quum deterreret : Scetanî dissimilis sis.
 Ne sequerer mœchas, concessâ quum Venere uti
 Possem : Deprensi non bella est fama Trebonî,
 Aiebat : sapiens, vitatu quodque petitu 115
 Sit melius, causas reddat tibi : mî satis est, si
 Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
 Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
 Incolumem possum. Simul ac duraverit ætas
 Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice. Sic me
 Forma-

seem ignorant of this little, grammatical Erudition, or rather neglect it. The present Word is in three Manuscripts. SAN.

109. *Albî ut malè vivat filius.*] *Malè vivere* and *inopem esse* have the same Meaning. *Si genus est mortis malè vivere.* OVID. *If it be a Kind of Death, to be poor.* On the contrary, *bene vivere*, signifies to live luxuriously. Thus, to be a good Man, and to die well, are our modern, mercantile Phrases, for a rich Man, and for dying in good Circumstances. The Commentators imagine this Son of Albius was the Poet Tibullus ; but as our Author was only a Year or two older, certainly Tibullus could not have been an Example of Debauchery, when Horace received these Instructions from his Father. The Reader may see the Character of Tibullus in the Notes on the fourth Epistle, first Book.

110. *Ut qui farris inops.*] We have here a bold Alteration proposed by Dr. Bentley, and received by Mr. Sanadon and Mervilius. The common Reading is, *utque Barus inops.* But Horace names only a single Example of each Vice. Scetanius is ruined by common Women, and Trebonius by Adultery ; therefore it is not natural, that he should give us two Examples of Prodigality, and the *magnum documentum* can properly mean only one Person. The Variation among the Manuscripts makes a Correction more pardonable. The greatest Numbers read *Baius* ; others *Rarus*, *Vârus*, *Barus*.

The best of Fathers, on my youthful Breast,
 The Detestation of a Vice imprest
 By strong Examples. Would he have me live
 Content with what his Industry could give,
 In frugal, sparing Sort, "Behold my Son,
 "Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone!
 "Yet no mean Lesson is the Spendthrift's Fate
 "To caution Youth from squandering their Estate."
 To fright me from the Harlot's vagrant Bed,
 "Behold Scetanius, and his Ruin dread;"
 That I might ne'er pursue the wedded Dame,
 "A lawful Venus will indulge your Flame.
 "My Son, by poor Trebonius be advis'd;
 "Sure, 'tis no pleasant tale to be surpris'd."
 "Twixt right and wrong the Learned may decide,
 "With wise Distinctions may your Conduct guide;
 "Be mine the common Wisdom, that inspires
 "The frugal Manners of our ancient Sires,
 "And, while your Youth may yet a Tutor claim,
 "To guard your Virtue, and preserve your Fame,
 "But soon as Time confirms, with stronger Tone,
 "Your Strength and Mind, your Conduct be your
 own."

Thus

us, Barrus, and Bartus. Ut qui, which is of great Consequence to the present Reading, appears plainly in one of them. The Translator hath never ventured a single Alteration of the Text upon his own Conjectures, but would here willingly read *æris inops*. It is at least of classical Authority, *Mæsta paupertas, atque æris inops*. Juvenal.

113. *Concessit quum Venere uti.*] Our Commentators understand these Words as an Indulgence to conversing with common Women. But this was not the Morality of this good Father, who cautions his Son against a vicious Commerce with Prostitutes by the Example of Scetanius. The Venus here is the Venus of Matrimony, whom Plutarch places next to Mercury among the Gods and Goddesses, who presided over Marriage.

Formabat puerum dictis ; & five jubebat
 Ut facerem quid : Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,
 Unum ex iudicibus selectis objiciebat :
 Sive vetabat : An hoc inhonestum & inutile factum
 Nec ne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo quum
 Hic atque ille ? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
 Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit ;
 Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
 Absterrent vitiis. Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
 Perniciem quæcunque ferunt : mediocribus, & queis
 Ignoscas, vitiis teneor. Fortassis & istinc
 Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
 Consilium proprium. Neque enim, quum lectulus aut
 Porticus exceperit, desum mihi : Rectius hoc est ;
 Hoc faciens vivam meliùs : sic dulcis amicis
 Occurram : hoc quidam non bellè : numquid ego illi
 Imprudens olim faciam simile ? Hæc ego mecum
 Compressis agito labris. Ubi quid datur otii
 Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
 Ex vitiis unum : cui si concedere nolis,

123. *Unum ex iudicibus selectis.*] The most eminent, and of greatest Authority among the Senatorial Order ; an Order called *Sanctissimus*. Torrentius thinks the Poet means the Judges, whom the Prætor chose out of all Degrees of the Magistracy to relieve and assist him in his Office. But this good Father would probably have taken his Examples out of a more numerous, yet not less venerable, Order.

131. *Fortassis & istinc.*] Horace proposes to correct his past Life by the Assistance of Time, Advice of Friends, and his own Reflection. The two last are most valuable ; for Age, it must be confessed, rather changes our Follies, than perfectly subdues them. It takes away some, but gives us others in their Place ; nor is it easy to decide which Kind is more supportable.

132. *Liber amicus.*] A sincere Friend is indeed an invaluable Treasure, but how few deserve it ? Sincerity can never enter into those Engagements, which are founded upon Interest or Vice.

Thus did he form my Youth with lenient Hand;
 When he for Virtue urg'd the soft Command,
 Pointing some awful Senator to view,
 "His grave Example constantly pursue."
 Would he dissuade me? "Can you doubt, he cries,
 "That equal Ruin and Dishonour rise
 "From such an Action, when that Scoundrel's Name
 "Is branded with the flagrant Marks of Shame?"
 A Neighbour's Funeral, with dire Affright,
 Checks the sick Man's intemperate Appetite,
 So is the Shame of others oft imprest
 With wholesome Terrors on the youthful Breast.

Thus, pure from more pernicious Crimes I live:
 Some venial Frailties you may well forgive,
 For such I own I have; and yet even these,
 A Length of Time, although by slow Degrees,
 A Friend, whose Candour freely may reprove,
 Or my own Reason, shall perhaps remove;
 For in my Bed, or in the Collonade
 Sauntering, I call Reflection to my Aid.

"This was well done. Here Happiness attends.
 "This Conduct makes me pleasing to my Friends,
 "Were that Man's Actions of a beauteous Kind?
 "Oh! may I never be to such inclin'd."

Thus, silently I talk my Conduct o'er,
 Or trifle with the Muse an idle Hour;
 For which, among my Frailties, I demand
 Forgiveness, and shall call a powerful Band,

If

But while we ask the Advice of our Friends, we should not abandon or neglect ourselves. Our own Reason should be called to our Assistance.

SAN. DAC.

140. *Cui si concedere nolis.*] Our Poet pleasantly reckons his Rhiming among his Faults, but while he hopes to correct his other Follics,

Multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi (nam multò plures sumus) ac veluti te
Judæi, cogamus in hanc concedere turbam.

Follies, he reserves this for a peculiar Indulgence, and expects that his Friends shall treat it with Tendernefs and Complaisance. *SAR.*

142. *Ac veluti te Judæi.*] Horace knows not any better Revenge against the Enemies of Poetry, than to force them to become Poets themselves. This Pleasantry arises from the proselyting Spirit of

S A T. V.

EGRESSUM magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ
Hospitio modico: rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Græcorum longè doctissimus: inde Forum Appi
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altiùs ac nos
Præcinctis, unum: minùs est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego, propter aquam, quòd erat teterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cœnantes haud animo æquo
Expectans comites. Jam Nox inducere terris
Umbras, & cœlo diffundere signa parabat:
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere: Huc appelle: trecentos inferis: ohe!

Octavius and Antony, both aspiring to the sovereign Power, must necessarily have had frequent Quarrels and Dissentions. Their Reconciliations were of short Continuance, because they were insincere. Among many Negotiations, undertaken by their common Friends, to reconcile them, History mentions two more particularly. The first in the Year 714; the other in 717, which was concluded by the Mediation of Octavia, and to which our Poet was carried by Mæcenat. His Journey is described in this Satire, which is a finished Model of the Narrative, and has been often imitated by our travelling Bards.

SAR.
Ver.

If you refuse, of Poets to my Aid
 (Well fraught with Numbers is the rhiming Trade)
 To force you, like the profelyting Jews,
 To be, like us, a Brother of the Muse.

the Jews, who insinuated themselves into Families; entered into the Courts of Justice; disturbed the Judges, and were always more successful in proportion as they were more impudent. Such is the Character given them by St. Ambrose.

S A T. V.

LEAVING imperial Rome, my Course I steer
 To poor Aricia, and its moderate Cheer.
 From all the Greeks, in rhetorician Lore,
 The Prize of Learning my Companion bore.
 To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a Place
 Stuff'd with rank Boatmen, and with Vintners base,
 And laggard into two Days Journey broke
 What were but one to less incumber'd Folk;
 The Appian Road, however, yields most Pleasure
 To those, who chuse to travel at their Leisure.
 The Water here was of so foul a Stream
 Against my Stomach I a War proclaim,
 And wait, though not with much Good-humour wait,
 While with keen Appetites my Comrades eat.
 The Night o'er Earth now spread her dusky Shade,
 And through the Heavens her starry Train display'd;
 What Time, between the Slaves and Boatmen rise
 Quarrels of clamorous Rout. The Boatman cries,
 Step

Vers. 2. *Hospitio modico.*] In Opposition to *magna Roma*, for otherwise Aricia was no contemptible Village. It was situated on the Appian Road, about twenty Miles from Rome.

15. *Absen-*

Jam fatis est. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
 Tota abit hora. Mali culices, ranæque palustres
 Avertunt somnos. Absentem ut cantat amicam
 Multâ prolutus vappâ nauta, atque viator
 Certatim; tandem fessus dormire viator
 Incipit; ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ
 Nauta piger saxo religat, stertitque supinus.
 Jamque dies aderat, nil quum procedere lintrem
 Sentimus; donec cerebrosus profilit unus,
 Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumboque saligno
 Fuste dolat. Quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ.
 Ora manusque tuâ lavimus, Feronia, lymphâ.
 Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus
 Impositum faxis latè candentibus Anxur.
 Huc venturus erat Mæcenas, optimus atque
 Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
 Legati, averfos soliti componere amicos.
 Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
 Illinere. Interea Mæcenas advenit, atque

Cocceius

15. *Absentem ut cantat amicam.*] *Ut, five dum, cantat nauta*
viator amicus; tandem somno viator opprimitur.

Nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, intervenit homo de impro-
Terent. BENT. SAT.

22. *Saligno fuste dolat.*] The Wood, of which this Cudgel was
 made, is not idly mentioned, for the Tree grew on the Water
 side.

23. *Quartâ horâ.*] The Romans, during more than four hun-
 dred and fifty Years, never had Names for the Hours of the Day.
 The twelve Tables divided it into three Parts; the rising Sun, the
 setting Sun, and Mid-day. The Hours of Night and Day were
 equal in Number through the Year; but from Spring to Autumn
 those of the Day were longer than those of the Night, and from
 September to March the Hours of Night were longest.

Step in my Masters; when with open Throat,
 "Enough, you Scoundrel; will you sink the Boat?"
 Thus, while the Mule is harness'd, and we pay
 Our Freights, an Hour in wrangling slips away.

The fenny Frogs with Croakings hoarse and deep,
 And Gnats, loud-buzzing, drive away our Sleep.
 Drench'd in the Lees of Wine the wat'ry Swain,
 And Passenger, in loud alternate Strain
 Chaunt forth the absent Fair, who warms his Breast,
 Till wearied Passenger retires to Rest.

Our clumsy Bargeman sends his Mule to graze,
 And the tough Cable to a Rock belays,
 Then Inores supine; but when at rising Light
 Our Boat stood still, upstarts a hair-brain'd Wight;
 With fallow Cudgel breaks the Bargeman's Pate,
 And bangs the Mule at a well-favour'd Rate.
 Thence onward labouring with a World of Pain
 At ten, Feronia, we thy Fountain gain;
 There land and bathe; then after Dinner creep
 Three tedious Miles, and climb the rocky Steep
 Whence Anxur shines. Mæcnas was to meet
 Coccejus here, to settle Things of Weight:
 For they had oft in Embassy been join'd,
 And reconcil'd the Masters of Mankind.
 Here while I bath'd my Eyes with cooling Ointment
 They both arriv'd according to Appointment;

Fonteius

[29. *Aversos soliti componere amicos.*] Three Particulars demonstrate, that this Journey was to the second Conference at Brundisium. Fonteius is here joined with Mæcnas and Cocceius, but was not engaged in the first. The Poet says, that Mæcnas and Cocceius had been before employed to reconcile Octavius and Antony, *soliti*, which must necessarily suppose the first Congress in 714, when Horace had not been introduced to Mæcnas.

MASSON.

32. Ad

Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
 Factus homo; Antonî, non ut magis alter, amicus.
 Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
 Linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ,
 Prætextam, & latum clavum, prunæque batillum.
 In Mamurrarum lassî deinde urbe manemus,
 Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
 Postera lux oritur multò gratissima; namque
 Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque
 Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
 Terra tulit; neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
 O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
 Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
 Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula tectum
 Præbuit: & parochi, quæ debent, ligna falemque.

32. *Ad unguem factus homo.*] This figurative Expression is taken from Engravers in Wood or Marble, who used to pass their Nails over the Work, to know whether it were well polished.

ERASMU

34. *Prætor.*] The Colonies and municipal Towns had the same Dignities and Magistracies as the City of Rome: Senators, Prætors, Quæstors, and Ediles. It is difficult to know whether the Colonies had a Prætor chosen out of her own Citizens, or whether they were sent from Rome.

35. *Præmia scribæ.*] Horace calls these Robes *præmia scribæ*, because the Secretaries in Colonies and municipal Towns were frequently raised to the Dignity of the Prætorship. It is pleasant enough to see this little Magistrate in his Insolence of Office, showing forth the Pride of his Employment. The *toga prætexta* was a Robe bordered with Purple. *Tunica clavata* was a Vest with the Borders of Purple laid like a Lace upon the Middle or Opening of it, down to the Bottom; in such a Manner, as that when the Vest was drawn close or buttoned, the two purple Borders joined and seemed to be but one. If these Borders were large, the Vest was called *latus clavus*, or *tunica laticlavata*; if they were narrow, it was named *angustus clavus*, *tunica angusticlavata*. These two Sorts of Tunics were worn to distinguish the Magistrates in their Employments, and were very different from those worn by the common People.

Fonteius too, a Man of Worth approv'd,
And no Man more by Antony belov'd.

Laughing we leave an Entertainment rare,
The paltry Pomp of Fundi's foolish Mayor,
The Scrivener Luscus : now with Pride elate,
With Incense fum'd, and big with Robes of State.
From thence our wearied Troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's Lodgers, and Fonteius' Guests.
Next rising Morn with double Joy we greet,
For Plotius, Varius, Virgil here we meet :
Pure Spirits these; the World no purer knows;
For none my Heart with more Affection glows:
How oft did we embrace ! Our Joys how great !
For sure no Blessing in the Power of Fate
Can be compar'd, in Sanity of Mind,
To Friends of such companionable Kind.

Near the Campanian Bridge that Night we lay,
Where Commissaries our Expence defray.

Early

People, *tunicato popello*, which were closed before, and without any purple Border. They were called *tunicæ rectæ*. SAN.

Prunæque batillum.] A Pan for Incense, frequently carried before the Emperors, or those possessed of the sovereign Authority.

37. *In Mamurrarum urbe.*] The Stroke of Satire here is of a delicate and almost imperceptible Malignity. Formiæ, the City which Horace means, belonged to the Lamian Family, whose Antiquity was a great Honour to it. But our Poet paraphrases it by the Name of a Person, who was born there, and who had made his Country famous in a very different Manner. Mamurra was a Roman Knight, infamous for his Rapine, Luxury and Debauchery. Callus calls him *Decoctor Formianus*. TOR.

40. *Plotius & Varius*] Were the Persons to whom Augustus intrusted the Correction of the *Æneid* after Virgil's Death, but with Order not to make any Additions to it.

46. *Parochi.*] Before the Consulship of Lucius Posthumius, the Magistrates of Rome travelled at the public Charge, without being burthenome to the Provinces. Afterwards Commissaries were appointed in the great Roads to defray all Expences of them, who were employed in the Business of the State. They were obliged by

Hinc muli Caputæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
 Lufum it Mæcenæ, dormitum ego Virgiliusque :
 Namque pilâ lippis inimicum & ludere crudis.
 Hinc nos Coccei recipit plenissima villa,
 Quæ super est Caudî cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
 Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Messique Cicirri,
 Musa, velim memores ; & quo patre natus uterque
 Contulerit lites. Messî clarum genus — Osci :
 Sarmenti domina extat. Ab his majoribus orti
 Ad pugnam venere. Prior Sarmentus : Equi te
 Esse feri similem dico. Ridemus ; & ipse
 Messius, accipio : caput & movet. O ! tua cornu
 Nî foret exsecto frons, inquit, quid faceres, quum
 Sic mutilus miniteris ? At illi fœda cicatrix
 Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.
 Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocus,
 Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat :
 Nil illi larvâ, aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.

Multa

the *Lex Julia de Provinciis* to provide Lodging, Fire, Salt, Hay, and Straw.

51. *Nunc mihi paucis.*] This little Scene is of much natural Pleasantry, raised by a spirited Ridicule. The Poet invokes his Muse with much Solemnity to describe an Action of Importance and gives us the Genealogy of his Combatants, as if they were Heroes worthy of an Epic Poem.

52. *Cicirri.*] This was probably a Nick-name, for *Cicirrus* in Greek signifies a Cock. Aldus was the first Editor, who read *Cicerrus*, contrary to the Manuscripts and all former Editions.

BENT. SAX.

54. *Osci*] Is a Nominative Case, and we must construe it, *Osci sunt clarum genus Messii.* The Oscians gave to Messius his illustrious Birth. The Break is of a peculiar Malignity, *clarum genus* — *Osci* for the Line begins as if Messius were descended from some illustrious Family, when the Poet instantly undeceives his Readers, by saying, that his Hero was an Oscian ; a sufficient Proof that he was an infamous Scoundrel. The People, who inhabited this Part of Campania, were guilty of such execrable Debaucheries, as we ought not to name. The very Idea of them is impure.

55. *Sarmentus*

Early next Morn to Capua we came ;
 Mæcenas goes to Tennis ; hurtful Game
 To a weak Stomach, and to tender Eyes,
 So down to Sleep with Virgil, Horace lies.
 Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
 Whose House above the Caudian Tavern's seated.

And now, O Muse, in faithful Numbers tell
 The memorable Squabble that befel,
 When Messius and Sarmentus join'd in Fight,
 And whence descended each illustrious Wight.
 Messius, of high Descent, from — Ofci came ;
 His Mistress might her Slave Sarmentus claim.
 From such fam'd Ancestry our Champions rise —
 Hear me, thou horse-fac'd Rogue, Sarmentus cries ;
 We laugh ; when Messius, throwing up his Head,
 Accepts the Challenge. O ! Sarmentus said,
 If you can threaten now, what would you do,
 Had not the Horn been rooted out, that grew
 Full in thy Front ? A Gash, of deep Disgrace,
 Had stain'd the grisly Honours of his Face.
 Then on his Country's infamous Disease,
 And his own Face, his Ribaldry displays :
 Logs him the one-eyed Cyclops' Part to dance,
 Since he nor Mask, nor tragic Buskins wants.

Messius

[55. *Sarmenti domina extat.*] Not all the Learning of the Commentators can determine who Sarmentus was. The Name is mentioned by several Authors, but the Character by no means agrees with our Hero.

[58. *Accipio.*] *I accept the Challenge.* Saying this, Messius shook his Head, with a threatening Air, like an angry Bull : From whence the next Pleasantry, *O tua cornu, You forget that your Horn was cut out to prevent your being mischievous.*

[63. *Saltaret uti Cyclopa.*] The Raillery is founded on his gigantic Size, and the villainous Gash, that Messius had on his Forehead,

Multa Cicirrus ad hæc : Donâſſet jamne catenam
 Ex voto Laribus, quærebat : ſcriba quòd eſſet,
 Nihilo deterius dominæ jus eſſe. Rogabat
 Denique, cur unquam fugiſſet, cui ſatis una
 Farris libra foret, gracili ſic, tamque puſillo.
 Prorſus jucundè cœnam produximus illam.
 Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi ſedulus hoſpes
 Penè arſit, macros dum turdos verſat in igni :
 Nam vaga per veterem dilapſo flamma culinam
 Vulcano, ſummum properabat lambere tectum.
 Convivas avidos cœnam, ſervosque timentes
 Tum rapere, atque omnes reſtinguere velle videres.
 Incipit ex illo montes Apulia notos
 Oſtentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus ; & quos
 Nunquam erepſemus, niſi nos vicina Trivici
 Villa recepſſet, lacrymoſo non ſine fumo
 Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.

Quatuor

head, which made him look ſo like Polyphemus, that he might dance the Part without Buſkins or a Mask. To dance a Cyclops, Glaucus, a Ganymede, a Leda, was an Expreſſion for repreſenting their Story by dancing. *Velleius Paterculus* gives us a moſt extraordinary Deſcription of *Munatius Plancus* dancing a Sea-God. He was naked ; his Body was painted with a ſea-green Colour ; his Head was crowned with Reeds, and dragging the Tail of a Fiſh after him he danced upon his Knees.

65. *Donâſſet jamne catenam.*] Only the vileſt Slaves, or thoſe who worked in the Country, were chained. It appears by an Epigram of Martial, that when they were ſet at Liberty, they conſecrated their Chains to Saturn, becauſe Slavery was unknown under his Reign. But when Meſſius aſks Sarmentus, whether he had dedicated his Chain to the *Dii Lares*, he would reproach him with being a Foreigner. Theſe Gods were invoked by Travellers, becauſe they preſided over Highways, from whence they were called *viales*. Theſe themſelves were always repreſented like Travellers, as if they were ready to leave the Houſe ; *ſuccincti*. Or Sarmentus was a Slave, ſo vile, as that he knew no other Gods, than thoſe who ſtood on the Hearth, and which it was his Employment to keep clean.

67. *Nihilo deterius.*] This Line begins with an Anapeſt, like that in the ſecond Epiſtle of the ſecond Book, *Vebemens & liquidus purus*

Messius reply'd in Virulence of Strain;
 Did you to Saturn consecrate your Chain?
 Though you were made a Scrivener since your Flight,
 Yet that can never hurt your Lady's Right.
 But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
 Methinks, a single Pound of Bread a Day
 Might such a sleek, thin-gutted Rogue content;"

And thus the jovial Length of Night we spent.
 At our next Inn our Host was almost burn'd,
 While some lean Thrushes at the Fire he turn'd.
 Through his old Kitchen rolls the God of Fire,
 And to the Roof the vagrant Flames aspire.
 But Hunger all our Terrors overcame,
 We fly to save our Meat, and quench the Flame.

Apulia now my native Mountains shows,
 Where the North-Wind burns froze, and parching blows;
 Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy Height,
 Did we not at a neighbouring Village bait,
 Where from green Wood the smouldering Flames arise,
 And with a smoky Sorrow fill our Eyes.

In

que simillimus amni. Our Anthor, as Dr. Bentley well observes, always uses *nililo* before his comparative. *Nililo plus accipias. Nililo sapientius. Nililo sapientior. Nililo plus explicet.* The best Manuscripts have preserved the present Reading, and it has been received by seven Editions.

68. *Cui satis una, &c.*] By the Laws of the twelve Tables, a slave was allowed a Pound of Corn a-Day. *Qui cum vinctum habebit, libras farris in dies dato.* TURNEBUS.

70. *Prorsus jucundè cœnam.*] Some delicate Folks have been astonished, how Horace and his Friends could find so much Pleasure in this Adventure. But we should remember, that People, fatigued with their Journey, are willing to encourage any Diversion, that may raise their Spirits. Besides, we should distinguish between the ridiculous and agreeable, *ridiculum* & *venustum*; between a Therfites and a Cupid. Laughter neither can, nor ought to arise but from somewhat ridiculous. The Agreeable is always serious. For my own part, says Mr. Dacier, this little Incident extremely pleases

Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
 Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est;
 Signis perfacile est. Venit vilissima rerum
 Hic aqua; sed panis longè pulcherrimus, ultro
 Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator:
 Nam Canus lapidosus; aquæ non ditior urna.
 Flentibus hîc Varius discedit mœstus amicis.
 Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus; utpote longum
 Carpentés iter, & factum corruptius imbrî.
 Postera tempestas melior, via pejor, adusque
 Barî mœniâ piscosî. Dein Gnatia lymphis

Irat

me, and I should suspect my own Taste, if I did not laugh, where Mæcenas, Plotius, Varius, Cocceius, Virgil and Horace could find Matter of Mirth.

72. *Macros dum turdas.*] This Arrangement of the Words appears in two Manuscripts, but has been changed by the Grammarians into *pam macros arsit*, for the sake of a smoother Cadence, though it perplexes the Construction. But our Poet was very little curious about the Cadence of his Verses, especially in his Satires, and his Carelessness hath been esteemed one of his Beauties.

Mr. Dacier would make use of these Thrushes to prove, that this Journey must have been in the latter End of September, or Beginning of October, and consequently cannot agree with the Negotiations at Brundisium in 717. But these Thrushes, unluckily for the Critic, are said to be lean, because it was yet early Summer. They are fat, and in high Season, in September and October, by feeding on the Vintage. SAX.

83. *Oppidulo quod versu dicere non est.*] We are lost in following Horace among the Mountains of his Country. The Commentators tell us, this unpoetical Town was called *Equus Tuticus* or *Equotuticum*, and there was indeed a Town of that Name on the Appian Road, about twenty Miles from Beneventum. But the Poet reckons eight between Trivicum and this Town, that he does not name; to which if we add the Distance from Beneventum to Trivicum, we shall find the Journey half as long again as the Road from Beneventum to *Equus Tuticus*. One Thing however we may learn from this Passage, that the Profody of proper Names was not left to the Discretion of the Poets, when we see Horace omitting the Name of a Town, rather than violate the Measures of his Verse. SAX.

84. *Vilissima rerum.*] We have *dulcissime rerum* in Horace, and *pulcherrime rerum* in Quid. The Word *rerum* is equally useless in all these

In Chariots thence at a large Rate we came
 Eight Leagues, and baited at a Town, whose Name
 Cannot in Verse and Measures be exprest,
 But may by Marks and Tokens well be gueſt.
 Its Water, Nature's cheapeſt Element,
 Is bought and ſold; its Bread moſt excellent;
 Which wary Travellers provide with Care,
 And on their Shoulders to Canuſium bear,
 Whoſe Bread is gritty, and its wealthieſt Stream
 Poor as the Town's of unpoetic Name.

Here Varius leaves us, and with Tears he goes:
 With equal Tenderneſs our Sorrow flows.

Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
 The Journey long, the Road with Rain was ſpoil'd.
 To Barium, fam'd for Fiſh, we reach'd next Day,
 The Weather fairer, but much worſe the Way.

Then

theſe Expreſſions, but it was a Manner of ſpeaking received in the natural and familiar Style. The Poet does not abſolutely complain, that they ſold their Water, for this was generally done when it was brought from any conſiderable Diſtance, but he complains, that their Hoſt ſold it to his Gueſts,

SAN.

87. *Nam Canuſi.*] The common Editions read next to this Line, *Qui locus à forti Diomede eſt conditus olim*, which was probably inſerted by ſome Grammarian as a Proof of his Learning, and to deſcribe more particularly the Town of *Equotuticum*. But it hath been proved that this was not the Town which Horace meant. Beſides, the Conſtruction of the Verſe is vicious, and its Expreſſion faulty. *Locum condere* is a Manner of ſpeaking unknown to Writers of pure Latinity, and the Scholiaſts, who would certainly have made ſome Remark on a Line of this Conſequence, have not even mentioned it in their Notes. Their Silence is a ſenſible Proof, that it was not in their Manuſcripts. For theſe Reaſons, confirmed by the Authority of Dr. Bentley, Mr. Sanadon, and Merveillius, it hath been left out of the preſent Edition.

92. *Gnatia.*] Otherwiſe called *Egnatia*. There are two Meanings in the Original *Iratis lymphis extructa*, which the Tranſlation hath endeavour'd to preſerve. The firſt ſays, the Town was built in deſpite of the Waters, as if they were offended at its being built: the ſecond, that its Inhabitants were Viſionaries, Lunatics, *Lymphatici*, born *iratis lymphis*.

Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
 Dum flammis sine thura liquefcere limine sacro
 Persuadere cupit. Credat Judæus Apella,
 Non ego : namque Deos didici securum agere ævum;
 Nec, si quid miri faciat Natura, Deos id
 Tristes ex alto cœli demittere testō.
 Brundusium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

95. *Credat Judæus Apella.*] The Jews were esteemed by the Ancients a superstitious, credulous Race of People. *Apella* was probably the Name of some remarkable Jew at Rome. *Apelles*, *Apelias*, *Apollo*, *Apello*, and *Apollos* were Contractions of *Apollodorus*.

The Word has been generally understood, *Apella*, *sine pelle*. Circumcised.

96. *Namque Deos didici.*] Such were the Gods of Epicurus ; indolent, and useless to Mankind, consequently unworthy of Adoration. The Name of Nature was used to explain any miraculous, or unaccountable Act of Providence, or the Power of Fortune was substituted.

SAT. VI. Ad MÆCENATEM.

NON, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
 Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te ;
 Nec quòd avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
 Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint ;

A genealogical Table, true or false, of illustrious Ancestors : a large Estate : a numerous Equipage, and considerable Employments, are what we generally call noble. But Virtue judges in a very different Manner. She takes the Great from amidst the Grandeur, which surrounds him : undresses him of the Vanity, that disguises him, and rates the Value of the Man by the Man himself. Under the fair Appearance of Nobility she frequently finds a Fool, a Villain, or a Coward ; and in a plebeian Obscurity discovers a real Greatness of Sentiments and Probity of Manners. As right Reason is of all Countries, the Wise in all Ages have spoken on this Subject in one uniform, constant Manner. Such is the Language of the present Satire, which contains many valuable Remarks upon true Nobility ; upon the Choice, that great Men ought to make

Then water-curs'd Egnatia gave us Joke,
 And Laughter great, to hear the moon-struck Folk
 Assert, if Incense on their Altars lay,
 Without the Help of Fire it melts away.
 The Sons of Circumcision may receive
 The wonderous Tale, which I shall ne'er believe;
 For I have better learn'd, in blissful Ease
 That the good Gods enjoy immortal Days,
 Nor anxiously their native Skies forsake,
 When Miracles the Laws of Nature break.
 From thence our Travels to Brundisium bend,
 Where our long Journey, and my Paper end.

substituted in the Place of a Deity. A Concern for Mortals was too serious, *tristis*, for Gods, whose whole Being was Pleasure.

99. *Brundisium*] Was about three hundred and sixty Miles from Rome. They performed the Journey in fourteen Days, and a Night, about four and twenty Miles a Day. There is a Difference of ten Miles between the Computations of Dacier and Sanadon.

SAT. VI. TO MÆCENAS.

THOUGH, since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan
 Coasts,
 No richer Blood than yours Etruria boasts;
 Though your great Ancestors have Armies led,
 You don't, as many do, with Scorn upbraid

The

make of their Friends, and upon the Advantages of a good Education.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Lydorum quidquid Etruscos.*] Mr. Dacier, upon the single Authority of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, asserts that the Tuscans were not descended from the Lydians. Yet Horace had a poetical Right to the Tradition, as it was generally believed, although it might possibly be false. It is, however, supported by Herodotus, Tully, Virgil, Strabo, Servius, Pliny, Tacitus, Velleius, Seneca, Plutarch, Valerius Maximus, Silius and Statius.

SAN.

E 5

6. Liber-

Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
 Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum :
 Quum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
 Natus, dum ingenuus. Persuades hoc tibi verè,
 Ante potestatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,
 Multos sæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,
 Et vixisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos :
 Contra, Lævinum, Valerî genus, unde Superbus
 Tarquinius regno pulsus fugit, unius assis
 Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante
 Judice, quo nōsti, populo ; qui stultus honores
 Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ servit ineptus ;
 Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus. Quid oportet
 Nos facere à vulgo longè longèque remotos ?
 Namque esto, populus Lævino mallet honorem
 Quàm Decio mandare novo ; censorque moveret

Appius

6. *Libertino patre natum.*] In the first Ages of the Republic *libertinus* and *liberti filius* had the same Signification ; but some Time before Cicero, as we are informed by Suetonius, the Manner of speaking was changed, and from thence *libertus* and *libertinus* were used as synonymous Terms to signify a Man, who was made free. SAX

12. *Lævinum, Valerî.*] Horace does not positively say, that Lævinus was descended from Valerius Poplicola, who assisted Brutus in dethroning Tarquin, but only that he was of the same Family. The Surnames of Lævinus and Poplicola were given to two Branches of the Valerian House ; the first Plebeian, the other Patrician. He, who is mentioned here, lived in such Obscurity, that History hath only preserved his Name to us. But he was probably the Person, who brought the Family into such Contempt, as provoked Messala to forbid that any of the Lævini should be placed among the Statues of his Ancestors. SAX

13. *Pulsus fugit.*] This Reading is of Manuscript-Authority. The present, used for the præterperfect Tense, is of true poetical Elegance, when either a Knowledge of the Fact, or some other Expression in the Sentence determines the Sense. BENT. CUS

14. *Licuisse.*] Lævinus is here pleasantly set up to Auction, for *licere* was the Term used to signify raising the Sale. To

18. *Nos facere à vulgo longè longèque.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanderson think it were immodest in Horace, if he remembered his Birth

The Man of Birth unknown, or turn the Nose
 On me, who from a Race of Slaves arose:
 While you regard not, from what low Degree
 A Man's descended, if his Mind be free;
 Convinc'd, that long before th' ignoble Reign
 And Power of Tullius, from a servile Strain
 Full many rose for Virtue high renown'd,
 By Worth enobled, and with Honours crown'd:
 While he, who boasts that ancient Race his own,
 Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the Throne,
 Is vile and worthless in the Poet's Eyes:
 The People, who, you know, bestow the Prize
 To Men most worthless, and like Slaves to Fame
 With foolish Reverence hail a titled Name,
 And, rapt, with awe-struck Admiration gaze
 When the long Race its Images displays.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide
 From the mere Vulgar, this great Point decide?
 For grant, the Croud some high-birth'd Scoundrel chuse,
 And to the low-born Man of Worth refuse

(Because

to make use of the Word *Nos*, as if he set himself upon a Level with Mæcenæ, and were equally distinguished from the Vulgar. This is an unnecessary and a mistaken Refinement, for the Poet means only a Distance of Sentiments from the common People, to which he might with Modesty pretend.

Longè longèque not only appears in almost all the Manuscripts, but is frequently used by the best Authors. Nor does the Distance between two Objects ever give us an Idea of Breadth, as the common *longe lateque* designs.

BENT. CUN.

[19. *Namque esto*.] The Poet does not say, that the Judgment of the People is always wrong, but that although they are not generally favourable to Merit, *stultus honores sæpe dat indignis*, yet they are sometimes just, as in the Instance of preferring Decius to Lævinus. But even when they give the Preference to some worthless Man of Family, such as Lævinus, we cannot draw any Consequence in his Favour. He does not become really more estimable, nor is a Decius less valuable by their Disregard. *Namque esto* is a Supposition; or in

Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus ;
 Vel meritò, quoniam in propriâ non pelle quiessem.
 Sed fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
 Non minùs ignotos generosis. Quò tibi, Tilli,
 Sumere depositum clavum, serique tribuno ?
 Invidia accrevit, privato quæ minor esset.
 Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
 Pellibus, ac latum demisit pectore clavum,
 Audit continuò : Quis homo hic, aut quo patre natus
 Ut si qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi
 Et cupiat formosus ; eat quacunque, puellis
 Injiciat curam quærendi singula ; quali
 Sit facie, furâ, quali pede, dente, capillo :
 Sic qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
 Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra Deorum ;
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
 Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.

Tun

the Language of Disputants, *Let us suppose.* The great Difficulty of this Passage, for it is allowed to be difficult, arises from the Poet not having expressed his Thoughts in their full Extent. SAN

A Sentence thus difficult in the Original would become perfectly unintelligible in a literal Translation. The Translator, therefore, has endeavoured, in a few additional Lines, to give the Sense, and Reasoning, which the Poet hath left imperfect and inconclusive.

23. *Sed fulgente trahit.*] This Verse assists us in supplying what the Poet hath left imperfect. *Sed* is necessarily relative to *nam*, and all the Lines from the seventh *quum referre negas* are a Justification of that Regard, which Mæcenas had for Virtue, wherever he found it. SAN

24. *Quò tibi, Tilli.*] It is true, that Glory makes no other Distinction among Men but that of Merit; yet it is equally true, that they should wait, each in his proper Sphere, until it shall please that Glory to chain them to her Car, like Servius Tullius, and Decius, that she may raise them to the Honours due to their Merit. Tillius had probably raised himself in the Disorders of the State to some considerable Employment, from which he was degraded amidst the Contempt and Indignation of the People. SAN

27. Nigri

(Because low-born) the Honours of the State,
 Shall we from thence their Vice or Virtue rate?
 Were I expell'd the Senate-House with Scorn,
 Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born
 I fondly wander'd from my native Sphere;
 Yet shall I with less real Worth appear?
 Chain'd to her beamy Car Fame drags along
 The Mean, the Great; an undistinguish'd Throng.

Poor Tillius, when compell'd in luckless Hour
 To quit your purple Robe and Tribune's Power,
 A larger Share of Envy was thy Fate,
 Which had been lessen'd in a private State.
 For in black Sandals when a Coxcomb's drest,
 When floats the Robe impurpled down his Breast,
 Instant, "What Man is this?" he round him hears,
 "And who his Father?" As when one appears
 Sick of your Fever, Barrus, to desire
 That all the World his Beauty should admire,
 Anxious our Girls inquire, "What Mien and Air,
 "What Leg and Foot he has, what Teeth and Hair!"
 So he, who promises to guard the State,
 The Gods, the Temples and th' imperial Seat,
 Makes every Mortal ask his Father's Name,
 And not less curious of his Mother's Fame.

"And

27. *Nigris medium, &c.*] The Buskins worn by Senators were black, and sometimes white; those of the curule Magistrates were red.

TORR.

33. *Sit facie.*] *Facies* does not here signify the Face, but the whole Mien and Air; as in Terence, *O faciem pulchram!* where Donatus well remarks, *non partem corporis dicit, sed totam speciem quæ apparet & cernitur.*

CRUQ.

34. *Sic qui promittit.*] This was the Form of a Senator's, and a Magistrate's Oath,

CRUQ.

38. *Syri,*

Tūne Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî filius, audes
Dejicere è saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo ?

TILL.

At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno ;
Namque est ille, pater quod erat meus.

HORAT.

Hoc tibi Paulus,
Et Messala videris ? At hic, si plaustra ducenta,
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit
Cornua quod vincatque tubas : saltem tenet hoc nos.
Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum ;
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum ;
Nunc, quia sum tibi, Mæcenas, convictor ; at olim,
Quòd mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.
Dissimile hoc illi est ; quia non, ut forsit honorem
Jure mihi invidet quivis, ita te quoque amicum ;
Præsertim cautum dignos adsumere, pravâ
Ambitione procul. Felicem dicere non hoc
Me possit, casu quòd te sortitus amicum ;

Nulla

38. Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî.] Those three Names are the Names of Slaves. Damas or Dama is a Contraction of Demetrius. Syrus is frequently the Slave in Comedy. DAC.

40. Sedet.] Is a Law Word, properly applied to Senators, Prætors, and other Judges, when seated on the Bench, in Execution of their Office. TORR.

43. Magna sonabit.] Funerals usually passed through the Forum, and Novius could pronounce an Oration with a Voice of Thunder. Horace laughs at his being made a Senator for an Accomplishment, which could only entitle him to the Office of a Crier. DAC.

44. Cornua quod vincatque tubas.] Trumpets were used at the Funerals of Men, and Flutes at those of Children. The twelve Tables confined them to ten in Number. Decem tibicines adhibeto, but plus ne facito.

47. Nunc, quia sum tibi, Mæcenas.] Some modern Editors, to give this Verse a more musical Cadence, read, nunc, quia Mæcenas, tibi sum convictor. Nos vero, tam fastidiosæ auribus valere jussis, ipsâ simplicitate compositionis capimur ; well fare such delicate Ears ; but we are taken even by the Simplicity of Composition, says Dr. Bentley.

52. Felicem

“ And shall a Syrian’s Son, like you, presume
 “ To hurl the free-born Citizens of Rome
 “ From the Tarpeian Rock’s tremendous Height,
 “ Or to the Hangman Cadmus give their Fate ?”

TILLIUS.

My Colleague sits below me one Degree,
 For Novius, like my Father, was made free.

HORACE.

Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
 And rise a Paulus in your own Esteem ?
 But when two hundred Waggon’s crowd the Street,
 And three long Funerals in Procession meet,
 Beyond the Fifes and Horns his Voice he raises,
 And sure such Strength of Lungs a wondrous Praise is.

As for myself, a Freed-man’s Son confess,
 A Freed-man’s Son, the public Scorn and Jest,
 That now with you I joy the social Hour,
 That once a Roman Legion own’d my Power ;
 But though they envy’d my Command in War
 Justly perhaps, yet sure ’tis different far
 To gain your Friendship, where no servile Art,
 Where only Men of Merit claim a Part.

Nor yet to Chance this Happiness I owe ;
 Friendship like your’s it had not to bestow.

First,

52. *Felicem dicere non hoc me possit.*] Our Poet, without any Imputation on his Modesty, might well be convinced, that his personal Merit did not stand in need of the accidental Advantages of being well born. Nor does he acknowledge himself indebted to Fortune for the Friendship of Mæcenæ. Thus with a Sort of necessary Vanity, if it must be called Vanity, he compliments his Patron upon his Discernment and Caution in the Choice of his Friends.

Mr. Cuninghame hath recovered *possit* from one of the Manuscripts ; it agrees with *quivis*, and the Sentiment is more modest, and does more Honour to the Poet, when spoken by them, who envied him, *quivis invidet*, than if it seemed to be his own, *Felicem dicere non hoc me possum.*

SAN.

54. *Optimus*

Nulla etenim tibi me fors obtulit. Optimus olim
 Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixere quid essem.
 Ut veni coram, singultim pauca loquutus
 (Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
 Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
 Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo ;
 Sed, quod eram, narro : respondes (ut tuus est mos) 6
 Pauca : abeo : & revocas nono post mense, jubesque
 Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego ducō,
 Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
 Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ & pectore puro.
 Atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
 Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta (velut si
 Egregio insperfos reprehendas corpore nævos)
 Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, aut mala lustra
 Objiciet verè quisquam mihi ; purus & infons
 (Ut me collaudem) si vivo & carus amicis,
 Causa fuit pater his : macro qui pauper agello
 Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere ; magni
 Quod pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,

Lavo

54. *Optimus olim.*] Both Virgil and Varius were dead, when this Satire was written. Our Poet was introduced to Mæcenas in the Year 715, and his Behaviour, says Mr. Dacier, is with that Kind of Modesty, which is natural to Men of real Genius.

61. *Revocas nono post mense.*] Horace and Mæcenas let nine Months roll quietly away ; the first, without paying his Court to the prime Minister ; the other, without inviting a Man for whom he had probably conceived an Esteem. Who would not imagine, that the Poet was forgotten, and that he deserved it ? On the contrary, this Negligence of paying his Court, which would have appeared blameable in a mere Courtier's Eyes, was regarded by the discerning Minister as a singular Modesty. These indeed are Models worthy of our Imitation ; but if Persons of first Merit had the Modesty of Horace, where shall we find, says Mr. Sanadon, the Generosity of Mæcenas ?

68. *Aut mala lustra.*] One Manuscript and an ancient Edition of the Scholiasts has preserved this Reading, which hath been received by six Editions. Horace often uses *aut* after two Negatives.

71. *Causa*

First, my best Virgil, then my Varius told,
Among my Friends what Character I hold :
When introduc'd, in few and faltering Words
(Such as an infant Modesty affords)
I did not tell you my Descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my Country-Seat
On a proud Steed in richer Pastures bred :
But what I really was, I frankly said.

Short was your Answer, in your usual Strain ;
I take my Leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine Months past, engag'd and bid to hold
A Place among your nearer Friends enroll'd.
An Honour this, methinks, of nobler Kind,
That innocent of Heart and pure of Mind,
Though with no titled Birth, I gain'd his Love,
Whose Judgment can discern, whose Choice approve.

If some few venial Faults deform my Soul,
(Like a fair Face when spotted with a Mole)
If none with Avarice justly brand my Fame,
With Sordidness, or Deeds too vile to name :
If pure and innocent : if dear (forgive
These little Praises) to my Friends I live,
My Father was the Cause, who, though maintain'd
By a lean Farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The Country-Schoolmaster, to whose low Care
The mighty Captain sent his high-born Heir,

With

[71. *Causa fuit pater his.*] This little Episode, if it may be so called, is of great Beauty, and does much Honour both to the Father and Son. It shews, that Greatness of Sentiments and Goodness of Heart are not confined to People of Birth and Fortune.

SAN.

[72. *In Flavii ludum.*] Flavius was probably a Country Schoolmaster at Venusium, where Horace was born, who taught Children Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. The *magni quo pueri magnis è Centurionibus orti* is in the Pomp of Burlesque, and as such is imitated in the Translation.

Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
 Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra :
 Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare, docendum
 Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque senator
 Semet prognatos. Vestem servosque sequentes
 In magno ut populo si quis vidisset, avitâ
 Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.

Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
 Circùm doctores aderat. Quid multa? pudicum
 (Qui primus virtutis honos) fervabat ab omni
 Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quonque turpi :
 Nec timuit, sibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim
 Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipse) coactor
 Mercedes sequeretur : neque ego essem questus. Ad hæc
 nunc

Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major.
 Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus : eoque
 Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,
 Quòd non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
 Sic me defendam. Longè mea discrepat istis
 Et vox & ratio. Nam si natura juberet
 A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,

Atque

75. *Octonis referentes idibus æra.*] The Romans had many states Times of paying their Schoolmasters. Some imagine it was at the Beginning, others at the End of the Year, or at the grand Festival of Minerva called *quinquatrus*, or *quinquatria*, which began the nineteenth of March. But the *Minerval* then given to the Master was not a Salary, but a voluntary Present. Many of the Commentators explain the Passage *referre æra idibus*, as if it signified *revocare computationem summae ad idus*, to compute the Interest, which a Sum of Money produces from the Calends to the Ides. But this is a strange Language, nor can we find an Example of it in the Latin Tongue.

81. *Ipse mihi custos.*] This good Father would not intrust the Education of his Son even to his Masters, but assisted at all the Lessons they

With Satchel, Copy-book, and Pelf to pay
The wretched Teacher on th' appointed Day.

To Rome by this bold Father was I brought
To learn those Arts, which well-born Youth are taught,
So drest and so attended, you would swear
I was some Senator's expensive Heir;
Himself my Guardian, of unblemish'd Truth,
Among my Tutors would attend my Youth,
And thus preserv'd my Chastity of Mind
(That Prime of Virtue in its highest Kind)
Not only pure from Guilt, but even the Shame,
That might with vile Suspicion hurt my Fame;
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my Fate
Should fix my Fortune in some meaner State,
From which some trivial Perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, Collector of Excise.

For this my Heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger Debt of Gratitude and Praise;
Nor, while my Senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a Father, nor with Pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary Disgrace,
Not to be born of an illustrious Race.
But not with theirs my Sentiments agree,
Or Language; for if Nature should decree,
That we from any stated Point might live
Our former Years, and to our Choice should give

The

they gave him. *Circum doctores aderat.* An Example, says Mr. Sadon, of too much Heroism to be propos'd for our Imitation.

86. *Sipræco parvas.*] *Præco* was properly an Auctioneer. *Coac-*
tor was a common Name for many different Sorts of lower Officers,
who collected the public Taxes. When our Poet's Father carried
him to Rome, he sold his little Farm at Venusium, and purchased
a Collector's Employment, *exactionum coactor.* *Parvæ mercedes* were
the Profits or Perquisites of his Office.

87. *Ad*

Atque alios legere, ad fastum quoscunque parentes
 Optaret sibi quisque : meis contentus, honestos
 Fascibus ac fellis nollem mihi sumere ; demens
 Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo : quòd
 Nollem onus, haud unquam solitus, portare molestum.
 Nam mihi continuò major quærenda foret res ;
 Atque salutandi plures ; ducendus & unus
 Et comes alter, uti solus ne rursus peregrève
 Exirem ; plures calones atque caballi
 Pascendi ; ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto
 Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum :
 Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
 Objiciet nemo sordes mihi, quas tibi, Tilli,
 Quum Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque sequuntur
 Te pueri, lasanum portantes, cœnophorumque.
 Hoc ego commodiùs, quàm tu, præclare Senator,
 Millibus atque aliis vivo. Quacunque libido est,
 Incedo solus : percontor quanti olus, ac far :
 Fallacem cireum, vespertinumque pererro
 Sæpe forum : assisto divinis : inde domum me
 Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum.

87. *Ad hæc.*] *Propter hæc*, an Expression more than once used by our Poet. They, who read *ob hoc*, have not a single Manuscript to support them.

104. *Petorrita*] Were a Sort of four-wheeled Chariots. The Name, as some imagine, is derived from *πτερόεις*, four, but it rather seems purely Gaulish. PE'TEN-RIDOM is at this Day the Name of Chariots of this Kind.

106. *Mantica cui lumbos.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace designs to describe his own awkward Horsemanship, which his round Figure and plump Person makes not unlikely. But Mr. Sanadon, jealous of our Author's Honour, assures us he had learned to ride when he was in the Army. Cato, the Censor, is described in much the same Equipage by Seneca ; but when Horace reproaches Tillius for his parsimonious Manner of Travelling, he reproaches him as a Magistrate. Frugality is a Virtue in private Persons, but public Characters ought to be supported with Dignity.

The Sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
 Let others chuse to gratify their Pride :
 While I, contented with my own, resign
 The titled Honours of an ancient Line.
 This may be Madness in the People's Eyes,
 But in your Judgment not, perhaps, unwise ;
 That I refuse to bear a Pomp of State,
 Unus'd and much unequal to the Weight.

Instant a larger Fortune must be made ;
 To purchase Votes my low Addresses paid ;
 Whether a Jaunt or Journey I propose,
 With me a Croud of new Companions goes,
 While, anxious to compleat a Length of Train,
 Domesticks, Horses, Chariots I maintain.
 But now, as Chance or Pleasure is my Guide,
 Upon my bob-tail'd Mule alone I ride.
 Gall'd is his Crupper with my Wallet's Weight ;
 His Shoulder shews his Rider's aukward Seat.

Yet no penurious Vileness e'er shall stain
 My Name, as when, great Prætor, with your Train
 Of five poor Slaves, you carry where you dine
 Your travelling Kitchen, and your Flask of Wine.

Thus have I greater Blessings in my Power,
 Than you, proud Senator, and thousands more.
 Alone I wander, as by Fancy led,
 I cheapen Herbs, or ask the Price of Bread ;
 I listen, while Diviners tell their Tale,
 Then homeward hasten to my frugal Meal,

Herbs,

109. *Lasanum portantes, ænophorumque.*] Tillius was of an avarice so sordid, as to make his Slaves carry a Kind of travelling Kitchen, *lasanum*, and a Flagon of Wine, *ænophorum*, that he might not be at any Expence in the public Houses on the Road.

113. *Circum.*] He calls the Circus *fallacem*, deceiving, because Diviners,

Coena ministratur pueris tribus; & lapis albus
 Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet; adstat echinus
 Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana supellex.
 Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod cras
 Surgendum sit manè, obeundus Marfya, qui se
 Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
 Ad quartam jaceo, post hanc vagor; aut ego (lecto
 Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet) ungor olivo;
 Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
 Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
 Admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem.

Pransus

Diviners, Fortune-tellers, Interpreters of Dreams, Astrologers, and
 Impostors of all Sorts usually assembled there. TURNER.

117. *Echinus vilis.*] We cannot precisely determine what the
guttus and *echinus* were. Mr. Dacier thinks the first was a little
 Urn, out of which they poured Water into a Bason, *echinus*, to wash
 their Hands.

120. *Obeundus Marfya.*] A Satyr, who challenging Apollo to a
 Trial of Skill in Music, was overcome and slayed alive by the God.
 A Statue was erected to him in the Forum, opposite to the Rostra
 where the Judges determined Causes, and the Poet pleasantly says,
 it stood in such an Attitude, as shewed its Indignation to behold a
 Man, who had been a Slave, now sitting among the Magistrates of
 Rome. The Satyr, in his Resentment of such a Sight, forgets the
 Pain of being slayed alive. TORR.

122. *Ad quartam jaceo.*] Mr. Dacier says, it is the Custom of
 Poets not to rise early in a Morning, because their poetical Studies
 keep them awake at Night. He names Corneille and Fontaine as
 Instances of this midnight Spirit of rhiming in Bed, to which he
 thinks our Author was much inclined. Yet it was customary among
 the Romans to read and write in a Morning before they rose out of
 Bed, and we shall find our Poet in the first Epistle of the second Book
 calling for his Pen and Paper before Day. Dr. Bentley bids us be
 cautious of imagining, that Horace was so lazy as to sleep till Ten
 in a Morning.

123. *Lecto aut scripto.*] Are Ablatives absolute of the Participles
lectus and *scriptus*, as in the first Satire, *parto quod avebas*. To say,
 that they are formed by a Contraction of *lectito* and *scriptito*, is to
 introduce two Words unknown to the Latin Tongue, and to make
 the Poet speak a most barbarian Language. TORR. BENT.

125. *Ast ubi me fessum.*] We must understand by these two Lines
 a particular Part of the Day. Horace describes the Life he usually

passed

Herbs, Pulse, and Pancakes ; each a separate Plate :

While three Domesticks at my Supper wait.

A Bowl on a white Marble-Table stands,

Two Goblets, and a Ewer to wash my Hands ;

An hallow'd Cup of true Campanian Clay

My pure Libations to the Gods to pay.

Then retire to Rest, nor anxious fear

Before dread Marfyas early to appear,

Whose very Statue swears it cannot brook

The Meanness of that slave-born Judge's Look.

I sleep till Ten ; then take a Walk, or chuse

A Book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muse :

For chearful Exercise and manly Toil

Anoint my Body with the pliant Oil,

But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps

His filthy Limbs, and robs the public Lamps.

But when the Sun pours down his fiercer Fire,

And bids me from the toilsome Sport retire,

I haste

ed in Rome, and distinguishes his different Amusements by the
ferent Hours of the Day. Mr. Dacier by *sol acrior* understands
Canicula, and makes a very singular Remark upon it, that Ho-
e always bathed during the Dog-days. *Acrior sol* is no more than
gravis in another Satire.

BENT.

126. *Fugio campum, lusumque trigonem.*] The Grammarians, pro-
ly finding only the Beginning of this Verse in their Manuscripts,
not doubt but that the *sol acrior* of the preceding Line must signi-
the Dog-Star, and as Horace uses the Expression *rabiem canis*
en he speaks of this Sign, they believed they might well fill
the Verse, and explain the *sol acrior* by a Periphrasis *rabiosi tem-*
a signi. The best and oldest Manuscript hath preserved the present
ading, which has been received by four of our most able Critics.
This Line explains *ungor olivo* in the Verse before ; *Campus* is the
mpus Martius, and *lusus trigon* was a Game played with a Ball,
erwise called *lusus trigonalis*, because the Players stood in a Tri-
gle. Martial speaks of it in more than one Place.

128. Hæc

Pransus, non avidè, quantum interpellat inani
 Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. Hæc est
 Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.
 His me consolor, victurum suaviùs, ac si
 Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuisset.

128. *Hæc est vita solutorum.*] We have here a very pretty Oppo-
 sition of Characters. On one Side the tumultuous, uneasy Life
 of the Great, whom Ambition drags along, chained like Slaves
 to the Chariot of Fortune; on the other, the free, tranquil Condi-
 tion of a private Person, who tastes in Mediocrity of Circumstances
 a more agreeable and useful Life.

SAT. VII.

PROSCRIPTI Regis Rupili pus atque venenum
 Ibrida quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor
 Omnibus & lippis notum & tonsoribus esse.
 Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat
 Clazomenis, etiam lites cum Rege molestas;
 Durus homo, atque odio possit qui vincere Regem,

This Satire was probably the first Trial of our Author's poetic
 Abilities, and written in the Year 712, some Time before the Bat-
 tle of Philippi. There is much Pleasantry, natural Ease and Vir-
 tue, but nothing extremely interesting in it; a little too much
 Negligence and Carelessness of Composition.

Vers. 1. Proscripti Regis Rupili.] Publius Rupilius Rex, a Na-
 tive of Præneste, being proscribed by Augustus during the Trium-
 virate, engaged in the Army of Brutus. Jealous of 'our Author's
 military Advancement, he reproached him with the Meanness of
 his Birth. Such an Outrage had Filth and Venom, *pus & venenum*,
 according to the Poet's Language; the Vengeance is more elabo-
 rate and diverting, but not less sensible.

2. Ibrida Persius.] Persius was a Greek by his Father, and an
 Italian by his Mother. The Romans gave the Name of Ibrida to
 them whose Parents were of different Nations, or of different Con-
 ditions.

I haste to bathe, then decently regale
My craving Stomach with a frugal Meal,
Enough to nourish Nature for a Day,
Then trifle my domestic Hours away.

Such is the Life from bad Ambition free ;
Such Comfort has the Man low-born like me ;
With which I feel myself more truly blest,
Than if my Sires the Quæstor's Power possess.

Repose without Vexation, Pleasure without Disquietude, and who
finds agreeable and useful Amusements, even amidst his more se-
rious Employments.

S A N.

S A T. VII.

HOW mungrel Persius in his wrathful Mood
That out-law'd Wretch, Rupilius King, pursu'd
With poisonous Filth, and Venom all his own,
To Barbers, and to blear-eyed Folk is known.
Persius had Wealth by foreign Traffic gain'd,
And a vexatious Suit with King maintain'd.
Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the Wight,
Conquering even King in Virulence of Spite ;

In

3. *Lippis & tonsoribus.*] It is a Fact, and I have observed it, says
Mr. Sanadon, an hundred times, that there are no People more cu-
rious than they, who have any Weakness or Infirmities in their
eyes. They would know every thing, even to an Impertinence of
making their Acquaintance, as if Nature, attentive to recover what
she had lost, employed the Succour of the Ears to supply the Defect
of the Eyes. Barbers have ever been of prating Kind, Lovers of
news, and their Shops are the Places where they disperse the Anec-
dotes of that part of the Town, in which they live.

VOL. III.

F

8. *Sisennas*

Confidens, tumidusque; adeo sermonis amari,
 Sisennas, Barros, ut equis præcurreret albis.
 Ad Regem redeo. Postquam nihil inter utrumque
 Convenit (hoc etenim sunt omnes jure molesti,
 Quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit. Inter
 Hæc tora Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillen
 Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors:
 Non aliam ob causam, nisi quod virtus in utroque
 Summa fuit. Duo si Discordia verset inertes;
 Aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedi
 Cum Lycio Glauco, discedat pigrior, ultro
 Muneribus missis) Bruto prætore tenente
 Ditem Asiam, Rupili & Persi par pugnat, uti non

Com.

8. *Sisennas.*] Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached by the Senate with the bad Conduct of his Wife, replied, *I married her by the Advice of Augustus.* Insinuating that Augustus had obliged him to marry her, that he might have a more easy Commerce with her. Titus Veturius Barrus, having ruined himself by his Extravagance, was put to Death for violating a vestal Virgin.

Equis præcurreret albis. A proverbial Expression. White Horses were esteemed particularly for their Swiftmess.

Nam si huic occasione se subduxerit,

Nunquam, ædèpol, quadrigis albis indipiset postea.

Plaut. Aſin.

If he loses this Opportunity, he shall never overtake it, although he were in a Chariot drawn by white Horses. Virgil describes the Horses of Turnus, whiter than Snow, and swifter than the Wind.

9. *Ad Regem redeo.*] So far from having already wandered from his Subject, that the Poet now begins to leave it, and carry us to the War of Troy. *Ad Regem redeo* is absolutely out of its Place, and would be more justly used after *Bruto prætore tenente ditem Asiam*. This is one Instance of Carelessness in the Composition of this Epistle.

10. *Hoc etenim jure.*] As if Strength gave a Kind of Right to yield. *Hoc jure* is *ea de causâ*. The next eight Verses contain a long Parenthesis, or rather a Confusion of Parentheses, which have occasioned a Variety of Punctuation, and which the Poet ought to have avoided after having said *ad Regem redeo*.

11. *Bellum*

In Bitterness of Speech outstripp'd the Wind,
And left the swift-tongu'd Barrus far behind.

Now to the King returns our wandering Tale,
When all fair Means of Reconcilement fail

(For Men are obstinate when War's proclaim'd
As they with inward Courage are inflam'd ;

When Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd
Dire was the Conflict, and to Death they rag'd :

And why ? Because the gallant Thirst of Fame,
The Love of Glory, was in Both extreme.

But if a Quarrel between Cowards rise,
Or between Chiefs of less heroic Size,

Glaucus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,

The Dastard buys his Peace, and quits the Field)

What Time o'er Asia with Prætorial Sway,
Great Brutus rul'd, began this dire Affray.

Perfius

[11. *Bellum incidit.*] Five Lines after this we again see *bellum incidat*. The Poet had surely better have changed his Expression.

SAN.

[12. *Inter Hectora.*] The Scene begins to grow pleasantly serious, and the Battle is rais'd with a Pomp of Numbers in the true Spirit of Burlesque. The first Syllable of *Priamides* is short, but it is made long here, according to Mr. Sanadon, because three short Syllables come together. The Critic makes the Remark, to shew we are misled by our modern Poets, when they tell us, that proper Names are of arbitrary Quantity among the Latins.

[15. *Duo si Discordia verset.*] The Roman Poets, in Imitation of the Greek, sometimes used *ambo* and *duo* for *ambos* and *duos*. *Si præterea tales Idæa tulisset terra viros.*

VIRG.

The Reading in this Line is taken from the best Manuscripts of Lambinus. *Vexet* is too strong a Word for a Couple of Cowards, says. Horace in another Place says, *barbatum amentia versat*.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

[18. *Bruto prætor.*] Marcus Brutus and Cassius were Prætors of Rome when Cæsar was put to Death. In 711 Brutus went to take possession of his Macedonian Government, and *prætor* must be understood *proprætor*; a Manner of speaking, of which there are many Examples.

SAN.

Compositi meliùs cum Bitho Bacchius. In jus
 Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.
 Persius exponit causam ; ridetur ab omni
 Conventu ; laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem ;
 Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat, stellasque salubres
 Appellat comites, excepto Rege : Canem illum,
 Invisum agricolis fidus, venisse : ruebat
 Flumen ut hybernum, fertur quò rara securis.
 Tum Prænестinus falso multoque fluenti
 Expressa arbuſto regerit convicia ; durus
 Vindemiator, & invictus, cui sæpe viator
 Cessisset magnâ compellans voce cucullum.
 At Græcus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,
 Persius exclamat : Per magnos, Brute, Deos te

20. *Compositi melius.*] This Reading is of an ancient Manuscript. It is a Manner of Expression more elegant than *compositus*, and the best Authors, especially the Poets, have often used it. The Scholiast tells us, that Bithus and Bacchius were two Gladiators, who certainly put to Death whoever fought with them. They afterwards engaged together, and both expired on the Stage.

24. *Solem Asiæ.*] Demochares first made use of this Comparison when he represented Demetrius appearing like the Sun amongst his Courtiers, who shone round him like Stars. But after the ridiculous Light in which Horace hath shewn such affected Praise, it is astonishing, that our Kings are still obstinately compared to the Sun.

27. *Fertur quò rara securis.*] Whither an Axe is very seldom carried, because the Winter Flood tears away the Trees, which grew upon the Banks of the River. The Translator hath been contented to give the Sense of the Passage, for the Expression could have neither Beauty, nor Meaning to an English Reader.

28. *Salsè multoque fluenti.*] *Salsè & multum fluenti*, but the Adjective *multus* is much more elegant and poetical than the Adverb *multum*. In Virgil we find, *collis qui plurimus urbi imminet ; magnum præsepatem Nilum*.

29. *Expressa arbuſto.*] Horace means a particular Kind of Vine, *arbuſtiwa*, that grew round the Trees, in which the People, who gathered the Grapes, stood exposed to the Raillery of Travellers.

Perfius and King, intrepid Pair, engage
 (More equal Champions never mounted Stage)
 And now they rush impetuous into Court,
 Fine was the Sight, and delicate the Sport.
 Perfius begins; loud Bursts of Laughter rise;
 He praises Brutus, Brutus, to the Skies,
 " Brutus, like Sol, o'er Asia pours the Day;
 " His Friends are Stars, and healthful is their Ray,
 " Except the King; he like the Dog-star reigns,
 " That Dog of Heaven, detested by the Swains."
 Thus rush'd he onward like a Winter-Flood,
 That tears its Banks, and sweeps away the Wood.

To this impetuous Bitterness of Tide
 The King with equal Virulence replied.
 A Vine-dresser he was, of rustic Tone,
 Whom oft the Traveller was forc'd to own
 Invincible; with clamorous Voice oppress'd,
 When Cuckow, Cuckow, was the standing Jest.

But, with Italian Vinegar imbued,
 The four-tongued Mungrel the Dispute renew'd;

" Let

In such an Attitude our *durus vindemiator* had often appeared. All
 Sorts of injurious Language were allowed during the Vintage; a
 Custom, that still continues in Naples. DAC.

30. *Vindemiator*.] The four first Syllables of this Word make
 three long by uniting the third and fourth. Horace hath used the
 same Licence in *Nasidienus*. SAN.

31. *Cucullum*.] Many wise Reasons are given, why the Name of
 this Bird should be a Term of Reproach, for such it is, in almost
 all Languages. The best Account of it is, that the Cuckow sleeps
 half the Year, and leaves the Care of his Family to others.

32. *Italo aceto*.] *Italian Vinegar*; a Kind of Raillery allowed in
 Italy alone. We have in Perfius *mordaci lotus aceto*, and in Seneca
hominem acidæ linguæ.

Oro, qui reges consuêsti tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? Operum hoc, mihi crede, tuo-
rum est.

34. *Qui reges consuêsti tollere.*] It was an hereditary Glory in the Family of Brutus to abolish Tyranny and punish Tyrants. Lucius Junius Brutus expelled the last Monarch of Rome. Marcus and Decimus Brutus, having killed Julius Cæsar, proclaimed through the Streets, that they had destroyed the King of Rome, and the Tyrant of his Country.

As we cannot well imagine, that Horace would have expressed himself in this Manner after he had engaged in the Party of Octavius, we may date the Satire in the Year 712.

SAN.

S A T. VIII.

O LIM truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum :
Quum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum. Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
Maxima formido : nam fures dextra coërcet,
Obscœnoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus.
Ast importunas volucres in vertice arundo
Terret fixa, vetatque novis confidere in hortis.

Huc

The Poet's principal Design is to laugh at the frightful Superstition of the Romans; but he does not attack them like a rude Philosopher with a long Train of Reasons, but like one, who knew that a spirited Ridicule has more Force, than the most pressing Syllogisms. Canidia, whom he paints in all the Horrors of Witchcraft, had been caught exercising some magical Enchantments on the Esquilian Hill behind the Gardens of Mæcenas. The God Priapus makes a solemn Recital of the Adventure, and our Poet laughs at them both.

DAC. SAN.

Vers. 1. Inutile lignum.] The Wood of a Fig-tree was very little used, on account of its Brittleness. Hence the Greek Proverb, *A Figtree Friend*. The Piece, that occasioned the present Satire, would not even make a Bench, yet had the singular Merit of making, by the good Pleasure of the Carpenter, the most impertinent God, that ever was exposed to the Laughter of Mortals; a Merit, which alone preserved it from being thrown into the Fire. To raise the Ridicule, Horace puts this melancholy Confession into the Mouth of the poor Deity, whom he laughs at.

VETUS COM. SAN.

3. FURUM

“ Let me conjure thee, by the Powers divine,
 “ Since ’tis the Glory, Brutus, of thy Line
 “ To slaughter Kings, be this thy glorious Deed,
 “ That this same King beneath thy Vengeance bleed.”

S A T. VIII.

IN Days of Yore our Godship stood
 A very worthless Log of Wood,
 The Joiner doubting, or to shape Us
 Into a Stool, or a Priapus,
 At length resolv’d, for Reasons wise,
 Into a God to bid me rise;
 And now to Birds and Thieves I stand
 A Terror great. With ponderous Hand,
 And something else as red as Scarlet,
 I fright away each filching Varlet.
 The Birds, that view with awful Dread
 The Reeds, fast stuck into my Head,
 Far from the Garden take their Flight,
 Nor on the Trees presume to light.

In

3. *Furum aviumque maxima formido.*] A pretty Employment and Equipage for a God! He has a Reed stuck into his Head to frighten away Birds, and a Cudgel in his Hand to terrify Thieves. His Divinity was not sufficient to these great Employments. DAC.

7. *Novis considere in bortis.*] Octavius, willing to correct the Infection of this Hill, which was a common Burying-Place for all the Poor of Rome, got the Consent of the Senate and People to give Part of it to Mæcenæ, who built a magnificent House there, with very extensive Gardens. Hence the Poet calls them *novos bortos*. SAN.

Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
 Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ.
 Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum,
 Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
 Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agro
 Hic dabat, hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
 Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
 Aggere in aprico spatium, quâ modò tristes
 Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.
 Quum mihi non tantum furesque feræque suetæ
 Hunc vexare locum curæ sunt atque labori,
 Quantum carminibus quæ versant atque venenis
 Humanos animos. Has nullo perdere possum
 Nec prohibere modo, simul ac vaga Luna decorum

Protulit

11. *Pantolabo scurræ.*] These People were yet alive; but as they had ruined their Fortunes, Horace, with much satirical Good-nature, provides Graves for them with the vilest Slaves.

12. *Mille pedes in fronte.*] Such was the Title of the Grave-yard, preserved on a Pillar of Stone *cippus*, to shew its Extent, and to declare it was never to return to the Heirs of the Estate. We have numberless Inscriptions of this Kind, ITANE UNQUAM DE NOMINE FAMILIE NOSTRÆ EXEAT HOC MONUMENTUM. HOC MONUMENTUM HEREDES NON SEQUITUR. IN FRONTE LAT. PED. XX. ET DIG. II. IN AGR. LONG. PED. XX. *In fronte* signifies *to the Road*; *in agro*, *to the Fields*. *Dabat* is for *indicabat, testabatur*. TORN.

14. *Esquiliis habitare salubribus.*] The Air was afterwards so healthy, that Augustus was carried thither when he was ill; or perhaps, besides the Goodness of the Air, that he might be attended in his Illness by the Friendship and Affection of Mæcenas. *Æger Augustus in domo Mæcenatis cubabat*. SUET. And the younger Pliny, speaking of Calpurnius Tyro, says, *Ego in villas ejus sæpe secessi, ille in domo mea sæpe convaleuit*. I often retired to his Villa, he often recovered his Health in mine. Such was the Friendship of Romans.

15. *Quâ modò tristes.*] The Copyists probably wrote *quo* to make it agree with *aggere*, which is not necessary. *Quomodo* has a vicious Ambiguity. *Agger* signifies a Terrace, which Mæcenas had raised in the Garden. Mr. Sanadon imagines, that this Line had something extremely mournful in its Cadence, as if Horace had purposely loaded it with Spondees. The ancient Commentator feels the same Sadness in the twenty-third Verse.

17. *Quum mihi non tantum*] *Quum* depends on *Nunc licet Esquiliis*, and marks the Connexion. It is pleasant enough to see this poor God obliged

Sat.

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Herb

Sat. 8. THE SATIRES OF HORACE.

In Coffins vile the Herd of Slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their Graves ;
And once in this detested Ground
A common Tomb the Vulgar found ;
Buffoons and Spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in Peace.

A thousand Feet the Front extends,
Three hundred deep in Rear it bends,
And yonder Column plainly shows
No more unto its Heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer Air,
And walk the sunny Terrace fair,
Where once the Ground with Bones was white,
With human Bones, a ghastly Sight !

But, oh ! nor Thief, nor savage Beast,
That us'd these Gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such Care and Pains
As they, who turn poor People's Brains
With venom'd Drugs and magic Lay —
These I can never fright away ;
For when the beauteous Queen of Night
Uplifts her Head adorn'd with Light,

Hither

obliged to confess, that he knows not how to be revenged for the
shameful Outrages committed against his Divinity by these infamous
Witches. But Spite and Vexation at last furnished him with a
whimsical Vengeance.

SAN.

20. *Has nullo perdere possum.*] They were too frightful, and ugly,
to tempt the God to punish them in a Manner proper for such a God.
Besides, he might well be apprehensive, they might fall in Love
with the Punishment. The miserable Deity might say of these
Creatures, what Catullus does of the Thieves, who plundered his
Garden, rather than any other,

The Fears of Punishment delight you,
And even my very Threats invite you.

Nimirum apertam convolatis ad pœnam,

Et vos hoc ipsum, quod minamur, invitat.

21. *Simul ac vaga Luna.*] The Moon presided over all Enchant-
ments, and was believed to be most favourable when in the full de-
corum or, because she then infused a stronger Spirit into the magical
Herbs.

TORR.

22. *Quin*

Protulit os, quin ossa legant herbasque nocentes.
 Vidi egomet nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ
 Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo
 Cum Saganâ majore ululantem. Pallor utrasque
 Fecerat horrendas aspectu. Scalpere terram
 Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
 Cœperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
 Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.
 Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea: major
 Lanea, quæ pœnis compesceret inferiorem.
 Cerea suppliciter stabat servilibus, ut quæ
 Jam peritura, modis. Hecaten vocat altera, sævam
 Altera Tisiphonem. Serpentes atque videres
 Infernas errare canes, Lunamque rubentem,
 Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulcra.
 Mentior at si quid, merdis caput inquiner albis
 Corvorum, atque in me veniat mictum atque cacatum

Julius

22. *Quin ossa legant.*] The new Gardens possessed only Part of the Hill; the rest was yet covered with human Bones.

23. *Succinctam vadere pallâ.*] Ovid describes Medea with her Robe flowing and loose; but perhaps Canidia was dressed in this Manner, that she might walk better, or she might untie her Girdle when the Ceremonies began.

26. *Scalpere terram unguibus.*] There are here some extraordinary Particulars; that the Witches dug this magical Trench with their Nails, and that they did not cut the Throat of the Victim, but tore it into Pieces with their Teeth. There are not any Examples of these execrable Ceremonies among the Ancients, and certainly the Race invented them to make Canidia more odious.

28. *Ut inde Manes elicerent.*] Black Victims alone were sacrificed to the infernal Gods, nor was any thing supposed more delicious to the Souls of the Departed than Blood. They could not foretell any future Events, or answer any Questions, until they had drunk of it. Ulysses was obliged to draw his Sword to frighten them away from the Blood he had poured into the Trench for Tiresias.

31. *Inferiorem.*] This little Figure probably represented Varius, who had forsaken Canidia, as we find in the fifth Epode.

35. *Inferi*

Hither they come, pernicious Crones !
To gather poisonous Herbs and Bones.

Canidia with dishevel'd Hair
(Black was her Robe, her Feet were bare)
With Sagana, infernal Dame !
Her elder Sister, hither came.
With Yellings dire they fill'd the Place,
And hideous pale was either's Face.
Soon with their Nails they scrap'd the Ground,
And fill'd a magic Trench profound
With a black Lamb's thick-streaming Gore,
Whose Members with their Teeth they tore,
That they may charm the Sprights to tell
Some curious Anecdotes from Hell.

The Beldams then two Figures brought ;
Of Wool and Wax the Forms were wrought
The Woollen was erect and tall,
And scourg'd the waxen Image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile Mood
With dying Air just gasping stood.

On Hecate one Beldam calls ;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While Serpents crawl along the Ground,
And Hell-born Bitches howl around.
The blushing Moon to shun the Sight
Behind a Tomb withdrew her Light.

Oh ! if I lie, may Ravens shed
Their Ordure on my sacred Head ;

May

[35. *Infernas errare canes.*] The Serpents were Fore-runners of
Tisiphone, and the Bitches foretold that her infernal Majesty was
approaching.

TORR.

[*Lunamque rubentem.*] The Moon, although well used to magical
Ceremonies, was filled with Horrour at the Sight of these, and en-
deavoured

Julius, & fragilis Pediatia, furque Voranus.
 Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes 40
 Umbrae cum Saganâ resonârint triste & acutum?
 Utque lupi barbam variâ cum dente colubrâ
 Abdiderint furtim terris? & imagine cereâ
 Largior arserit ignis? & ut non testis inultus
 Horruerim voces Furiarum ac facta duarum? 45
 Nam, displosa sonat quantum vesica, pepedi
 Diffisâ nate ficus: at illæ currere in urbem:
 Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendrum
 Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
 Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres. 50

SAT.

deavoured to hide herself. At other Incantations she usually grew pale; but here she turns red in perfect Shame and Indignation, not having it in her Power, poor Goddess! to punish the Wretches, who thus insulted her.

39. *Julius, & fragilis Pediatia.*] We know not who Julius was, Pediatius was an infamous Roman Knight, whom Horace, for his Effeminacy, calls Pediatia. Thus Aristophanes calls Cleonymus *Cleonyma*, Sotratius, *Sotrata*. *Fragilis* marks the last Excess of Dissolution.

CRUQ.

It is pleasant enough to see the good Priapus taking an Oath, well worthy of him, to confirm the Truth of what he said, and consenting, if he was forsworn, to stand exposed to the most villainous Insults.

SAN.

41. *Resonârint*] Better agrees with *abdiderint*, *arserit*, and *horruerim*, than *resonarent*, which was probably a Mistake of the Copyists.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

Triste & acutum.] The Translator hopes to be forgiven for dividing these Words as in a Dialogue between the Witches and Ghosts, *alterna loquentes*. The Voice of Ghosts in Homer is expressed by *Τριζύχοι*, *stridentes*, *hissing*; and in Virgil, by a thin, feeble Sound, *Pars tollere vocem exiguam*, but we never find *vox tristis* applied to them.

44. *Largior arserit ignis.*] This was a magical Fire, for the Witches had no other, by which the waxen Image was consumed.

DAC.

Et ut non testis inultus.] To hear Priapus talk in this Language, one would imagine he proposed to destroy these execrable Creatures

in

May Thieves and Prostitutes and Rakes,
Beneath my Nose erect a Jakes.

Not to be tedious, or repeat
How Flats and Sharps in Concert meet,
With which the Ghosts and Hags maintain
A Dialogue of passing Strain;
Or how, to hide the Tooth of Snake
And Beard of Wolf, the Ground they break;
Or how the Fire of Magic seiz'd
The waxen Form, and how it blaz'd;
Mark! how my Vengeance I pursu'd
For all I heard, for all I view'd.

Loud as a Bladder bursts its Wind
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
To Town they scamper'd, struck with Fear,
This lost her Teeth, and that her Hair.
They dropt the Bracelets from their Arms,
Their Incantations, Herbs and Charms;
Who-e'er had seen them in their Flight
Had burst with laughing at the Sight.

SAT.

In an Instant; but a Fig-tree God is not so terrible. He proved the
Presence of his Divinityship in a very different Manner. DAC.

46. *Pepedi.*] The Wood, of which he was made, not being perfectly dry, his Godship burst; the Witches took the Crack for what the Poet says it was, and the God boasts of it as a signal Mark of his Vengeance. SAN.

47. *At illæ currere.*] Nothing can be imagined more ridiculous. The two most powerful Witches in the World, who could draw down the Moon from Heaven, and raise Spirits from Hell; who were accustomed to whatever was most dreadful, are here frightened with a little Noise. TORR.

48. *Canidiæ dentes, altum, &c.*] Canidia drops her Teeth, and Sagana her Hair, from whence we may prove the Antiquity of Periwigs and false Teeth; although it does them no great Honour, that Witches brought them into Fashion.

S A T. IX.

IB A M fortè viâ sacrâ (sicut meus est mos)
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis :
 Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,
 Arreptâque manu : Quid agis, dulcissime rerum ?
 Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam : & cupio omnia quæ
 vis.

Quum affectaretur : Numquid vis ? occupo. At ille :
 Nôris nos, inquit : docti sumus. Hic ego, Pluris
 Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miserè discedere quærens,
 Ire modò ociùs, interdum consistere, in aurem
 Discere nescio quid puero. Quum sudor ad imos
 Manaret talos : O te, Bolane, cerebri
 Felicem ! aiebam tacitus. Quum quidlibet ille

Garrirer

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

The Character of this Impertinent is, perhaps, a little too strongly marked ; but Satire and the Theatre are in the Possession of drawing their Pictures larger than the Life. These bold Strokes make a deeper Impression, and the Generality of Mankind ought to have the Danger of a vicious Example laid before them in the most alarming Shape, that it might inspire them with greater Horror.

Vers. 1. *Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ.*] Mr. Dacier imagines Horace was walking to the Forum about Business ; but he seems rather to have been sauntering in the usual Idleness of People, who were from thence called *Sacra vienses*.

6. *Numquid vis.*] Donatus tells us in a Remark upon a Passage in Terence, that it was a polite, customary Manner of speaking amongst the Romans, that they might not seem to take their Leave too abruptly, to say at parting *numquid vis ?* as in modern Phrase, *have you any Commands ?* *Abituri, ne id durè facerent, numquid vis, dicebant his, quibuscum constitissent,*

S A T. IX.

MUSIC, as wont, on this and that,
 Such Trifles, as I know not what,
 When late the Street I faunter'd through,
 A Wight, whose Name I hardly knew,
 Approaching pertly makes me stand,
 And thus accosts me, Hand in Hand.
 "How do you do, my sweetest Man?"
 Quoth I, As well as Mortal can,
 And my best Wishes yours — When he
 Would follow — What's your Will with me?
 "That one of your profound discerning
 Should know me: I'm a Man of Learning." —
 Why then be sure upon that Score
 You merit my Regard the more.
 Impatient to discard the Fop,
 One while I run, another stop,
 And whisper, as he presses near,
 Some nothing in my Servant's Ear.
 But while at every Pore I sweated,
 And thus in muttering Silence fretted —
 "Bolanus, happy in a Skull
 Of Proof, impenetrably dull,

" Oh

9. *Ire modò ocyùs.*] Aristotle one Day fell into the Hands of an Impertinent, who telling him some tedious Story, asked him whether he was not amazed at it? No, says the Philosopher, but I am amazed that any Man, who has two Legs, should stay to hear it.

11. *O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem.*] As we know not who Bolanus was, we know not for what particular Cast of Humour the Poet introduces

Garriret: vicos, urbem laudaret: ut illi
 Nîl respondebam: Misere cupis, inquit, abire;
 Jamdudum video: sed nîl agis: usque tenebo. 15
 Prosequar hinc, quò nunc iter est tibi. Nîl opus est te
 Circumagi; quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
 Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.
 Nîl habeo quod agam, & non sum piger; usque se-
 quar te.

Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus, 20
 Quum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:
 Si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
 Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plures,
 Aut citiùs possit versus? quis membra movere
 Molliùs? Invideat quod & Hermogenes, ego canto. 25
 Interpellandi locus hic erat. Est tibi mater,

Cog-

introduces him here. The Commentators think he was a Cholerick, who would have made our Impertinent feel his Resentment. But there seems to be more Pleasantry in supposing him a Phlegmatic, who could hear with Patience; or a Stupid, who could be pleased with such a Companion.

26. *Interpellandi locus hic erat.*] When our Prattler had thus frankly declared his own good Qualities of dancing, rhiming, singing, the Poet thought this a lucky Opportunity of interrupting him. He conjures him by the Love, which he has for his Mother and Relations, that he would take a tender Care of all these Excellencies for their Sake, and not trifle away his Time thus lavishly.

“ O for a Portion of thy Brains” ———
He on the Town and Streets and Lanes
His prating, praising Talent try’d,
And, when I answered not, he cry’d,
“ Ay, ’tis too plain; you can’t deceive me,
“ You miserably wish to leave me,
“ But I shall never quit you so :
“ Command me — whither would you go?” ———
You do me Honour ——— but, in short,
There’s not the least Occasion for’t.
I visit one ——— to cut the Strife,
You never saw him in your Life ;
Nor would I lead you such a Round ———
He lives above a Mile of Ground
Beyond the Tyber ——— “ Never talk
“ Of Distance, for I love a Walk.
“ I never have the least Enjoyment
“ In Idleness : I want Employment,
“ Come on ; I must and will attend
“ Your Person to your Journey’s End.”
Like vicious As, that fretting bears
A wicked Load, I hang my Ears ;
While he, renewing his Civilities,
“ If well I know my own Abilities,
“ Not Viscus, though your Friend of yore,
“ Not Varius could engage you more ;
“ For who can write melodious Lays
“ With greater Elegance or Ease ?
“ Who moves with smoother Grace his Limbs
“ While through the mazy Dance he swims ?
“ Besides I sing to that Degree,
“ Hermogenes might envy me.”

Have

Cognati, queis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam
 Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto,
 Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
 Quod puero cecinit motâ divina anus urnâ:
 Hunc neque dira venena, neque hosticus auferet ensis,
 Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
 Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque: loquaces,
 Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.
 Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartâ jam parte diei
 Præteritâ; & casu tunc respondere vadatus
 Debebat; quodd nî fecisset, perdere litem.
 Si me amas, inquit, paulum hîc ades. Inteream, si
 Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura:

29. *Sabella.*] The Samnites, in whose Neighbourhood our Poet was born, were remarkable for their Skill in Magic.

30. *Motâ divina anus urnâ.*] The Divination was performed in this Manner. A Number of Letters and entire Words were thrown into an Urn and shaken together. When they were all well mixed they were poured out, and if any thing intelligible appeared in them, from thence the Witch formed her Divination and Answers. As an English Reader could have no Idea of these magical Rites by the Word *Urn*, the Gentleman, who translated the Satire, hath altered it for Terms better known in the Ceremonies of modern Witchcraft; *the Sieve and Shears*.

35. *Quartâ jam parte diei præteritâ.*] The first Hour of the Day amongst the Romans answered to our sixth. Martial says, the Courts were opened at Nine of the Clock *exercet raucos tertia causidici*; it was therefore more than an Hour after their opening, that Horace passed by the Temple of Vesta.

36. *Respondere vadatus.*] *Citatus, vadimonio obstrictus.* *Vadatus* is a Verb common, and here understood in a passive Signification. *Respondere* is taken absolutely for *sistere se*, as is usual in the Language of the Laws.

BENT. CUN. SAN

38. *Si me amas.*] *Me* is made short, because the next Word begins with a Vowel. A Licence of Prosody imitated from the Greeks as in Virgil, *Te, amice, nequivi conspiceret: an qui amant, ipsi se somnia fingunt.*

SAN

Have you no Mother, Sister, Friends,
Whose Welfare on your Health depends?——

“Not one; I saw them all by Turns

“Securely settled in their Urns.”

Thrice happy they, secure from Pain!

And I thy Victim now remain;

Dispatch me; for my Goody-Nurse

Early presag'd this heavy Curse:

She con'd it by the Sieve and Shears,

And now it falls upon my Ears——

Nor Poison fell, with Ruin stor'd,

Nor horrid Point of hostile Sword,

Nor Pleurisy, nor Asthma-Cough,

Nor Cripple-Gout shall cut him off:

A noisy Tongue, and babbling Breath,

Shall teize and talk my Child to Death.

But if he would avert his Fate,

When he arrives at Man's Estate,

Let him avoid, as he would Hanging,

Your Folks long-winded in Haranguing.

We came to Vesta's about Ten,

And he was bound in Person then

To stand a Suit, or by the Laws

He must have forfeited his Cause.

Sir, if you love me, step aside

A little into Court, he cry'd.

If I can stand it out, quoth I,

Or know the Practice, let me die:

Besides,

39. *Aut valeo stare.*] Horace uses the Law terms, *respondere*, *desse*, *stare*, *rem relinquere*. The first signifies to appear before a Judge, upon a Summons; the second was properly to attend on the Person, who appeared, and to support his Cause; the third marks the Posture in which he stood, and *relinquere causam* to suffer himself to be non-suited for not appearing.

Et propero, quò scis. Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit;
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me fodes. Non faciam, ille
Et præcedere cœpit. Ego (ut contendere durum
Cum victore) sequor. Mæcenâs quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit; paucorum hominum, & mentis bene sanæ.
Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ est usus: haberes
Magnum adiutorem, possiet qui ferre secundas;
Hunc hominem velles si tradere, dispeream, nî
Summosse omnes. Isto non vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere, modo. Domus hac nec purior ulla est,
Nec magis his aliena malis: nîl mî officit, inquam,

Ditior

44. *Paucorum hominum.*] *A Man of Discernment, who does not converse with the Multitude, as in Terence, hic homo est per paucorum hominum.* Scipio having engaged three or four Friends to sup with him, and intending to make some others, who came to see him, stay with him, Pontius whispered him; *Consider, Scipio, what you are doing; This is a delicate Fish, paucorum hominum, and does not love a great deal of Company.*

46. *Magnum adiutorem.*] *Adjutor* was a Person, who assisted a Player either with his Voice or Action, but in what Manner is to us inconceivable, as we have nothing like it on our Stage. *Ferre secundas* may be somewhat better explained by a Passage in Cicero; *He will not exert his utmost Eloquence, but consult your Honour and Reputation, by lowering his own Abilities and raising yours. Thus we see among the Grecian Actors, that he, who plays the second or third Part, conceals his own Powers, that the principal Player may appear to the best Advantage.*

Our Impertinent therefore promises Horace, that far from any Design of supplanting him in the Favour of Mæcenâs, he will be contented to play the second Part, and use his utmost Abilities to raise our Poet's Character, as a principal Actor. The Reader may turn to the Note on the twelfth Line in the eighteenth Epistle.

47. *Hunc hominem velles si tradere.*] Our Pratler, perfectly satisfied of his own Merit, only desires to be presented to Mæcenâs; and so little doubts of his Success, that he already offers his Protection to the Person, who shall introduce him.

48. *Isto non vivitur illic.*] The Praises of Mæcenâs upon his Manner of living with his Friends are told with a very pleasing Simplicity.

Sat. 1.
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scri

Besides, I am oblig'd to go
Precisely to the Place you know. —

"I am divided what to do,
"Whether to leave my Cause, or you." —

Sir, I beseech you spare your Pains.
Your humble Servant — "By no Means."

I follow, for he leads the Way;
'Tis Death; but Captives must obey.

Then he renews his plaguy Strain, as
"How stands your Friendship with Mæcenat?"
For Friendships, he contracts but few,
And shews in that his Judgment true. —

"Commend me to your Brother-Bard,
"No Man has play'd a surer Card.
"But you should have a Man of Art;
"One, who might act an under-part.
"If you were pleas'd to recommend,
"The Man I mention, to your Friend,
"Sir, may I never see the Light
"But you shall rout your Rivals quite." —

We live not there, as you suppose,
On such precarious Terms as those:
No Family was ever purer:
From such Infections none securer.

It

plicity, and are so much greater, as they are almost peculiar to him. Different from them, who have Abilities to govern an Empire, yet know not how to regulate their own Affairs, he can attend the public Business, without neglecting the Care of his private Fortune. His Favour was the Reward of personal Merit, and his Friends, without endeavouring to supplant each other in his Esteem, paid Homage to his Choice, and their sole Emulation was to justify that Choice by their Conduct.

DAC. SAN.

50. *Inquam.*] Instead of *unquam* is of more than twelve Manuscripts.

55. *Eß*

Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior: est locus uni-
cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet. Accendis quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse. Velis tantummodo, quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis: & est qui vinci possit; eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus fervos corrumpam; non, hodie si
Exclusus fuero, desistam: tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis: deducam. Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit; ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus, & illum
Qui pulchrè nosset. Consistimus. Unde venis? &
Quò tendis? rogat, & respondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè falsus

Ridens

55. *Est qui vinci possit.*] The Poet says, Mæcenas was naturally
easy to be gained, but that a Sense of his own Weakness obliged
him to guard himself against the first Addresses of a Stranger. *Est*
for *ideo difficiles aditus primos habet, quia est qui vinci possit*; as in To-
rence, *eò tibi videtur fædus, quia vestem illam non habet.* BENT. SAN.

65. *Malè falsus.*] *Improbè, nequiter & damnosè falsus.* Malignantly
pleasant. If Aristius had told Horace he had forgotten, he might
have been excused, but he was determined to insult him in his
Misfortune, by remembering the Business, and resolving to talk of it
some other Time.

It never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in Wealth, or Taste;
Each Person there of course inherits
A Place proportion'd to his Merits——
" 'Tis wonderful, and to be brief,
" A Thing almost beyond Belief."——
But, whether you believe, or no,
The Matter is exactly so.
" This adds but Fewel to the Fire,
" The more you kindle my Desire
" To kiss his Hand, and pay my Court."——
Assail, and you shall take the Fort.
Such is the Vigour of your Wit,
And he is one, who can submit;
The first Attack is therefore nice,
The Matter is to break the Ice.
" I sha'n't be wanting there, he cry'd,
" I'll bribe his Servants to my Side;
" To Day shut out still onward press,
" And watch the Seasons of Access;
" In private haunt, in public meet,
" Salute, escort him through the Street.
" There's nothing gotten in this Life,
" Without a Word of 'Toil and Strife!"
While thus he racks my tortur'd Ears,
A much-lov'd Friend of mine appears,
Anstius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet Companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging " So and so:"
" Whence come, and whither do you go?"
I then began in woful wise
To nod my Head, distort my Eyes,
And pull his Renegado Sleeve,
That he would grant me a Reprieve;

Ridens dissimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
 Certè nescio quid secretò velle loqui te
 Aiebas mecum. Memini bene; sed meliori
 Tempore dicam; hodie tricesima sabbata. Vis tu
 Curtis Judæis oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,
 Religio est. At mî; sum paulò infirmior, unus
 Multorum; ignoscas: aliàs loquar. Huncine solem
 Tam nigrum furrêxe mihi? Fugit improbus, ac me
 Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi
 Adversarius, &: Quò tu turpissime? magnâ
 Inclamat voce, &: Licet antestari? Ego verò
 Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus; clamor utrimque
 Undique concursus. Sic me servavit Apollo.

69. *Tricesima Sabbata.*] The Jews began their Year the first of September, and celebrated their Paschal Festival the fifteenth of April, thirty Weeks from the Beginning of the Year, from whence Horace calls it *tricesima Sabbata*. It continued eight Days, of which the two first, and two last, were observed with so much Solemnity that it was not permitted even to talk of Business. Augustus, in Imitation of Julius Cæsar, allowed the Jews uncommon Privileges. He not only permitted them an undisturbed Enjoyment of their Religion, but established Funds, that they might offer a Bull and five Lambs in the Temple of Jerusalem every Day for him and his Family.

71. *Unus multorum.*] *One of the Multitude*; Although Aristius is probably as little Religion, in its present Meaning of Scruples and Superstition, as our Epicurean Poet.

76. *Licet antestari.*] When a Man had given Bail in a Court of Justice, if he neglected the Time of Appearance, he might be taken by Force before the Prætor. But the Person, who would arrest him, was obliged, before he used him with Violence, to have a Witness of his Capture, *antestari*. This however could not be done without the Consent of the Witness; who therefore willingly offered the Captor his Ear to touch, who was liable, if these Forms were not observed, to an Action. *injuriarum actionem*. But Thieves and People of infamous Characters were not treated with so much Formality. When a Fellow in Plautus cries out, *Will you not touch my Ear before you seize me?* *Nonne antestaris?* he is answered, *Will I touch an honest Man's Ear for such a Scoundrel as you are?* Plautus tells us the lower Part of the Ear is the Seat of Memory, from whence came this Form of their Laws.

77. *Oppono auriculam.*] Such was the Law-term, which our Poet very willingly pronounced, to signify the Consent of the Witness.

But he was absent all the while,
Malicious with a leering Smile.

Provok'd at his Diffimulation
I burst with Spleen and Indignation.

"I know not what you had to tell
"In private."——I remember well:

But shall a Day of Business chuse,
This is the Sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern-
curtail'd Assemblies of the Brethren——

"I have no Scruples, by your Leave,
"On that Account."——But, Sir, I have:
I am a little superstitious,

Like many of the Crowd capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a Crime,
and I shall talk another Time.——

Oh! that so black a Sun should rise!
Away the cruel Creature flies,
and leaves me panting for my Life
ghast beneath the Butcher's Knife.

At last, by special Act of Grace
The Plaintiff meets him Face to Face,
and bawls as loud as he could bellow:

Ha! whither now, thou vilest Fellow?

Sir, will you witness to my Capture?"

signified, I would with Rapture;

and then, to magnify the Sport,

he drags my Prattler into Court;

and thus, amidst the Noise and Rabble,

Apollo sav'd me in the Squabble.

[Sic me servavit Apollo.] A Poet naturally attributes his De-
ference to the God of Poets; but the Favour had been more wel-
come, if it had been granted a little sooner.

SAN.

S A T. X.

NEMPE incompósito dixi pede currere versus
 Lucilî. Quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est,
 Ut non hoc fateatur? At idem, quòd sale multo
 Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera:
 nam sic

Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.

Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum

Auditoris; & est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus:

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se

Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:

Lucilius had his numerous Admirers in Rome, who were greatly disoblged by the Freedom, with which our Poet had treated him in his fourth Satire. Horace was determined to support his own Judgment, and instead of making an Apology, confirms what he had said with his utmost Force and Address. If Criticism, as a great Rhetorician asserts, be the last Effort of Reflection and Judgment, we shall equally admire the Critic as the Poet, in the following Satire.

We may fix the Date of it, with Mr. Sanadon, in 727, or 728, because the Temple of Apollo Palatinus, mentioned in the thirty-eighth Line, was not dedicated before the Year 726.

Vers. 1. *Nempe incompósito.*] Horace blames Lucilius for having abandoned himself to the Rapidity of his Genius, *currere versus*, and being too negligent of his Versification, *incompósito pede*. One follows the other; for it is a general Rule in all poetical Compositions, that they become valuable in Proportion to the Trouble they cost. A Poet, who pretends to gain Honour by professing with how much Ease he writes, only raises a Prejudice against him, for he is either very little sincere, or he is a very bad Poet. The greatest Favour we can expect, is, that we hope his Works may give him the Lie.

SAT. X.

YES, I did say, Lucilius' Verses roll'd
 In ruder Style precipitately bold ;
 Who reads Lucilius with so fond an Eye,
 Partially fond, who can this Charge deny ?
 But, that with Wit he lash'd a vicious Age,
 He's frankly prais'd in the same equal Page.
 Should I grant more, I may as well admit
 Laberius' Farces elegantly writ.

'Tis not enough a burlesque Laugh to raise,
 Yet even this Talent may deserve its Praise :
 Concise your Diction ; let your Sense be clear,
 Nor with a Weight of Words fatigue the Ear.

Now

2. *Quis tam Lucili.*] We may say of Lucilius, that he has had the good Fortune of some Women, who with very little Beauty have raised very violent Passions in their Lovers. He had a powerful and numerous Party of Critics in his Favour, who carried Cudgels under their Robes to beat whoever dared to find fault with his Verses ; and even Quintilian is numbered amongst those Admirers, whom Horace calls ridiculous, *ineptæ*.

DAC.

3. *Nec tamen hoc tribuens.*] Our Poet does not deny Lucilius his Praise of Wit and Humour, but says it cannot be concluded, that his Poetry was perfect, merely because it made us laugh. One Excellence does not necessarily suppose all the rest. The Perfection of a Poem consists in joining together the beautiful and the pleasing.

DAC. SAN.

4. *Laberî mimos.*] *Mimi* were Farces, written purely for Diversion and Laughing. Decimus Laberius was made a Roman Knight by Julius Cæsar. He had long maintained the first Character in this Kind of Writing ; but Publius Syrus at last became his Rival, and carried off all the Applause of the Theatre.

G 2

12. Dec.

Et sermone opus est modò tristi, sæpe jocosò :
 Defendente vicem modò rhetoris, atque poetæ :
 Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consultò. Ridiculum acri
 Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque secat res.
 Illi, scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est,
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi ; quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes unquam legit, nec fimius iste,
 Nîl præter Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.
 At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
 Miscuit. O feri studiorum ! quine putetis
 Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
 Contigit ? At sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque
 Suavior (ut Chio nota si commissa Falerni est)

Quum

12. *Defendente vicem modò rhetoris.*] Sometimes assuming the Character of an Orator ; sometimes of a Poet ; sometimes of a Raillier. *urbani* and *parcentis viribus* must be referred in common to them all. Horace does not say, that the Style of Satire should be eloquent ; but that it should have Strength to convince, Address to persuade, and Art to elude an Objection ; that it should be animated with the Spirit of Poetry, and enlivened by a cheerful, delicate Raillery. Such is the Description of an Orator by Cicero. *He must have a certain Elegance, and Pleasantry, and Erudition fit for a Gentleman, with Firmness and Strength to attack and confute ; with Politeness and Address to insinuate and persuade.*

14. *Ridiculum acri.*] It is a Fact of all Ages, that a lively Jest is capable of disconcerting the gravest Reasons and Reasoners. *Ridicula rerum sæpe maximarum momenta vertit*, says Quintilian. These happy Sallies do not depend on Art or Design ; they rise to Life at once and are always best, when neither premeditated, nor expected.

17. *Quos neque pulcher.*] Hermogenes was a Musician, and probably remarkable for an effeminately handsome Face. He is here set in Opposition to some Person, equally distinguished for the Countenance of an Ape. We do not know his Name, but the Picture is too strongly drawn to doubt, that the Original must have been easily known.

Now change from grave to gay with ready Art,
 Now play the Orator's, or Poet's Part;
 In Raillery assume a gayer Air,
 Discreetly hide your Strength, your Vigour spare.
 For Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
 And cut the Knot, when graver Reasons fail.

The ancient Writers of the comic Stage
 Our Imitation here may well engage,
 Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of Face,
 Or yonder Ape, of horrible Grimace.
 Calvus, Catullus better suit their Vein,
 Whose wanton Songs they chaunt in tuneful Strain.

But yet a mighty Feat it must be thought ——
 "His motley Page with Greek and Latin's wrought!"
 Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
 So oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian Bard.

"But Languages each other may refine
 " (As Chian softens the Falernian Wine)

"A:

19. *Nil præter Calvum.*] Certainly Calvus and Catullus were excellent Poets. Aulus Gellius says, they had a most delicate and natural Poetry, *fluente carminum delicias*. Horace therefore cannot be understood to blame Hermogenes for reading them, but for reading no other Author, or preferring them to all others.

Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Hermogenes and the Person Horace hath coupled with him were a Couple of wretched Versifiers; that even the Poems they published were stolen from Calvus and Catullus, and that our Author says, *Calvum & Catullum cantare*, as he before said, *Cyclopa saltare*.

21. *O feri studiorum!*] *Qui lentos in studiis progressus fecistis*. They, who are a little advanced in the Sciences, often admire in a Work the most easy and least valuable Parts of it. TORR.

22. *Pitholeonti.*] Dr. Bentley imagines, not without Probability, that this Pitholeon was Marcus Otacilius Pitholaus, who wrote some satirical Verses on Julius Cæsar. Horace calls him Pitholeon for the sake of the Measure, in Imitation of the Greeks, who gave this Name, and others like it, many different Terminations.

24. *Chio nota si commissa Falerni.*] *Nota Falerni* for *vinum Falernum*, from the Custom of marking their Wines.

Quum versus facias. Teipsum percontor, an & quum 3;
 Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petillî;
 Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque (Latinè
 Quum Pedius causas exsudet, Poplicola, atque
 Corvinus) patriis intermiscere petita
 Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis?
 Atqui ego quum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
 Versiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
 Post mediam visus noctem, quum somnia vera:
 In sylvam non ligna feras insaniùs, ac si
 Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.
 Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
 Defingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
 Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, iudice Tarpâ,

27. *Oblitus patriæque patrisque.*] *Forgetful of your Country, and the Language of your Ancestors.* *Causas exsudere Latinè*, for *Latinâ linguâ*, *Latinis vocabulis*, is a strong, metaphorical Expression proper for Satire, and all the best Manuscripts declare for it. There is another Mistake here, in making Pedius and Poplicola the same Person. This last Name was given to the Valerian Family, of which there were at that Time two Brothers in Rome, both Men of Letters and considerable Orators. One was Valerius Messala Corvinus; the other Valerius Poplicola. Horace mentions them expressly in the eighty-fifth Line of this Satire. Pedius was apparently a Son of the Consul in the Year 711. TORR. SAN.

30. *Canusini more bilinguis.*] Canusium was built by Diomedes. Its Inhabitants, originally Greeks, had preserved many Words of their first Language, which being mixed with Latin made a ridiculous, disagreeable Jargon. Virgil for the same Reason calls the Tyrians, *bilingues*.

32. *Vetuit me tali.*] Our Poet, being conscious that his Reasoning was not extremely conclusive, takes care to let us know he means it only as a Dream. He hath chosen Romulus, because he was more interested, than any other God, in obliging his Descendants not to cultivate any Language but their own; or, perhaps, he would animate the Romans to improve the Latin Tongue, and to increase the Number of their own Poets. DAC. SAN.

36. *Alpinus.*] The most probable Conjectures induce us to believe, that Horace means Furius Bibaculus, a Poet of some Reputation, and not without Merit. He describes him in another Satire

pingui

“ At least in Verse.” But say, my rhiming Friend,
 Were you that Thief Petillius to defend,
 While other Lawyers sweated in the Cause,
 And urg’d in pure Latinity the Laws :
 While wondering Crouds upon their Language hung,
 Would you, forgetful of your native Tongue,
 In foreign Words, and broken Phrases speak,
 The half-form’d Jargon of a mungrel Greek ?

In Latium born, I once propos’d to write
 Some Grecian Versicles, in deep of Night
 (When Dreams, they say, are true) Rome’s Founder
 rose,

And awful spake, “ You may as well propose
 “ To carry Timber to a Wood; as throng
 “ The crowded Writers of the Grecian Song.”

Let swelling Furius on th’ affrighted Stage
 Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy Rage
 Describe the Head of Rhine ; in idle Vein
 I write, what never shall presume to gain
 The Prize, where Metius high in Judgment sits
 To hear the Labours of contending Wits :

Or

pingui tentus omaso, and here he calls him *turgidus*, not only from the Fatness of his Person, but the Flatulence of his Style. The Surname of *Alpinus* marks his being born among the Gauls, who lived on the Alpes; or it is given him, as Dr. Bentley pleasantly understands it, for a famous Line, which our Poet laughs at in another Place, *Jupiter bibernas canâ nive conspuat Alpes. Jugulat dum Memnona* is a Tone and Style of Bombast in the true Spirit of Burlesque.

37. *Defingit Rbeni luteum caput.*] The great Number of Manuscripts, the best ancient Editions, and best modern Editors, give us this Reading instead of *diffingit*. *Defingit* is no more than *fingit*. Furius had described the Sources of the Rhine, but drew so frightful a Picture of them, that Horace tells us he made the God of the River with an Head of Mud. The Name of the Rhine in the Celtic Language signifies pure; a Name given by the superstitious Celtæ, who used its Waters in Trials of Chastity. TOR. SAN.

38. *Quæ neque in æde sonent.*] The Commentator tells us, Augustus appointed

Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.
 Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
 Eludente senem, comis garrere libellos
 Unus vivorum, Fundani : Pollio regum
 Facta canit pede ter percussio : forte epos acer,
 Ut nemo, Varius : ductu molle atque facetum
 Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.
 Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,
 Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,
 Inventore minor : neque ego illi detrahere ausim
 Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.
 At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpe ferentem
 Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Age, quæso,
 Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero ?
 Nil comis Tragici mutat Lucilius Acci ?
 Non ridet versus Ennî gravitate minores ?
 Quam de se loquitur, non ut majore reprensus.
 Quid vetat & nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes

Quærere

appointed five Judges, of whom Metius Tarpa was one, to distribute poetical Prizes, and determine what Plays should be represented on the Stage. Vossius believes they were established in Imitation of the Sicilians and Athenians. Mr. Dacier thinks they were continued under the Reign of Domitian.

41. *Garrere libellos.*] For *comedias scribere* was probably a vulgar Expression, and from thence generally understood. *Libellus* may signify any Writing of whatever Kind. DAC. SAN.

43. *Pede ter percussio.*] The tragic Iambics had but three Measures, each Measure having two Feet, from whence they were sometimes called *senarii*, and sometimes *trimetra*.

Forte epos acer.] *Varius acer, ut nemo, canit forte epos.* *Forte* marks the Character of Epic Poetry, and *acer* that of Varius. Virgil's *Æneid* was not then published.

51. *Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis.*] These Words are used to soften and moderate the preceding Lines, which being taken in the general Sense they naturally present, would seem to say, that Lucilius had nothing excellent. *Dixi Lucilium fluere lutulentum, non quidem in omnibus, sed in plerisque.* Such is the Force and Meaning of *quidem*. SAN.

There is a Passage in Seneca, which seems an Imitation of our Author, and which may be of use to explain him. *There were many Things*

Or where the People with applauding Hands
The well-wrought Scene repeatedly demands.

Of all Mankind, in light and easy Vein
Fundanius best can paint the comic Scene,
The wily Harlot, and the Slave, who join
To wipe the Miser of his darling Coin.

Collio in pure Iambic Numbers sings
The tragic Deeds of Heroes and of Kings;
While Varius in sublime and ardent Vein
Supports the Grandeur of the Epic Strain.
On Virgil all the rural Muses smile,
Smooth flow his Lines, and elegant his Style.
Satire alone remain'd, no easy Strain,
Which Varro, and some others, tried in vain,
While I, perhaps, some slight Success may claim;
Though far inferior to th' Inventor's Fame:
Nor from his Head shall I presume to tear
That sacred Wreath, he well deserves to wear.

I said, his Verse in muddy Rapture flows,
And more his Errors, than his Beauties shows;
But, prithee, You that boast a Critic's Name,
Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame?
Does not Lucilius, though of gentle Strain,
Correct even Accius, and reform his Scene?
And in his Pleasantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull Lines want Dignity and Weight?
Yet when he speaks of his own Right to Fame,
Confesses frankly their superior Claim.

What then forbids our equal Right to know
Why his own Verses inharmonious flow?

Or

Things in him, that you might justly blame; many that you might admire. His Style flowed like a Torrent, violently rapid, but full of
Mud.

Dura

Quærere num illius num rerum natura negârit
 Versiculos natura magis factos & euntes
 Mollius, ac si quis, pedibus quid claudere senis
 (Hoc tantum) contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos 60
 Ante cibum versus, totidem cœnatus? Etrusci
 Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
 Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse librisque
 Ambustum propriis. Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
 Comis & urbanus; fuerit limatior idem, 65
 Quàm rudis & Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
 Quàmque poetarum seniorum turba: sed ille,
 Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum,
 Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne, quod ultra
 Perfectum traheretur: & in versu faciendo 70
 Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos & roderet urgues.
 Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint
 Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,

Con.

57. *Num illius, num rerum.*] The Modesty of Horace. and the real Esteem he had for Lucilius, hindered him from deciding, whether these bad Verses proceeded from his Want of Genius, or from the Difficulty of the Subject. But had he thought fit to speak his Opinion, he would undoubtedly have imputed them to Want of Genius, for it is always a Fault of the Poet, if he chuses a Subject, which he cannot express in a proper Manner. Dac.

59. *Ac si quis.*] Dr. Bentley hath happily explained this Passage, the Difficulty of which is generally acknowledged. *Quid vetat & nos quærere, num Lucilii ingenium, num argumentum ipsum negaverit versus politiores & molliores, quam si quis sine curâ & limâ extemporales hexametros fundat?* In the same Style we have *insanius ac si*, and *suavius ac si* for *quam si*; an Observation, which escaped the Commentators, who therefore read *an si*, equally without Authority, as without Necessity.

69. *Recideret omne quod ultra perfectum.*] The common Fault of great Writers is, that they never know when to stop. That Flight, which they give to their Imagination, hurries them along, and as they are always aiming at something great and sublime, they no longer

Or whether in his Subject lies the Fault,
 Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought,
 Than if the Art of Verse were to confine
 In ten low Feet a cold, dull Length of Line,
 Content his rhiming Talents to display
 In twice an hundred Verses twice a Day.
 Such, Cassius, thy Rapidity of Song,
 Which like a foaming River pour'd along,
 Whose volum'd Works (if Fame be not a Liar)
 Kindled around thy Corpse the funeral Fire.

Lucilius raillies with politer Ease,
 Than all the rhiming Tribe of ancient Days,
 Nay more correct than him (I frankly own)
 Who form'd this Kind of Verse, to Greece unknown;
 Yet, were he fated to the present Age,
 He sure had blotted the redundant Page;
 Prun'd all luxuriant Excellence away,
 And while he labour'd o'er th' instructive Lay
 Would often scratch his Head in dull Despair,
 And to the Quick his Nails bemusing tear.

Would you a Reader's just Esteem engage?
 Correct with frequent Care the blotted Page;
 Nor strive the Wonder of the Crowd to raise,
 But the few better Judges learn to please.

Be

longer write in the Bacchanalian Spirit, as Longinus expresses it,
 but really sink into Puerility.

DAC.

71. *Sæpe caput scaberet.*] Writers frequently rub their Heads,
 while they are meditating, as if they intended to be brought to
 bed like Jupiter. Certainly Varro alluded to the Fable, when he
 said, *Scabens caput novo partu poetico.*

DAC.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?

Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut autem

Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut cruciet, quòd

Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quòd ineptus

Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?

Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,

Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque

Fuscus: & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque:

Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,

Pollio; te Messala, tuo cum fratre: simulque

Vos, Bibule & Servi; simul his te, candide Furni;

Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos

Prudens prætereo; quibus hæc, sunt qualiacunque,

Arridere velim; doliturus, si placeant spe

Deteriùs nostrâ. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,

Discipu-

75. *Vilibus in ludis.*] Schools of little Reputation, where Masters, without Taste, made their Scholars read indifferently whatever new Books were published. Surely a very wrong Method of Education. We ought to give our Children the best Masters, nor should they read any thing but what is perfect in its Kind. SAN.

77. *Arbuscula*] Was a comic Actress of great Reputation in her Characters.

78. *Cruciet.*] *An hoc me moveat, an hoc me cruciet, quòd cimex Pantilius, &c.* By Mistake or Ignorance our modern Impressions read *cruciet*. Omnes codices cum vetustis editionibus *cruciet* clarè exhibent.

BENT.

84. *Ambitione*

Be thine, fond Madman, some vile School to chuse,
 Here to repeat the Labours of your Muse,
 While I, like his'd Arbuscula unaw'd,
 Despise the Vulgar, since the Knights applaud.

Say, shall that Bug Pantilius move my Spleen?
 Shall I be tortur'd, when a Wretch obscene,
 Or foolish Fannius, for a fordid Treat
 With sweet Tigellius, shall my Verses rate?
 Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenæ deign
 With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my Strain;
 Let good Octavius even endure my Lays;
 Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise;
 Let me, with no mean Arts to purchase Fame,
 Pollio, Messala, and his Brother name:
 Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
 And Furnius for a Critic's Candour known;
 Among my learned Friends are many more,
 Whose Names I pass in modest Silence o'er;
 These I can wish to smile; enjoy their Praise;
 Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.
 Be gone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome Train
 Of minstrel Scholars, and in sighing Strain,

With

84. *Ambitione relegatâ.*] *Ambitio* has been generally understood to mean, Flattery, Ostentation, Ambition, or Vanity. But, as Mr. Sannodon observes, it rather signifies *caballing, urging our Interest by low, dishonest Methods*; as in another Place, *pravâ ambitione procul*. Cicero uses the Word in the same Sense in his Epistles, although Mr. Dacier translates it differently, *I shall do what they ought to do, who recommend religiously and without the usual Arts of supporting a Party, religious & sine ambitione.*

91. *Disi-*

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

I, puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

91. *Discipularum inter, &c.*] These two wretched Rhimers, who could only warm a second Time the tender Sentiments they had stolen from Calvus and Catullus, are here pleasantly sent to entertain their Harlots with impertinent Criticisms, and to receive the Applause, which Women of their Taste may be supposed to give to the lamentable Poetry of such insipid, languishing Lovers. Sax.

92. *I, puer.*] This Line has a little Air of Triumph. The Poet, assured that his Cause was good, finishes the Satire in the same menacing

With soft Hermogenes these Rhimes deplore——
Haste, Boy, transcribe me this one Satire more.

menacing Tone, with which he began it. He opens with a Confirmation of what he had said in the fourth Satire against Lucilius, and he ends with a Declaration, that he persists in the same Opinion. We may look upon these two Pieces, as upon two Instruments in a Process at Law. The first is a Kind of Accusation, *libellus*, presented against this ancient Satirist; the second is a Subscription, *subscribe*, which ratifies that Accusation. For these Reasons Mr. Sanadon thinks the Poet never intended it should be placed at the End of his first Book of Satires, but should follow that, which he had written on the same Subject.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF SATIRES.

THE

Q. HORATII FLACCI
SATIRARUM
LIBER SECUNDUS.

SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

SUNT quibus in Satirâ videor nimis acer, & ultra
Legem tendere opus; sine nervis altera quidquid
Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebatî,
Quid faciam? præscribe.

TREBATIUS.

Quiescas.

HORA-

In his first Book of Satires our Poet opposes the Vices of Mankind; in this he refutes the false Opinions of the Philosophers. Such a Design requires more Force and more Erudition than the former. The Reader may therefore expect to find this Book better supported with Reasoning and Learning than the first. In the present Satire there is one continued Vein of Raillery under an Appearance of much Seriousness and Solemnity. Horace finding that a Number of People were provoked and alarmed by the Liberty of his Writings, even while they seemed to despise the low, prosaic Style, in which they were written, applies, with a State of his Case, to a venerable and able Lawyer for his Advice. The Lawyer assumes the Tone of a Legislator, and forbids him ever to write again. The Poet maintains his Party with the best Reasons he can, and under Pretence of pleading his Cause indulges his natural Genius of Satire and Ridicule with his usual Freedom. At last they part, as People, who ask and who give Advice, generally do; both confirmed in their own Opinions.

Mr. Sanadon fixes the Date of this Satire in 733, since it mentions the Defeat of the Gauls in 727, and the Departure of Augustus for the

Fast

THE SECOND
B O O K
OF THE
SATIRES *of* HORACE.

SAT. I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

THERE are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the Laws of Satire too severe.

My Lines are weak, unfinew'd, others say—

“A Man might spin a thousand such a Day.”

What shall I do, Trebatius?

TREBATIUS.

Write no more.

HORACE.

Fast in 732, with a Design of recovering the Roman Eagles from the Parthians.

Verf. 1. *Ultra legem*]. Satire hath its Laws, and ought to have more, than any other kind of Writing. It is the Interest of Mankind, that a Satirist should not abandon himself to an Excess of Ill-humour against all, who have the Misfortune to displease him. The Laws of the twelve Tables punished these poetical Slanderers with Death; but these Laws were grown obsolete, and had lost great Part of their Viour when they were renewed by Augustus.

DAC. SAN.

4. *Deduci*.] They, who were unwilling to confess, that Horace was too severe in his Satires for fear of being suspected of dreading them, took another Method to abuse their Author. They said his Verses were feeble and languishing, and that a thousand of the same Kind might be spun in a Day. *Deduci* is a metaphorical Expression taken from spinning Wool, and drawing down the Thread.

5. *Quiescas*.] When Horace makes use of the Word *prescribe* to Trebatius, we might imagine he was determined to follow his Advice;
but

HORATIUS.

Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

TREBATIUS.

Aio.

HORATIUS.

Peream malè, si non

Optimum erat; verùm nequeo dormire.

TREBATIUS.

Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto:

Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude

Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum

Præmia laturus.

HORATIUS.

Cupidum, pater optime, vires

Deficiunt; neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Agmina, neu fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,

Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

TREBA-

but the very next Word, when he makes him change his Language of a Lawyer for that of a Physician, shews that he was laughing at the venerable Counsellor. The good Man believes his Disorder was a real one, and prescribes with much Solemnity. The single Words *aio, nogo, quiescas*, are pronounced with an Air of Importance, and add greatly to the pleasant Gravity of the Scene. TORR. DAC.

8. *Transnanto Tiberim.*] Mr. Dacier hath happily remarked, that Trebatus, like an honest, good-natured Physician, prescribes for Horace two Things, which he himself loved best, swimming and drinking. Cicero calls him, *studiosissimus homo natandi*, and in another Letter to him mentions his Pleasantry over his Wine, and talks of their having drunk a little too largely.

12. *Pater optime.*] A Term of Respect to a Master from his Scholar, who is afterwards called *puer*. These Verses are of a more elevated Style, for an Idea of Augustus and his military Glories hath inspired our Poet's Imagination. Surely these were not of the Number of such as are abused at the Beginning of the Satire. SAN.

13. Hor.

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HORACE.

What! Give the dear Delight of Scribbling o'er?

TREBATIUS.

Yes.

HORACE.

Let me die but your Advice were best.

But, Sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

TREBATIUS.

Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,

Or the dull Sense in t'other Bottle steep,

If you must write, to Cæsar tune your Lays,

Indulge your Genius, and your Fortune raise.

HORACE.

Oh! were I equal to the glorious Theme,

Bristled with Spears his Iron War should gleam:

A thousand Darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,

And from his Horse the wounded Parthian fall.

TREBA-

13. *Horrentia pilis.*] The Translator would not have ventured this Expression, *bristled with Spears*, although it be an exact Translation of his Author, were he not supported by the Authority of the great Milton; *Bristled with upright Beams innumerable of rigid Spears.* Virgil often uses this Image, *Horrescit strictis seges ensibus. Strictisque seges mucronibus borret ferrea.*

14. *Neu fractâ cuspide.*] The Romans made use of Arrows, invented by Marius, whose Points broke off, when they entered the human Body. Thus they were rendered useless to an Enemy, and with greater Difficulty were drawn out of the Wound. DAC.

Gallos.] The Gauls of Aquitain having rebelled in 726, Octavius sent Messala, with the Title of Governor of the Province, to reduce them to his Obedience. He conquered them the Year following, and had the Honour of a Triumph the twenty-fifth of September. SAN.

TREBATIUS.

Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

HORATIUS.

Haud mihi deero,
Quum res ipsa feret: nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem;
Cui malè si palpere, recalcitret undique tutus.

TREBATIUS.

Quantò rectius hoc, quàm tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Namentanumve nepotem!
Quum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus,
odit.

HORATIUS.

Quid faciàm? saltat Millonius, ut semel ictò
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
Castor gaudet equis: ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. Me pedibus delectat claudere verba
Lucilî ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

17. *Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.*] Porphyrio tells us, Lucilius wrote the private Life of the ancient Scipio Africanus, probably at the Request of his Friend, the younger Scipio, as Ennius had written his military Life. Horace therefore commends the Discretion of Lucilius, who confining himself to the pacific Virtues of his Hero avoided the Presumption of rivalling Ennius. Thus he would have us understand, that they both celebrated the same Person in different Parts of his Character. SAN.

19. *Per attentam Cæsaris aurem.*] Mr. Dacier explains *attenta auris* of Cæsar's Application to Affairs of State, and Torrentius thinks it means that Earnestness, with which he read, and which might well alarm an Author. But the Poet seems with more Simplicity to say, that Cæsar will never hear with a favourable Ear any Verses, that are impertinently and unseasonably offered to him. SAN.

24. *Saltat Millonius.*] This was a Roman Name, as appears by the Inscriptions, and it is thus spelled in one Manuscript. SAN.

A Passage in Cicero's Oration for Murena will shew what Opinion the Romans had of Dancing. Cato called Murena *Saltatorem* a Dancer.

TREBATIUS.

Then give his peaceful Virtues forth to Fame;
His Fortitude and Justice be your Theme.

HORACE.

Yes. I will hold the daring Theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your Advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Flaccus hear;
A languid Panegyric hurts his Ear.
Too strongly guarded from the Poet's Lays,
He spurns the Flatterer, and his saucy Praise.

TREBATIUS.

Better even this, than cruelly defame,
And point Buffoons and Villains out by Name.
Sure to be hated even by those You spare,
Who hate in just Proportion, as they fear.

HORACE.

Tell me, Trebatius, are not all Mankind
To different Pleasures, different Whims inclin'd?
Millonius dances when his Head grows light,
And the dim Lamp shines double to his Sight.
The Twin-born Brothers in their Sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole Delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.

Behold

Dancer. Cicero answers, he should consider the Cruelty of such an injury, and the Vices, which necessarily attended such a Character. For none but a Fool dances, when he is sober, or alone, or at a moderate, decent Entertainment. Dancing is the last Excess of Wine, Mirth, and Company.

29. *Nostrum melioris utroque.*] When the Romans mentioned a Man of great Reputation, whose Example had a sort of Authority, their usual Expression in Conversation was, *Who is far better, and more valuable than you or me.*

RUTGERS.

30. *Ille*

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
 Credebat libris; neque, si malè cesserat, usquam
 Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
 Motivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
 Vita senis. Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, anceps
 Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta. Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, & me veluti custodiet ensis 40
 Vaginâ

30. *Ille velut fidis.*] The Satire of this Passage is more delicate as the Malice of it is concealed under an Ambiguity of Expression, which for some time deceives us. Lucilius at first appears a Man of extraordinary Character; reserved, industrious, and equal to himself in every Change of Fortune; but examine him a little nearer, and you find another Lucilius, who thinks, that to write a great many Verses is sufficient to make a great Poet; who never waits for the happy Moments of Inspiration; who shews in all his Works the Inequalities and Interruptions of his poetical Vein; who loads his Verses with a thousand tedious and impertinent Circumstances, and who intrusts every Thought of his poetical Imagination to his Books, as he would his most intimate Secrets to his Friends. Perhaps this Picture is not very faithfully drawn. Horace was determined to maintain the Sentence he had pronounced against Lucilius, and in this Disposition of Spirit, it was not easy to guard against his own natural Talent of Ridicule. He had some Foundation of Truth to support him, which is always enough for a Poet.

31. *Neque si malè cesserat.*] All the Manuscripts declare for *gerere*; but *gerere* is never used absolutely, whereas the Usage of *cedere* in an absolute Sense is frequent and undisputed. But we are yet to inquire what Horace designs by *neque si bene, neque si malè cesserat*. The Commentators understand the Words to mean the good or bad Condition of his private Affairs. But there is no Kind of Appearance, that Lucilius filled his Writings with his personal Concernments, or the State of his domestic Affairs. An Affectation so remarkable would rise at first View in the numerous Fragments, that remain of his Works. We perceive nothing like it, and may therefore receive another Meaning from Dr. Bentley, *nusquam aliò, quam ad libros decurrent, seu bene ei cesserat in scribendo, seu male.* Whatever was his poetical good or ill Fortune, he still indulged his Passion for writing.

Behold him frankly to his Book impart,
 As to a Friend, the Secrets of his Heart :
 To write was all his Aim ; too heedless Bard,
 And well or ill, unworthy his Regard.
 Hence the old Man stands open to your View,
 Though with a careless Hand the Piece he drew.

His Steps I follow in Pursuit of Fame,
 Whether Lucania, or Appulia claim
 The Honour of my Birth ; for on the Lands,
 By Samnites once possess'd, Venusium stands,
 A forward Barrier, as old Tales relate,
 To stop the Course of War, and guard the State.

Let this Digression, as it may, succeed—
 No honest Man shall by my Satire bleed ;

It

writing. From hence we may perceive his good or bad Days ; his lucky or unlucky Moments, which Horace means when he says, Lucilius gave us a Picture of his Life, his poetical Life in his Writings. *Quo fit ut omnis votivâ pateat tabulâ*, &c. The Romans not only consecrated Pictures of the bad Accidents of their Lives, but of the more fortunate and happy.

34. *Vita senis.*] Lucilius was not less than sixty Years of Age, when he died ; or, perhaps, our Poet calls him *senem* as a Term of Respect.

Sequitur hunc, Lucanus an Appulus.] The Raillery begins to grow more open. Lucilius amused himself with whatever came in his way ; from whence his Works were loaded with many little useless Tales, which rose one out of another, and threw him out of his Subject. To render this Fault more sensible, and set it in the strongest Light, our Poet hath himself written a few Lines in the Taste of Lucilius. This Turn is pleasant, and makes us see the Spirit and Art of a Passage, which, without this Manner of understanding it, would appear a most insipid, lifeless Digression.

SAN.

39. *Sed hic stylus.*] While I follow Lucilius in the Manner of Writing, which I have imitated in these Lines, and which hurts no one but himself, I shall take care not to imitate him in another Fault, that of injuring the Reputation of others. If Horace never wrote a Satire but against them, who had justly provoked him, he may be a great Example for all future Satirists. But Lucilius made the same Protestation, and probably they were both equally sincere. We may therefore look upon the poetical Oath in the next Lines as a Mixture of Pleasantry and Decency, which could no more justify the

Poet

Vaginâ tectus : quem cur destringere coner,
 Tutus ab infestis latronibus ? O Pater & Rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum ;
 Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit (meliùs non tangere, clamo)
 Flebit, & insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.
 Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam ;
 Canidia Albucî, quibus est inimica, venenum ;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid, se judice, certes.
 Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperitet Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum ? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem.

TREBATIUS.

Nil faciet sceleris pia dextera.

HORATIUS.

Mirum !

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos !
 Sed malè tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
 Ne longum faciam ; seu me tranquilla senectus
 Expectat ; seu Mors atris circumvolat alis ;
 Dives, inops ; Romæ, seu Fors ita jusserit, exul ;
 Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

TREBA-

Poet with regard to the Public, than it could comfort the People, whom he had treated so severely.

42. *O Pater & Rex Jupiter.*] To shew, that our Poet is not too much in earnest, his Prayer is a Parody of a Line in Callimachus, Ζεῦ Πάτερ, ὡς Καλύβων πᾶν ἀπόλοιτο γένος.

47. *Cervius leges minitatur & urnam.*] A Criminal was acquitted or condemned by the Number of Votes, which the Judges threw into a judiciary Urn. Virgil tells us this Custom was observed amongst the dead *Quæstor Minos urnam movet.*

54. *Nil faciet sceleris pia dextera.*] Trebatius, affrighted at what Horace was going to say of Scævæ, interrupts him with—*He did not*

surely

It guards me like a Sword, and safe it lies
Within the Sheath, 'till Villains round me rise.

Dread King and Father of the mortal Race,
Behold me, harmless Bard, how fond of Peace!
And may all Kinds of mischief-making Steel
In Rust, eternal Rust, thy Vengeance feel.
But who provokes me, or attacks my Fame,
“ Better not touch me, Friend,” I loud exclaim,
His Eyes shall weep the Folly of his Tongue,
By laughing Crowds in rueful Ballad sung.

Th' Informer Cervius threatens with the Laws;
Turius your Judge, you surely lose your Cause:
Are you the Object of Canidia's Hate?
Drugs, Poisons, Incantations, are your Fate:
For powerful Nature to her Creatures shows
With various Arms to terrify their Foes.
The Wolf with Teeth, the Bull with Horns can fight;
Whence, but from Instinct, and an inward Light?
His long-liv'd Mother trust to Scæva's Care——

TREBATIUS.

No Deed of Blood his pious Hand could dare?

HORACE.

Wondrous indeed! that Bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor Wolves, with desperate Horns engage in fight.
No Mother's Blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a Draught of honey'd Poison kills.

Then, whether Age my peaceful Hours attend,
Or Death his sable Pinions round me bend:
Or Rich, or Poor: at Rome; to Exile driven:
Whatever Lot by powerful Fate is given,
Yet write I will.

TREB.

surely shed his Mother's Blood! No, says the Poet, he did not stab his Mother, but he poisoned her.

DAC.

57. *Seu me tranquilla senectus.*] Our Poet was then about four and forty Years of Age.

SAN.

Vol. III,

H

60. *Quis-*

TREBATIUS.

O puer, ut sis

60

Vitalis metuo ; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HORATIUS.

Quid ! quum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis ; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi ? aut læso doluere Metello ?
Famosisve Lupo cooperto versibus ? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim ;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

65

70

Quin, ubi se à vulgo & scenâ in secreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae & mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque, tamen me

75
Cum

60. *Quisquis erat vitæ, scribam, color.*] If Horace had not been perfectly careless of his Numbers, this Transposition, which Mr. Sanadon thinks unpardonable, might have easily been altered, *scribam, quisquis erat vitæ color.* Yet perhaps the Genius of the Latin Tongue may well allow these Transpositions, although modern Languages will very hardly bear them. There cannot be a stronger Instance, than this in Virgil. *Saxa vocant Itali mediisque in fluctibus aras.*

61. *Majorum ne quis amicus frigore te feriat.*] The Commentators are much divided about the Meaning of these Words. Rutgerius, Mr. Dacier, and Sanadon understand *frigore ferire*, to disgrace, to put out of Favour. Yet the Words, *ut sis vitalis metuo* must directly mean Death, and have no Idea in them of Disgrace. Torrentius and others imagine that *frigus* here signifies Death, as in Virgil *solvuntur frigore membra. Corpusque lavant frigentis.* But it is impossible to find an Instance of *frigore ferire* to kill. Lodovico Dolce thus translates it, *t'ingombri tutto Dighiaccio per paura de la morte.*

The Translator is very little certain, that he hath chosen the best of these Opinions. Perhaps *frigus* may better mean the Coldness of Poison, the Idea of which might rise to Trebatius, either from the Horreur, with which he started at the Mention of Scæva's poisoning his Mother, or in a Return of Pleasantry for the Poet's talking of such a Deed in so ludicrous a Manner. *Mirum ! ut neque calce lusus,*

&c.

THEBATIUS.

O Boy, thy Fate is sped,
And short thy Days. Some Lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing Look—

HORACE.

What ! in his honest Page

When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious Age,
From conscious Villains tore the Mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the Glare of Day,
Were Lælius or his Friend (whose glorious Name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to Fame)
Were they displeas'd, when Villains and their Crimes
Were cover'd o'er with Infamy and Rhimes ?
The factious Demagogue he made his Prize,
And durst the People Tribe by Tribe chastise ;
Yet true to Virtue, and to Virtue's Friends,
To them alone, with Reverence he bends.
When Scipio's Virtue, and, of milder Vein,
When Lælius' Wisdom, from the busy Scene,
And Crowd of Life, the Vulgar and the Great,
Could with their favourite Satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle Jest,
Until their frugal Feast of Herbs was drest.

What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All faucy Rivalship of Birth or Fame,

Spite

&c. If this be the Sense of the Passage *frigore te feriat*, to strike with the Cold of Poison, will appear a bold and beautiful Expression.

64. *Detrabere pellem.*] A figurative Expression, taken from the Stage. The ancient Masks were made of Skins. SAN.

71. *Qui ubi se à vulgo.*] The Friendship of Lælius and Scipio did much Honour to Lucilius ; nor is it less pleasing to see these two greatest Men of the Republic, unbending from their Application to the Business of the State ; laying aside the Dignity of their Characters, and trifling amongst their Friends even to Sports of Childishness. SAN.

72. *Virtus Scipiadae.*] The Virtue of Scipio for the virtuous Scipio, and the mild Wisdom of Lælius, *mitis sapientia Læli*, for the wise Lælius. Such Expressions, though beautiful in the Original, may perhaps appear too bold in a Translation. They should however be sometimes hazarded.

TREBATIUS.

O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo ; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HORATIUS.

Quid ! quum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere & pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
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Ingenio offensi ? aut læso doluere Metello ?
Famosive Lupo cooperto versibus ? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim ;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin, ubi se à vulgo & scenâ in secreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae & mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque, tamen me

60. *Quisquis erat vitæ, scribam, color.*] If Horace had not been perfectly careless of his Numbers, this Transposition, which Mr. Sanadon thinks unpardonable, might have easily been altered, *scribam, quisquis erat vitæ color*. Yet perhaps the Genius of the Latin Tongue may well allow these Transpositions, although modern Languages will very hardly bear them. There cannot be a stronger Instance, than this in Virgil. *Saxa vocant Itali mediisque in fluctibus aras*.

61. *Majorum ne quis amicus frigore te feriat.*] The Commentators are much divided about the Meaning of these Words. Rutgerhus, Mr. Dacier, and Sanadon understand *frigore ferire*, to disgrace, to put out of Favour. Yet the Words, *ut sis vitalis metuo* must directly mean Death, and have no Idea in them of Disgrace. Torrentius and others imagine that *frigus* here signifies Death, as in Virgil *solvuntur frigore membra. Corpusque lavant frigentis*. But it is impossible to find an Instance of *frigore ferire* to kill. Lodovico Dolce thus translates it, *t'ingombri tutto Dighiaccio per paura de la morte*.

The Translator is very little certain, that he hath chosen the best of these Opinions. Perhaps *frigus* may better mean the Coldness of Poison, the Idea of which might rise to Trebatius, either from the Horreur with which he started at the Mention of Scæva's poisoning his Mother, or in a Return of Pleasantry for the Poet's talking of such a Deed in so ludicrous a Manner. *Mirum ! ut neque calce lu-*
8c.

THEBATIUS.

O Boy, thy Fate is sped,
And short thy Days. Some Lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing Look—

HORACE.

What ! in his honest Page

When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious Age,
From conscious Villains tore the Mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the Glare of Day,
Were Lælius or his Friend (whose glorious Name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to Fame)
Were they displeas'd, when Villains and their Crimes
Were cover'd o'er with Infamy and Rhimes ?
The factious Demagogue he made his Prize,
And durst the People Tribe by Tribe chastise ;
Yet true to Virtue, and to Virtue's Friends,
To them alone, with Reverence he bends.
When Scipio's Virtue, and, of milder Vein,
When Lælius' Wisdom, from the busy Scene,
And Crowd of Life, the Vulgar and the Great,
Could with their favourite Satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle Jest,
Until their frugal Feast of Herbs was drest.

What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All faucy Rivalship of Birth or Fame,

Spite

&c. If this be the Sense of the Passage *frigore te feriat*, to strike with the Cold of Poison, will appear a bold and beautiful Expression.

64. *Detrabere pellem.*] A figurative Expression, taken from the Stage. The ancient Masks were made of Skins. SAN.

71. *Qui ubi se à vulgo.*] The Friendship of Lælius and Scipio did much Honour to Lucilius ; nor is it less pleasing to see these two greatest Men of the Republic, unbending from their Application to the Business of the State ; laying aside the Dignity of their Characters, and trifling amongst their Friends even to Sports of Childishness. SAN.

72. *Virtus Scipiada.*] The Virtue of Scipio for the virtuous Scipio, and the mild Wisdom of Lælius, *mitis sapientia Læli*, for the wise Lælius. Such Expressions, though beautiful in the Original, may perhaps appear too bold in a Translation. They should however be sometimes hazarded.

Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido; nisi quid tu, docte Trebatî,
Disfentis.

TREBATIUS.

Equidem nihil hînc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne fortè negotî
Incuiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :
Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
Judiciumque.

HORATIUS.

Esto, si quis mala; sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæsare? si quis
Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse?
Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

SAT.

76. *Cum magnis vixisse.*] Lucilius was of a Patrician Family, and a Roman Knight, which makes our Poet allow him a Superiority of Birth and Fortune; but he might compare with him in more valuable Advantages. It appears by some Fragments of Letters, that Horace did not live in less domestic Familiarity with Augustus and Mæcenas, than Lucilius did with Scipio and Lælius. If he does not boast so much of this Honour, it is an Effect of his Discretion, and his Modesty.

SAN.

77. *Fragili quærens illidere dentem.*] In Allusion to the Fable of the Serpent and the File.

79. *Equidem nihil hînc diffingere possum.*] These and the following Words manifestly shew, that the Answer of Trebatius begins at *equidem*. *Diffingere*, which signifies to refute, is of the greater Number of Manuscripts, and all elder Editions, as we are assured by Dr. Bentley, *tam editiones vetustæ omnes, quam codicum pars major*. The Sense of the Passage may be thus explained: Indeed, says Trebatius, I cannot deny what you have said; you may therefore proceed without any Apprehension of offending the Great. Lucilius is a powerful Example to encourage you. But to consider, that there are Laws against Satirists, and the Licentiousness of their Writings.

82. *Si mala condiderit.*] Trebatius with much Solemnity cites the Laws of the twelve Tables, as his last Argument. A Lawyer could produce nothing more strong, and Horace, being unable to defend himself by a direct Answer, finds a Way of getting out of the Difficulty by playing on the Words *malum carmen*, and giving them a different Sense from what they had in the Text of the Law. The Pleasantry of this Turn depends on a Pun, which could not be preserved in a Translation. *Bad Verses* would not be understood in Eng-

lish

Spite of herself even Envy must confess,
That I the Friendship of the Great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest Fame,
Shall break her Teeth against my solid Name.
This is my Plea; on this I rest my Cause—
What says my Council, learned in the Laws?

TREBATIUS.

Your Case is clearer; yet let me advise;
For sad Mishaps from Ignorance arise.
Behold the Pains and Penalties decreed
To Libellers —

HORACE.

To Libellers indeed.

But, if with Truth his Characters he draws,
Even Cæsar shall support the Poet's Cause;
The formal Process shall be turn'd to Sport,
And you dismiss'd with Honour by the Court.

SAT.

lish to mean, as they do in the Original, Verses written with a satirical Design of injuring the Reputation of others.

84. *Laudatus.*] Is the Reading of seven or eight Manuscripts. *Laudatur* makes a Transposition, as disagreeable as unnecessary. What the Poet here seems to say by Chance, was probably designed, to insinuate to the People, who censured him, that he was well assured of the Protection and Approbation of Augustus. The Turn is modest and artful.

SAN.

85. *Integer ipse.*] A Poet, whose Conduct is regular and unblameable, hath a Kind of Right to censure the Faults of others; at least, this is the best Method of engaging all honest Men on his Side. On the contrary, a Satirist, who is not more virtuous, than those whom he chastises, is an impudent Hypocrite.

SAN.

86. *Solventur risu tabulae.*] *Tabulae* are the Process and Information laid before the Judge, which, says the Poet, shall be torn into Pieces. Mr. Dacier observes, that this line is an Imitation of Aristophanes, where a Father dissuades his Son from an Excess of Wine by representing to him a thousand Disorders, which it occasions; such as quarrelling, breaking Houses open. No, says the Son, this never happens when we converse with Men of Honour; for either they will satisfy the People, whom they have offended, or turn the Affair into Ridicule, and by some happy Jest make the Judges, and even the Prosecutors, laugh. The Process is dismissed, and you escape without being punished.

S A T. II.

QUÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
 (Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quæ præcepit Ofellus
 Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassâque Minervâ)
 Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
 Quum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & quum
 Acclinus falsis animus meliora recusat:
 Verùm hîc impransî mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
 Dicam si potero. Malè verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove

Lassus

The Praise of Temperance is a common Topic of Morality. Epic-
 tetus and Seneca, and others, educated in the School of Zeno, have
 given us a Number of Precepts on the Subject more ingenious, than
 solid. Our Poet hath taken a Road, which leads more directly to
 Persuasion. He says, that a frugal Entertainment may satisfy the
 Appetite, and that it yields besides the greatest Advantages both to
 Mind and Body. These two Maxims, natural and simple as they
 are, lay the Foundation of the following Piece, in which a mere
 Country Peasant, without any Tincture of Philosophy, but full of
 good Sense; without going out of his Character, and without dog-
 matizing, gives us Reflections worthy of the best Understanding,
 but with an Easiness of Manner, which makes them perfectly
 amiable.

SAN.

Vers. 2. Nec meus hic sermo.] Horace, with much good Reason,
 avoids making himself an Orator for Temperance. He was a specula-
 tive Epicurean, but a practical Disciple of Aristippus, and after giving
 us most excellent Precepts of Frugality, would not unwillingly have
 left his Plate of Herbs for a more luxurious Entertainment. Besides,
 he would give Weight to his Maxims by the sober Example of the
 Speaker.

DAC.

Quæ præcepit Ofellus.] This Reading has an Authority of Manu-
 scripts and Editions. *Sermonem præcipere* is a Manner of Expression
 unknown to the Genius and Usage of the Latin Tongue. *Quæ præce-
 pit*, as Torrentius observes, gives Variety to the Sentence, and
 awakes an Attention in the Reader.

3. Abnormis

S A T. II.

WHAT, and how great the Virtue, Friends, to live
 On what the Gods with frugal Bounty give
 (Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' Rules,
 Of Mother-Wit, and wise without the Schools)
 Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
 Ere with luxurious Pomp the Table shine;
 Ere yet its madding Splendours are display'd,
 That dull the Sense, and the weak Mind mislead.
 Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, Friends,
 A Judge, when brib'd, but ill to Truth attends.

Pursue

3. *Abnormis.*] *A Philosopher without Rules.* Ofellus was an Epicurean without knowing it, but his Morality was in a Medium between the very rigid and very dissolute Followers of that Sect. DAC.

Craſſaque Minervâ.] Rude but natural; without Art or Disguise. A Kind of Mother-Wit, unimproved by Education and Study. Or as Minerva was the Goddess of Spinning, this may, perhaps, have been a proverbial Expression, to signify a coarse, rude Understanding, of a thick, clumsy Thread.

6. *Acclinis falsis animus.*] When the Mind is contented to yield to Things, which deceive and seduce it. *Acclinus* being somewhat less known than *acclinis*, the Copyists changed it in all but one Manuscript, although it makes a disagreeable Consonance with the next Word *acclinis falsis*. CUN. SAN.

9. *Leporem Scſtatus.*] The Poet proposes to People of good Cheer, three Methods of recovering an Appetite, grown weak and languid by Repletion; hunting, riding, and military Exercises. The last of these is not directly mentioned, but being in the Poet's Intention should be understood in his Expression. *Feras venare, equos agita, exerce te ad belli munia, si vero tibi nec venatio aridet, nec equitatio, nec militaris disciplina, adſueto ſcilicet belluari ac perpotare Græcorum more: pila vel diſco lude.* Such Remarks as these are necessary, that we may see the Justness of the Poet's reasoning, although it were to be wished he had spared us the Trouble of making them. SAN.

Lassus ab indomito ; vel si Romana fatigat
 Militia adsueta græcari : seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco :
 Quum labor extuderit fastidia ; ficcus, inanis
 Sperne cibum vilem : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
 Ne biberis diluta. Foras est promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare : cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas, aut
 Quî partum ? Non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in te ipso est. Tu pulmentaria quære
 Sudando. Pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois :
 Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potiùs, quam gallinâ tergere palatum,
 Corruptus vanis rerum ; quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, & pictâ pandat spectacula caudâ :
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris istâ,
 Quam laudas, plumâ ? coctove num adest honor idem ?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac magis illa ; &

Imparibus

11. *Græcari.*] *To drink like a Greek, a frequent Expression among the Romans for drinking largely.* TORR.

13. *Agit.*] *For trahit, delectat, allicit.* SAN.

17. *Hyemat mare.*] *Winters the Sea.* The Translator would not be thought too fond of hazarding new Words. He was tempted here to follow his Author in an Expression of exceeding Boldness, though not yet used in English. Sallust has *hyemantibus aquis.*

19. *Caro nidore.*] This Epithet is extremely happy. The Flavour of the Meat raises the Price of it, although it neither makes it more nourishing, nor more wholesome. SAN.

22. *Lagois.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author. It was probably a foreign Bird, whose Flesh tasted and looked like that of an Hare ; a favourite Dish amongst the Romans. *Ostrea* is of two Syllables, as in Virgil, *Bis patriæ cecidere manus : quin protenus omnia.*

13. *Posito pavone.*] Quintus Hortensius was the first, who gave the Romans Taste for Peacocks, and it soon became so fashionable a Dish, that all People of Fortune had it at their Tables. Cicero pleasantly says, he had the Boldness to invite Hirtius to sup with him, even with-

out

Pursue the Chace : th' unmanag'd Courser rein :
 Or, if the Roman War ill-suit thy Vein
 To Grecian Revels form'd, at Tennis play,
 Or at the manly Discus waste the Day ;
 With Vigour hurl it through the yielding Air
 (The Sport shall make the Labour less severe)
 Then, when the Loathings, that from Surfeits rise,
 Are quell'd by Toil, a homely Meal despise ;
 Then the Falernian Grape with Pride disclaim,
 Unless with Honey we correct its Flame.

Your Butler strolls abroad ; the winter'd Sea
 Defends its Fish ; but you can well allay
 The Stomach's angry Roar with Bread and Salt——
 Whence can this rise, you ask ; from whence the Fault ?
 In you consists the Pleasure of the Treat,
 Not in the Price, or Flavour of the Meat.

Let Exercise give Relish to the Dish,
 Since nor the various Luxuries of Fish,
 Nor foreign Wild-fowl can delight the pale,
 Surfeit-swoln Guest ; yet I shall ne'er prevail
 To make our Men of Taste a Pullet chuse,
 And the gay Peacock with its Train refuse ;
 For the rare Bird at mighty Price is sold,
 And lo ! what Wonders from its Tail unfold !
 But can these Whims a higher Gusto raise,
 Unless you eat the Plumage that you praise ?
 Or do its Glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain ?
 No ; 'tis th' unequal'd Beauty of its Train.

De

out a Peacock. *Sed vide audaciam, etiam Hirtio cœnam dedi sine pavore.* M. Aufidius Latro made a prodigious Fortune by fattening them for Sale.

29. *Carne tamen quamvis.*] Nothing can be clearer than this Passage, which hath been perplexed only by the too much Learning of Commentators. *Quamvis* should be construed in its usual Sense both with *disfat* and *paret*. *Esto* does not signify a Point decided, but is rather

Imparibus formis deceptum te patet : esto. 30

Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? Laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.

Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo 35

Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis

Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino

Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos

Præsentes Austri, coquite horum obsonia: quamquam 40

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando

Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; quum rapula plenus

Atque

ther a Term of Concession. *Although there be no Difference of Taste between a Pullet and a Peacock; although it is plain you are deceived by outward Beauties only, Yet I am willing to allow the Preference, which you give to the Peacock. Concedo, permitto tibi, ut formâ hic decipiaris.*

BENT. SAN.

31. *Unde datum sentis.*] *Unde tibi concessum, ut sentias.* Whether it were Fancy, or a real Delicacy of Taste, a Pike, taken between the Bridges of the Tiber, was more esteemed, than those caught at the Opening of the River, or in the Sea. Horace tells these People of Luxury: When I allow the Preference you give to the Peacock for the Beauty of his Feathers, yet certainly you will not assert, that you have an equal Right to prefer a Pike, which was caught in some particular Part of the River, to any other, since the Fish, and the Form of it is always the same. It is true, that this Fish, as well as all other Animals, although of the same Shape and Species, may have many different Qualities according to the different Places, where it has been fed. But Horace is talking to People who judge of Meat by their Eye, *imparibus formis deceptum, ducit te species*, and would convince them, that Taste alone can decide between Pikes of Rivers, or the Sea. Thus the Poet recovers the Concession he had made, and artfully refutes what he seemed to have granted. SAN.

Lupus.] The Translator, after his best Inquiries to find a Name in English for this Fish, is yet most unsatisfied. He has chosen the Pike, although a fresh Water Fish, as most resembling the *Lupus* in its Size and Voraciousness.

32. *Captus hiet.*] Mr. Sanadon imagines, that Horace would shew the Voraciousness of this Fish by the Word *hiare*; or intended, with a Playfulness of Words, not unusual to him, to describe it, as if it were caught

Deludes your Eye, and charms you to the Feast,
For Hens and Peacocks are alike in Taste.

But say, by what Discernment are you taught
To know, that this voracious Pike was caught
Where the full River's lenient Waters glide,
Or where the Bridges break the rapid Tide:
In the mild Ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader Course his Tribute to the Seas?

Madly you praise the Mullet's three pound Weight,
And yet you stew it peace-meal ere you eat;
Your Eye deceives You; wherefore else dislike
The natural Greatness of a full-grown Pike,
Yet in a Mullet so much Joy express?

"Pikes are by Nature large, and Mullets less."

Give me, the Harpo-throated Glutton cries,
In a large Dish a Mullet's largest Size:
Descend, ye southern Winds, propitious haste,
And dress his Dainties for this Man of Taste.
And yet it needs not; for when such Excess
Shall his o'er-jaded Appetite oppress,

The

caught in the very Moment, when it was catching its Prey, *quasi captus esset, dum inhiaret prædæ.*

38. *Porrectum magno.*] These four Lines are extremely beautiful. The first by the spondaic Slowness of its Cadence carries along with it an Image of what it would describe. The second strongly compares a Glutton to the Harpies, those Monsters of the Fable, known by their Voraciousness. The third is a lively Start of Indignation; and the fourth, by an unexpected Contradiction, gives Force both to the Comparison and Imprecation.

Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon leave out the next Line of the common Editions *Jejunus rard stomachus vulgaria temnit*, which interrupts the Regularity of the Thought, and has a vicious Ambiguity of Expression. The Scholiasts themselves know not whether *rard* should be construed with *temnit* or *jejunus*. When Children were taught to read the Manuscript Copies of Authors, their Masters often wrote on the Margin some proverbial or sententious Verse, which seemed to have a Reference to the Poet's Thought, and was contained in few Words. From thence they were afterwards taken into the Text by the Mistake, or Ignorance of Copyists.

Atque acidas mavult inulas. Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis,
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem 45
 Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. Quid? tum rhombos minùs æquora alebant?
 Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. Ergo
 Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos; 50
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.
 Sordidus à tenui victu distabit, Ofello
 Judice. Nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,
 Si te alio pravus detorseris. Avidienus,
 Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen, adhæret, 55
 Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna:
 Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; &
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
 Ille repotia, natales, aliosve dierum
 Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri 60

Caulibus

43. *Necdum omnis abacta pauperies.*] This luxurious Contempt of cheap, simple Food, was introduced but lately amongst the Romans, and consequently rose more from a capricious Love of Novelty, than from Nature. The Poet by the Word *Pauperies* tacitly sets the present expensive Luxury in opposition to ancient Frugality, as if a single modern Dish would have purchased an Entertainment for a Family of ancient Times.

DAC.

45. *Nigris oleis.*] Olives, intended for the Table, were gathered when they began to ripen, and turn black.

CRUQU.

47. *Quid? tum rhombos.*] The fanciful, fashionable Taste, is but of short Continuance; that of Nature is unalterable. You are now as fond of Turbot, as Gallonius was of Sturgeon. But were there no Turbots in his Time? Certainly there were, but no Coxcomb had made them fashionable, and the Prætor decided in favour of Sturgeon. Another Glutton brought Turbots and Storks into Vogue, and perhaps we only wait for a third Man of Taste to assure us, that a roasted Cormorant is infinitely more delicious, than Sturgeons, Turbots, and Storks.

DAC. SAN.

49. *Auctor prætorius.*] The Storks built their Nest in Safety, until the Time of Augustus, when your Prætor taught you to eat them. Asinius Sempronius, or, according to others, Rutilius Rufus, when Candidates for the Prætorship, entertained the People with a Dish of

Storks,

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THE SATIRES OF HORACE.

157

The new-caught Turbot's tainted ere he eat,
And bitter Herbs are a delicious Treat.

But still some ancient Poverty remains ;
The Egg and Olive yet a Place maintains
At great Men's Tables ; nor, till late, the Fame
Of a whole Sturgeon damn'd a Prætor's Name.

Did Ocean then a smaller Turbot yield ?
The towering Stork did once in Safety build
Her airy Nest, nor was the Turbot caught,
Till your great Prætor better Precepts taught.

Tell them, that roasted Cormorants are a Feast,
Our docile Youth obey the Man of Taste ;
But sage Ofellus marks a decent Mean
A sordid, and a frugal Meal between ;
For a profuse Expence in vain you shun,
If into sordid Avarice you run.

Avidienus, who by public Fame
Was call'd THE DOG, and merited the Name,
Wild Cornels, Olives five Years old, devour'd,
Nor, till his Wine was turn'd, his pure Libations pour'd.
When rob'd in white he mark'd with festal Mirth
His Day of Marriage, or his Hour of Birth,
From his one Bottle, of some two Pound Weight,
With Oil, of execrable Stench, replete, With

Storks. But the People, according to an ancient Epigram, revenged
the Death of the poor Birds, by refusing the Prætorship to their
Murderer. From this Refusal the Poet pleasantly calls him Prætor.

TORR.

54. *Si te alio pravus detorseris.*] This Reading is of Manuscript
Authority. It has greater Elegance, more of our Author's Manner
of Writing than *pravum*, and more justly expresses his Thought.
Duſtum in the next Line is likewise a Manuscript Reading. BENT.

55. *Avidienus, cui canis.*] In Mr. Pope's Imitations of our Author
Avidien, or his Wife (no Matter which,
For him you'll call a Dog, and her a Bitch)

Whether the Language is of Delicacy or Taste, may perhaps be
disputed, but certainly the Idea of calling a Woman a Bitch is not of
Horace. Yet our great Poet's Commentator honours it with his
Note of Admiration ; *One cannot but admire the lively Turn here given to*
the Original.

59. *Ille*

Caulibus instillat, veteris non parvus aceti.
 Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
 Utrum imitabitur? Hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.
 Mundus erit, quâ non offendat sordibus, atque
 In neutram partem cultus miser. Hic neque servis,
 Albucentis senis exemplo, dum munia dedit,
 Sævus erit; nec sic ut simplex Nævius, unctam
 Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum
 Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
 Adferat. In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
 Quæ simplex olim tibi federit. At simul assis
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis:
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. Vides ut pallidus omnis
 Cœnâ defurgat dubiâ? Quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unâ,

Atque

59. *Ille repotia.*] *Repotia* was a Festival the Day after the Nuptials when they drank whatever remained of Yesterday's Entertainment, *quia iterum potaretur.* The Construction is remarkable, *alios diem festos* for *alios qui ex diebus festi sunt.* *Albatus*, White was usually the Colour of the Roman Robe worn even at a funeral Feast. *Ipse* is a Circumstance, that strongly marks the Avarice of Avidienus. Afraid that his Guests or his Servants should be too profuse of his Oil, he pours it himself. The Poet tells us his Bottle was of two Pound Weight, as if it were his whole Store, although he was extremely rich; and the Vessel was of Horn, that it might last a long Time. All these Particulars are in Character.

TORR. SAN.

61. *Veteris non parvus aceti.*] Oldest Vinegar is sharpest and best; but Vinegar was cheaper than Oil, and the Strength of one corrected the bad Qualities of the other.

DAC. SAN.

64. *Mundus erit, quâ non offendat sordibus.*] This Reading is well supported by Manuscripts. The Poet means, *sapiens eatenus mundus erit, quâ non offendat sordibus.* The Rule, that he proposes for a wise Man, is a decent Cleanliness, *mundities non sordida*, which explains the Line before, *sordidus a tenui victu distabit.* *Cultus* is a Noun Substantive, either of good or bad Sense, and is here undetermined. *Sapiens in neutram partem cultus miser erit; non erit misere aut avarus aut profusus.*

TORR.

67. *Similes*

With his own Hand he dropp'd his Cabbage o'er,
But spar'd his oldest Vinegar no more.

How shall the Wife decide, thus urg'd between
The Proverb's ravening Wolf, and Dog obscene?
Let him avoid the equal Wretchedness
Of fordid Filth, or prodigal Excess;
Nor his poor Slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives Orders for some curious Treat:
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His Guests with greasy Water entertain.

This too is vile. Now mark, what Blessings flow
From temperate Meals; and first they can bestow
That Prime of Blessings, Health: for you'll confess
That various Meats the Stomach must oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you were,
When plain and simple was your chearful Fare;
But roast, and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
When Fowl and Shell-Fish in Confusion meet,
Sweets, turn'd to Choler, with cold Phlegm engage,
And civil War in the rack'd Stomach wage.

Behold how pale the fated Guests arise
From Suppers, puzzled with Varieties!
The Body too, with Yesterday's Excess
Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure Soul depress;
Weigh

67. *Simplex Nævius.*] We know not either Albucius or Nævius, but one was polite to Affectation, the other careless to Filthiness. Such are the Extremes of Avarice and Prodigality.

74. *Stomachoque tumultum.*] Horace hath taken this Idea from a Passage in Hippocrates, *Different Meats breed a Sedition in the Stomach; some digest sooner, and others later.* TORR.

76. *Cænâ defurgat dubiâ.*] *Surgat de cænâ dubiâ*, as *emetiri acervo* for *metiri ex acervo*, and *deproperare apio coronas*, in the Odes. *Cænâ dubiâ* seems to have been first used by Terence, *Ubi tu dubitas quid sumas* [otissimum].

78. *Divina*

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
 Alter, ubi dicto citiùs curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit. 80
 Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:
 Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare velit tenuatum corpus, ubive
 Accedent anni, & tractari molliùs ætas
 Imbecilla volet: tibi quidnam accedet ad istam, 85
 Quam puer & validus præsumis, mollitiem? seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.
 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant; non quia nasus
 Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quòd hospes
 Tardiùs adveniens vitiatum commodiùs, quàm 90
 Integrum edax dominus consumeret. Hos utinam inter
 Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!
 Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
 Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi patinæque
 Grande ferunt unà cum damno dedecus. Adde 95
 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, quum deerit egenti
 As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
 Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo 100
 Quod

78. *Divinæ particulam auræ.*] To raise the Nobleness of the Mind, Horace hath borrowed the Language of Plato, who says, that it is a Portion of the universal Soul of the World, that is, of the Divinity himself. SAN.

83. *Ubiue.*] Dr. Bentley proposed this Reading upon Authority of the Scholiast, who seems to have had it in his Copies by his Explanation of it, *Quum languescere cœperis aut senescere.* *Ubiue* makes a disagreeable Ambiguity. CUN. SAN.

91. *Integrum edax dominus.*] *Integer* hath two Significations here, entire and sweet, which are both preserved in the Translation.

92. *Prima tellus.*] In the first Ages of Rome, as if the Earth were younger and more vigorous.

98. *Jure*

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Weigh down this Portion of celestial Birth,
This Breath of God, and fix it to the Earth.

Who down to sleep from a short Supper lies,
Can to the next Day's Business vigorous rise,
Or jovial wander (when the circling Year
Brings back some festal Day) to better Cheer,
Or when his wasted Strength he would restore,
When Years approach, and Age's feeble Hour
A softer Treatment claim. But if in Prime
Of Youth and Health you take before your Time
The Luxuries of Life, where is their Aid
When Age or Sickneſs ſhall your Strength invade?

Our Fathers lov'd (and yet they had a Noſe)
A tainted Boar; but I believe they choſe
The mouldy Fragments with a Friend to eat,
Rather than eat it whole themſelves, and ſweet.
Oh! that the Earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic Race among!

Do you the Voice of Fame with Pleaſure hear?
(Sweeter than Verſe it charms the human Ear)
Behold, what Infamy and Ruin riſe
From a large Diſh, where the large Turbot lies;
Your Friends, your Neighbours, all your Folly hate,
You hate yourſelf, in vain, and curſe your Fate,
When, though you wiſh for Death, you want the Pelf
To purchaſe even a Rope to hang yourſelf.

"Theſe Precepts well may wretched Trauſius rate;
"But why to me? So large is my Eſtate,
"And ſuch an ample Revenue it brings
"To ſatiate even the Avarice of Kings."

Then

98. *Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis.*] The Senſe requires *inquis*, but the Uſage of the Latin Tongue gives the ſame Force to the third Perſon, *inquit*, as in the ninety-ninth Line of the fourth Satire, firſt Book.

Quod superat non est meliùs quo infumere possis?
 Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
 Templà ruunt antiqua Deùm? cur, improbe, caræ
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
 Uni nimirum tibi rectè semper erunt res?
 O magnus posthac inimicis risus! Uterne
 Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certiùs? hic, qui
 Pluribus adfuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;
 An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptârît idonea bello?
 Quò magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
 Integris opibus novi non latiùs usum,
 Quàm nunc accisis. Videas metato in agello
 Cum pecore & natis fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profestâ
 Quidquam, præter olus, fumosæ cum pede perna.
 At mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 Sive operum vacuo-gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
 Sed pullo atque hædo; tum pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplici ficu.

103. *Templa ruunt antiqua Deùm.*] Mr. Dac'er well observes, that Horace here makes his Court to Augustus, who had restored many Temples, and ancient Monuments.

113. *Metato in agello.*] Ofellus was involved in the same Disgrace and Ruin as Virgil, Tibullus, and Propertius. Their Estates were given by Octavius to the Veterans, who had served against Brutus and Cassius in the Battle of Philippi. That of Ofellus was given to Umbrenus, who hired its former Master to till the Ground for him, *mercede colonum*. As each Soldier had a certain Number of Acres, the Land was measured, *metato agello*, before it was divided.

117. *At mihi seu longum.*] *Seu* is of all the Manuscripts and all ancient Editions. It is hard to say whence *cum* was introduced. Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon read *longo post tempore* for *longum post tempus*, a conjectural Reading proposed by a Friend of Lambinus.

121. *Cum duplici ficu.*] *Very large*, for so the Latins used the Word *duplex*. *Figat clavus duplicibus, ne cadant.* CATO. And in Virgil

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Then why not better use this proud Excess
Of worthless Wealth? Why lives in deep Distress
A Man unworthy to be poor, or why
The Temples of the Gods in Ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy Treasure spare
To thy dear Country, Wretch, a moderate Share?
Shalt thou alone no Change of Fortune know?
Thou future Laughter to thy deadliest Foe!

But who, with conscious Spirit self-secure,
A Change of Fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such Variety of Food
Pampers his Passions, and enflames his Blood,
Or he, contented with his little Store,
And wisely cautious of the future Hour,
Who in the Time of Peace with prudent Care
Shall for th' Extremities of War prepare?

But, deeper to impress this useful Truth,
I knew the sage Ofellus in my Youth
Living, when wealthy, at no larger Rate,
Than in his present more contracted State.
I saw the hardy Hireling till the Ground
('Twas once his own Estate) and while around
His Cattle graz'd, and Children listening stood,
The chearful Swain his pleasing Tale pursued.

On working-days I had no idle Treat,
But a smok'd Leg of Pork and Greens I eat;
Yet when arriv'd some long-expected Guest,
Or rainy Weather gave an Hour of Rest,
If a kind Neighbour then a Visit paid,
An Entertainment more profuse I made;
Though with a Kid, or Pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious Fish to Rome I sent;
With Nuts and Figs I crown'd the chearful Board,
The largest that the Season could afford.

The

Post hoc ludus erat culpâ potare magistrâ :

Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo sùrgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Sæviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus ; 125

Quantum hinc imminuet ? quanto aut ego parciùs, aut vos,

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc novus incola venit ?

Nam propriæ telluris herum Natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. Nos expulit ille ;

Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris, 130

Postremum expellet certè vivacior heres.

Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes,

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus. 135

SAT.

we find *duplex dorsum*, *duplex spina*, *duplex corona* in the same Sense. This large Fig was little esteemed, consequently cheap, and therefore fit for the Table of a poor, frugal Farmer.

122. *Culpâ potare magistrâ.*] *Potare citra culpam*, *culpa tenus*, ita ut sola culpa potationem moderetur & coerceat. The present Reading is of all the Manuscripts, but hath been very differently explained. Turnebus imagines *culpa* is made the Mistress of the Feast, *magistra bibendi*, to punish any Faults the Guests committed, by making them drink a Glass extraordinary. But he mistakes the Meaning of a Passage in Plautus, which he quotes in Proof of this good Custom. *Si peccâssis, multam hic retinebo illico* ; if you commit a Fault, I shall punish you by refusing you the Glass in your Turn. Besides, either of these Customs might rather breed Disputes and Quarrels, than Mirth and good Humour, *ludus*. Lambinus proposes a conjectural Reading, *cuppa*, which is received by Mr. Dacier and others. But *cuppa* signifies a Cask, which a sober, frugal Farmer would hardly drink out in one Day. Dr. Bentley with much Caution recommends *Cupa*, as if it signified, *Copa*, *caupona*, a Woman who kept a Tavern, and to whom Ofellus sent for Wine. The present Edition takes the Manuscript-Reading, with the Sense of Mr. Sanadon, which well agrees with the Frugality of our Host. However, the Palm is yet undecided, and, in the Language of Dr. Bentley, may be given to the best Gueffer.

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Mr. Daci

The social Glass went round with Chearfulness,
 And our sole Rule was to avoid Excess.
 Our due Libations were to Ceres paid,
 To bless our Corn, and fill the rising Blade,
 While the gay Wine dispell'd each anxious Care,
 And smooth'd the wrinkled Forehead too severe.

Let Fortune rage, and new Disorders make,
 From such a Life how little can she take ?
 Or have we liv'd at a more frugal Rate
 Since this new Stranger seiz'd on our Estate ?
 Nature will no perpetual Heir assign,
 Or make the Farm his Property or mine.
 He turn'd us out : but Follies all his own,
 Or Law-suits, and their Knaveries unknown,
 Or, all his Follies and his Law-Suits past,
 Some long-liv'd Heir shall turn him out at last.
 The Farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' Name ;
 The Use alone, not Property we claim ;
 Then be not with your present Lot deprest,
 And meet the future with undaunted Breast.

SAT.

123. *Ita culmo surgetet alto.*] Is of all the Manuscripts, and the Poet means *Ita surgetet, ut pura mente Dea colebatur*. Horace uses *ex-*
placuit for *explicabat*, and attributes to Ceres the Effects of that Wine,
 which was drunk in Honour of her. Those Hopes of a plentiful Har-
 vest, with which they were inspired, dispelled their Cares. SAN.

134. *Quocirca vivite fortes.*] The Conclusion naturally follows from
 the Principles, which he laid down. Since it is certain, that all
 Things are perpetually changing, he is a Fool, who imagines or
 expects, that they shall be fixed for his particular Happiness.

That amiable Character, which Horace hath given Ofellus, and the
 pleasing Picture he hath drawn of him, would engage us to believe,
 he designed to do him some good Office with Augustus, and to per-
 suade that Prince to soften the Misfortunes of a Man, so worthy of
 his Favour and Protection. I would give something valuable, says
 Mr. Dacier, that Augustus had established him in his little Farm.

The

SAT. III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORATIUS.

DAMASIPPUS.

SI rarò scribes, ut toto non quater anno
 Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens,
 Iratus tibi, quòd vini somnique benignus
 Nil dignum sermone canas : quid fiet ? At ipsis
 Saturnalibus huc fugisti sobrius. Ergo
 Dic aliquid dignum promissis. Incipe.

HORA-

The whole World is interested in the present Satire. No Man will make the Application himself, but others take care to render him the charitable Office, and oblige him to take his Place. The Poet intends to prove, that all Mankind are Fools. Such a Proposition is little pleasing in itself, and Horace therefore pleasantly gives it to an Original, who would believe himself a great Philosopher, because he carries a great Beard, has a good Memory to retain, and a Facility of expressing the Maxims of the Stoic Schools. He is a Kind of Misanthrope, who draws up a Process against Mankind. He is a Fool, who proves very sensibly, that others are out of their Senses, and who shews, that he himself is of the Number. This general Proposition is distributed into many different Pictures, in which the principal Passions, that tyrannise over the Heart of Man, are represented. These Pictures are of exquisite Taste, and Nature appears through them all. The Poet himself is equally various. Jovial, serious, delicate, and even trifling; he amuses, attacks, flatters, and while he trifles, has always some instructive Moral in View.

It appears by the hundred eighty-fifth Line, that Horace wrote this Satire in 720, when he was about one or two and thirty Years of Age.

SAR.

Verf. 1. *Si raro scribes.*] Seven Manuscripts have preserved this Reading, and it hath been received into the Text by some of our best Editors. It refers to *quid fiet*, and *ut* signifies *adeo ut*. This Reproach, which Damasippus makes to Horace, however unjust, is very com-

MON.

SAT. III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMASIPPUS.

F hardly once a Quarter of a Year,
 So idle grown, a single Sheet appear;
 Angry at yourself, that Sleep and Wine
 Enjoy your Hours, while anxious to refine
 Your Labours past, no more your Voice you raise
 To aught, that may deserve the public Praise,
 What shall be done? When Saturn's jovial Feast
 Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober Taste,
 Either you fled. Then try the pleasing Strain:
 Come on: begin.

HORACE.

From the Moment a Man becomes an Author, he seems to
 have given a Pledge to a Company of Idlers to find Amusements for
 their Indolence.

SAN.

[Retexens] Is a Term in Weaving, and is here metaphorically
 used for correcting, and retouching a Work. This Care costs Authors
 much Trouble. Nor are they all equally capable of it, nor is it less
 dangerous to correct too much, than not to correct at all; for it often
 happens, that the Phlegm of Correction deadens the Fire of Com-
 position.

SAN.

[At it fits.] *At* is here put instead of *ab*, and the Stop is placed
 after *sobrius*. Thus Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon have
 altered the Text upon Authority of some excellent Copies. The
 Verse requires, that *sobrius* should not be separated from *fugisti*.

[Saturnalibus.] Horace did not love these noisy Diversions; a
 better Reason for his retiring into the Country, than that Sobriety,
 in which Damasippus compliments him.

SAN.

8. *Iratis*

HORATIUS.

Nil est.

Culpantur frustra calami, immeritusque laborat
Iratis natus paries Dīs atque poetis.

DAMASIPPUS.

Atqui vultus erat multa ac præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula testō.
Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin Archilocho? comites educere tantos?
Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?
Contemnere miser. Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia; aut, quidquid vitâ meliore parâsti,
Ponendum æquo animo.

HORATIUS.

Dī te, Damasippe, Deæque

Verum ob consilium donent tonfore. Sed unde
Tam bene me nôsti?

DAMASIPPUS.

Postquam omnis res mea Janum

8. *Iratis natus paries Dīs.*] The Walls of a Poet's Chamber seem built with the Curse of the Gods upon them, since the Gods have subjected them to the capricious Passions of the rhiming Tribe, who curse and strike them in their poetical Fits, as if they were the Cause of their Sterility. Quintilian describes them in their Heat of Imagination, throwing about their Arms, making a thousand Contortions and muttering Curses to themselves. All this, says he, is very ridiculous, if they be not alone. Some of our Interpreters understand this Wall, as a truly poetical Wall, cover'd with Wax, on which the Poets wrote their Midnight Inspirations.

13. *Virtute relicta.*] *Virtus* for *labor*, as *vita melior* in the following Verse for *vita laboriosa*. Business is a great Friend to Virtue, and a Life of Idleness can hardly be a Life of Innocence. Seneca, passing by the House of Servilius Vacia, who had retired into the Country, said, not unhappily, *Vacia hic situs est, Vacia is buried here*; for indeed an Idler's Life hath more of Death than Life in it. DAC, SAT.

16. *Damasippe.*] Julius Damasippus, a Senator, whom Cicero mentions in his Epistles.

17. *Damasippe.*

HORACE.

Alas ! 'tis all in vain,

While I with Impotence of Rage abuse
 My harmless Pens, the guiltless Walls accuse ;
 Walls, that seem'd rais'd in angry Heaven's Despite,
 The Curse of peevish Poets, when they write.

DAMASIPPUS.

And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great,
 When you should warm you in your Country-seat.
 Why crowd the Volumes of the Grecian Sage,
 Rang'd with the Writers of the comic Stage ?
 Think you the Wrath of Envy to appease,
 Your Virtue lost in Idleness and Ease ?
 Unhappy Bard, to sure Contempt you run ;
 Then learn the Siren Indolence to shun,
 Or poorly be content to lose the Fame,
 Which your past Hours of better Life might claim.

HORACE.

Sage Damasippus, may the Powers divine,
 For this same excellent Advice of thine,
 Give thee a Barber, in their special Grace,
 To nurse your Beard, that Wisdom of the Face.
 Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known.

DAMASIPPUS.

When I had lost all Business of my own,

And

17. *Donent tonsore.*] Our Poet knows not better how to express his Gratitude, for the solemn, charitable Advices, that Damasippus had given him, than by wishing him a good Barber; for the Stoics valued nothing so much, as this wise and venerable Length of Hair. From hence the Proverb, *Barbâ tenus sapientes*, and all the pleasant Ridicule in Lucian upon this Mark of Wisdom. We shall find the Beard itself called wise, in the thirty-fifth Line.

18. *Janum ad medium.*] The Name of Janus was sometimes given to those great Arcades, which crossed the Streets of Rome. Livy tells us there were three of them erected in the Forum, the middle of

Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
 Excussus propriis. Olim nam quærere amabam, 20
 Quo vaser ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære;
 Quid sculptum infabrè, quid fustum duriùs esset:
 Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum;
 Hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus
 Cum lucro nôram: unde frequentia Mercuriali 25
 Imposuere mihi cognomen compita.

HORATIUS.

Novi,

Et miror morbi purgatum te illius.

DAMASIPPUS.

Atqui

Emovit veterem mirè novus, ut solet, in cor
 Trajecto lateris miseri capitivæ dolore:
 Ut lethargicus hic quum sit pugil, & medicum urget. 30

HORATIUS.

Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut libet.

DAMASIPPUS.

O bone, ne te

Frustr

which Horace means, and which he distinguishes from the *Janus sum-*
mus, and *Janus imus*. The Reader may see the Note on the fifty-
 fourth Line, first Epistle, first Book.

19. *Aliena negotia curo.*] This is in perfect Character. When he
 had nothing of his own to do, he was impertinently busy in the Af-
 fairs of others. A wise Occupation for a Philosopher. DAC

23. *Callidus.*] Damasippus is an Original. He confesses he was
 ruined by bad Bargains, yet boasts of his Skill and Cunning, as if he
 never had been deceived. *Callidus cum lucro.* DAC

25. *Mercuriali.*] Such is the Reading of Mr. Cuningham and Sa-
 nadon, as of more Elegance than *Mercuriale*, or *Mercurialis*. Dama-
 sippus, ever in Character, boasts of a Surname, which was given him in
 Raillery. Mercury was the God of Commerce, and when a Man has
 an uncommon Skill in buying and selling, he was usually called *Mer-*
curialis, or *Favourite of Mercury*. A Number of Merchants, in 259
 formed themselves into a Body with this Title, and dedicated a Temple

And at th' Exchange my ship-wreck'd Fortunes broke,
 I minded the Affairs of other Folk.
 In rare Antiques full curious was my Taste ;
 Here the rude Chizzel's rougher Strokes I trac'd ;
 In flowing Brass a vicious Hardness found,
 Or bought a Statue for five hundred Pound,
 A perfect Connoisseur. At gainful Rate,
 I purchas'd Gardens, or a Mansion-Seat.
 Thus, through the City was I known to Fame,
 And Mercury's favourite my public Name.

HORACE.

I knew your Illness, and amaz'd beheld
 Your sudden Cure.

DAMASIPPUS.

A new Disease expell'd
 My old Disorder : as when changing Pains
 Fly to the Stomach from the Head and Reins.
 Thus the Lethargic, starting from his Bed,
 In boxing Frenzy broke his Doctor's Head.

HORACE.

Spare but this Frenzy, use me as you please——

DAMASIPPUS.

Good Sir, don't triumph in your own Disease.

For

to the God. Mercury was himself a God of many Surnames, which
 are pleasantly reckoned up in the Plutus of Aristophanes.

28. *Cor.*] The Latins used the Word *Cor*, in Imitation of the Greek
κορυνη, to signify the Stomach.

30. *Ut lethargicus hic.*] It is not impossible, that such a Fact might
 have happened, for there is great Danger, that the hot and violent
 Remedies, used for rousing a Patient out of a Lethargy, may throw
 him into the contrary Disorder, a Frenzy. DAC.

Frustrere; insanis & tu, stultique prope omnes,
 Si quid Stertinius veri crepat; unde ego mira
 Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
 Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam,
 Atque à Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
 Nam, malè re gestâ, quum vellem mittere operto
 Me capite in flumen, dexter stetit, &

35

STERTINIUS.

Cave faxis

Te quidquam indignum; pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
 Infanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi.

40

Primùm nam inquiram, quid sit furere: hoc si erit in te
 Solo; nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.

Quem mala stultitia, & quæcunque inscitia veri
 Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus & grex

Autu-

32. *Stultique prope omnes.*] It was an absurd and ridiculous Maxim among the Stoics, that all vicious People were equally Fools and Mad-men. *Prope* does not therefore lessen the Universality of the Proposition, for the Latins frequently use *prope* and *fere* for *semper*. In the next Line *si* is not said in any Manner of Doubt, but has the Force of an Affirmative.

36. *A Fabricio ponte.*] It is now called in Italian, *The Bridge of the four Heads*, from a four-faced Statue of Janus erected near it.

37. *Operto capite.*] They, who devoted themselves to Death for the Good of their Country, covered their Heads with their Robe, and it is pleasant enough to see Damasippus doing that, in an Excess of Despair and Folly, which Decius did in a Transport of Religion and Generosity. This Image gives Rise to the Raillery of Stertinius when he says, *nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.* SAN.

38. *Dexter.*] *Opportunus, propitius.* The Right was by the Ancients esteemed the lucky Side.

Cave faxis.] The Stoics despised Death, when it was honourable or necessary, but to drown himself in Despair was a villainous Death for a Philosopher. The Pleasantry of the Scene arises from the Solemnity, with which Stertinius is going to convince him he was a Fool, and then advising him not to do any thing, which may dishonour his Character.

SAN. DAC

39. Ang

For all are Fools or Mad, as well as you,
 At least, if what Stertinius says, be true,
 Whose wondrous Precepts I with Transport heard,
 What Time he bad me nurse this reverend Beard,
 Cheerful from the Fabrician Bridge depart,
 And with the Words of Comfort fill'd my Heart.

For when, my Fortune lost, resolv'd I stood,
 Covering my Head, to plunge into the Flood,
 Propitious he address me ———

STERTINIUS.

Friend, take heed,

Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy Deed.

'Tis but a vicious Modesty to fear

Among the Mad a Madman to appear.

But listen heedful first, while I explain

What Madness is, what Errour of the Brain ;

And if in you alone appear its Power,

Then bravely perish : I shall say no more.

Whom vicious Follies, or whom Falshood, blind,
 Are by the Stoics held of madding Kind.

All

39. *Angit.*] Is of several Manuscripts, and received by many excellent Editions. instead of *urget*, which could not with Elegance be repeated here, since the Poet used it in the Thirtieth Line.

41. *Hoc si erat in te solo.*] This is a Conclusion worthy of the false Principles he has laid down. Instead of curing the Follies of his Disciple, Stertinius rather authorises, at least excuses them, by saying they are almost universal. A Physician, who instead of curing his Patient, should comfort him, by telling him, that all the World were sick of the same Distemper, would appear a very bad Physician. But the Philosopher, who comforts a Man in his Vices by saying, there are numberless Examples of them, might indeed cure his Sense of Shame, his *pudor malus*, but would as certainly ruin his Morals, as such a Physician must destroy the Health of his Patient.

44. *Cbryssippi porticus.*] Was a famous Gallery at Athens, where Zeno held his School, which from the Greek Word *Σταῖα*, *Porticus*, took the Name of Stoic. No other Philosophy taught Mankind more Pride, by pretending to give them an Empire over themselves,

Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges, 45
 Excepto sapiente, tenet. Nunc accipe, quare
 Desipiant omnes æquè ac tu, qui tibi nomen
 Insano posuere. Velut sylvis, ubi passim
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
 Ille finistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit: unus utrimque 50
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus: hoc te
 Crede modo insanum: nihilò ut sapientior ille,
 Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. Est genus unum
 Stultitiæ nihilùm metuenda timentis; ut ignes,
 Ut rupes, fluviosque in campo ob stare queratur; 55
 Alterum & huic varium & nihilò sapientius, ignes
 Per medios fluviosque ruentis. Clamet amica
 Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis pater, uxor:
 Hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima, serva:
 Non magis audierit, quam Fufius ebrius olim 60
 Quum Ilionam edormit; Catienis mille ducentis,
 MATER, TE APPELLO, clamantibus. Huic ego vulgus
 Errori

and their Passions. But this pretended Empire only rendered them really unhappy by amusing them with chimerical Ideas of an impracticable Virtue. SAN.

45. *Formula.*] Was a Law-Word, signifying the Rules of Practice in conducting a Process.

50. *Utrimque.*] Mr. Cuningham made this little Alteration. *Passim palantes* give an Idea of a Number of Travellers, and such an Idea better agrees with the Sense of the Poet, than either *utrique* or *utrisque*. *Hic* and *ille* may be understood as Plurals, *bi* and *illi*.

53. *Caudam trahat.*] A Metaphor, as the old Commentator well observes, taken from a Custom amongst Children, who tied a Tail behind a Person, whom they had a mind to laugh at.

Est genus unum.] Stertinius, better to prove his Assertion, begins with establishing it by two Examples, which cannot be disputed. From thence, as from an acknowledged Principle, he would prove by Comparison, that there are more Fools in the World, than we generally imagine. SAN.

61. *Ilionam edormit.*] The Translator hath hazarded this Expression. It is, in the Original, of peculiar Force and Beauty.

All but the Wise are by this Process bound,
The subject Nations, and the Monarch crown'd,
And they, who call you Fool, with equal Claim
May plead an ample Title to the Name.

When in a Wood we leave the certain Way,
One Errour fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, some turn to t'other Side;
So he, who dares thy Madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a Fool,
Behind him trails his Mark of Ridicule.
For various Follies fill the human Breast,
As, with unreal Terrours when possesst,
A Wretch in superstitious Frenzy cries,
"Lo! in the Plain, Fires, Rocks, and Rivers rise!"

A different Madness, though not less, inspires
The Fool, who rushes wild through Streams and Fires;
His Mother, Sister, Father, Friends and Wife,
Cry out, in vain, Ah! yet preserve thy Life;
That head-long Ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging Precipice! no more he hears,
Than drunken Fufius lately at the Play
Who fairly slept Ilione away,
While the full Pit, with clamorous thousands, cries,
AWAKE, DEAR MOTHER, TO MY AID, ARISE.

Now

60. *Fufius*.] For such is the Name in seven Manuscripts, was an Actor, who playing the Character of Ilione, was supposed to be asleep, when the Ghost of her Son Polydore called to her, *Dear Mother, bear me*. Fufius having drunk too much, fell really asleep; and Catienus, who played Polydore, having called to him, without waking him, the whole House, as if each of them was a Catienus, cried out, *Dear Mother, bear me*. The Number of two hundred thousand is a pleasant Exaggeration. Accius or Pacuvius, wrote a Tragedy on the Story of Ilione, and the whole Passage is preserved to us in Cicero, which, perhaps, the Reader may be willing to see.

Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo :

Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor ? Esto :

Accipe, quod nunquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam ;

Túne insanus eris, si acceperis ? an magis excors

Rejectâ prædâ, quam præsens Mercurius fert ?

Scribe decem à Nerio : non est satis ; adde Cicutæ

Nodosi tabulas, centum mille adde catenas ;

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

Quum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,

Fiet aper, modò avis, modò faxum, et quum volet,
arbor,

Si malè rem gerere infani est, contra, bene sani ;

Putidius multò cerebrum (mihi crede) Perilli est

Dictantis, quod tu nunquam rescribere possis.

Audire

*Mater, te appello, tu quæ somno curam suspensam levas,
Neque te mei miseret, surge & sepeli natum
Priusquam feræ volucresque —*

Polydore calls his Sister, Mother, because he was educated under her Care, or because it was a general Name of Tendernefs and Respect. One thing more we may learn from this Passage, that Men played the Characters of Women, although there were Actresses on the Roman Stage.

66. *Accipe, quod nunquam reddas.*] Stertinius goes on to prove, not only that Damasippus is not a Fool in buying Statues, since he does not pay for them, but that he would be a Fool indeed, to refuse the Favour, which Mercury offers him in the Credulity of Perillius. DAC.

69. *Scribe decem à Nerio :*] *A Nerii manu ; Nerii de mensâ*, from the Bank of Nerius. There are now three Persons on the Scene ; Damasippus, the Borrower ; Perillius, the Lender ; and Nerius, the Banker, in whose Hands Perillius had lodged his Money, and in whose Books, the Person, who borrowed any Sum, was obliged to write his Name and specify the Sum. As for Instance, *I Damasippus have received from Nerius the Banker ten thousand Sesterces, belonging to Perillius.* *Scribe decem à Nerio*, are the Words of Perillius to Damasippus, which Horace puts into the Mouth of Stertinius, as an Answer to what he had just said, that Perillius was a Fool to lend so much Money to Damasippus.

Now listen while full clearly I maintain
 Such is the vulgar Errour of the Brain.
 Some rare Antique, suppose, your Madness buys;
 Is he, who lends the Money, less unwise?
 Or if the Usurer Perillius said,
 Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid,
 Are you a Fool to take it, or not more
 T'affront the God, who sends the shining Store?

PERILLIUS.

Ay; but I make him on a Banker draw——

STERTINIUS.

'Tis not enough: add all the Forms of Law;
 The knotty Contracts of Cicuta's Brain,
 This wicked Proteus shall escape the Chain:
 Drag him to Justice, he's a Bird, Tree, Stone,
 And laughs, as if his Cheeks were not his own.

If bad Oeconomists are held unwise,
 In good Oeconomy some Wisdom lies,
 And then Perillius is of tainted Brain,
 Who takes your Bond, to sue for it in vain.

Come

pus. I am not such a Fool as you imagine, says Perillius, for I made him write a Receipt for it in the Banker's Registry. DAC.

Non est satis.] Stertinius addresses himself to Perillius, and this quick, unmarked Change of the Speaker hath made great Part of the Difficulty, which the Commentators have always acknowledged in this Passage. The Translator hath made Perillius himself speak the Words *Scribe decem à Nerio*, but he would not venture to take such a Liberty with the Original, although the next Words *non est satis* might seem to authorise it.

69. *Cicutæ nodosi tabulas.*] Cicuta was an old Notary, who knew too well the Practice of Bonds, to neglect any Clauses or Forms, capable of binding these Engagements. Such is the Force of *nodosus*. *Tabulæ* are the Bonds of Contracts, from whence Notaries were called *tabularii*.

72. *Malis ridentem alienis.*] People are not usually too careful of what belongs to others, from whence this Kind of proverbial Expression,

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
 Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore ;
 Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,
 Aut alio mentis morbo calet ; huc propiùs me, 80
 Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
 Danda est ellebori multò pars maxima avaris :
 Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
 Heredes Staberî summam incidere sepulcro :
 Nî sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum 85
 Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arrî, &
 Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego pravè,
 Seu rectè hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi. Credo
 Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidisse —

DAMA-

tion, *Laughing with another Man's Cheeks.* Mr. Dacier very well observes, that our Poet hath translated it from Homer, when he says of Penelope's Lovers,

Οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γέλαον ἀλλοτρίοις.

Odyss. XX. Lib. 346. V.

77. *Togam componere.*] Stertinius is so well persuaded of the Truth and Importance of the Maxims, which he is preparing to display, that he demands a long Audience, and declares he will not be interrupted. It is true, he says many excellent Things, but that pedantic, original Air with which he says them, only convinces us, he is not less a Fool, than those, whom he pretends to instruct. DAC.

81. *Dum doceo insanire omnes.*] In a modest and obliging Resolution of convincing Mankind, that they are Fools and Madmen, he calls to all, who have either Fellies or Vices, and desires them to attend his Lecture. A large Audience indeed, but to prevent Confusion, he bids them approach in Order, *vos ordine adite.*

82. *Danda est elleb'ori.*] Hellebore was not only used in Sicknèss by the Ancients, but to give Force and Vigour to the Wit when they were in Health. Valerius Maximus tells us Carneades used it with great Success, whenever he was to dispute with Chrysippus, from whence it was in great Esteem among all, who had a Passion for solid Praise.

86. *Damnati*

Come all, whose Breasts with bad Ambition rise,
Or the pale Passion, that for Money dies,
With Luxury, or Superstition's Gloom,
Whate'er Disease your Health of Mind consume,
Compose your Robes; in decent Ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with Reverence hear.

Misers make whole Anticyra their own:
Its Hellebore reserv'd for them alone.

Staberius thus compell'd his Heirs t'engrave
On his proud Tomb what Legacies he gave,
Or stand condemn'd to give the Crowd a Feast,
By Arrius form'd in Elegance of Taste,
And Gladiators, even an hundred Pair,
With all the Corn of Afric's fruitful Year.
Such is my Will, and whether Fool or Wise,
I scorn your Censures the Testator cries,
Wisely perceiving———

DAMA-

86. *Damnati populo.*] Alluding to the Form of the Will, in which the Testator required any thing of his Heir, *HERES DAMNAS ESTO*. Staberius is another Original; he orders his Heirs to lay out that Wealth in a vain, ridiculous Extravagance, which he had raised by denying himself the Necessaries of Life. Yet there is nothing too ridiculous for Imitation. Torrentius hath found an Epitaph of a Physician, almost in the same Form as that of Staberius; what Sums of Money he had given to the Public in his Life, and what he was possessed of at his Death.

Arbitrio Arri.] Arrius, whom Staberius makes his Executor, was probably one of the Priests, called *septemviri epulones*, who were appointed to regulate the *Lectisternia*, those religious Feasts, in which the Statues of the Gods were invited to sit with their Worshippers.

87. *Sive ego pravè.*] These Words are supposed to be spoken by Staberius. *Every Man is Master of his own Fortune, then why should you presume to censure me for the Disposal of mine?* *Patruus*, an Uncle, was a sort of proverbial Name for any severe, ill-natured Censurer, because Uncles are generally less indulgent to their Nephews, than Parents are to their Children. We are obliged to Mr. Dacier for the Explanation of this whole Passage.

DAMASIPPUS.

Quid ergo

Sensit, quum summam patrimonî inculpere saxo 90
 Heredes voluit ?

STERTINIUS.

Quoad vixit, credidit ingens

Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acriùs : ut, si
 Fortè minùs locuples uno quadrante perisset,
 Ipse videretur sibi nequior. Omnis enim res,
 Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris 95
 Divitiis parent ; quas qui construxerit, ille
 Clarus erit, fortis, justus—

DAMASIPPUS.

Sapiensne ?

STERTINIUS.

Etiam & rex,

Et quidquid volet. Hoc, veluti virtute paratum,
 Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
 Græcus Aristippus ? qui servos projicere aurum 100
 In mediâ jussit Libyâ, quia tardiùs irent
 Propter onus segnes. Uter est insanior horum ?

DAMASIPPUS.

Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.

STERTINIUS.

Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum,
 Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli ; 105
 Si

91. *Quoad vixit.*] This making *quoad* one Syllable is a remarkable Instance of poetical Licence. We find it used by Lucretius in the same manner, *quoad licet, ac poties.*

100. *Græcus Aristippus.*] Aristippus was the Chief of the Cyrenaic Sect. He held, that Pleasure was the *summum bonum*, and Virtue only valuable, as it was a Means of gaining that Pleasure. Epicurus was perfectly rigid, when compared to his Master Aristippus, and by our Author's Manner of mentioning him in many Parts of his Works, we may believe he was no Enemy to so convenient a Philosophy. Staberius, who was a Stoic, has given an ill-natured Turn to this Story,

DAMASIPPUS.

What could he perceive,
Thus on his Tomb his Fortune to engrave ?

STERTINIUS.

Long as he liv'd he look'd on Poverty,
And shun'd it as a Crime of blackest Dye ;
And had he died one Farthing less in Pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless Villain to himself ;
For Virtue, Glory, Beauty, all divine
And human Powers, immortal Gold ! are thine ;
And he, who piles the shining Heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just ———

DAMASIPPUS.

You will not call him wise.

STERTINIUS.

Yes ; any thing ; a Monarch, if he please ;
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of Praise,
By latest Times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his Virtue had his Wealth acquir'd.

When Aristippus, on the Lybian Waste
Commands his Slaves, because it stop'd their Haste,
To throw away his Gold, does he not seem
To be as mad, in opposite Extreme ?

DAMASIPPUS.

By such Examples, Truth can ne'er be tried :
They but perplex the Question, not decide.

STERTINIUS.

If a Man fill'd his Cabinet with Lyres,
Whom neither Music charms, nor Muse inspires :

Should

Story, which is much commended by Cicero ; for Aristippus had only one Slave, whom he commanded to throw away as much of his Money, as was too heavy to carry.

DAC. SAN.

104. *Si quis emat citharas.*] Stertinius allows the Force of the Objection, that it is impossible to decide, who is the greater Fool, Staberius

Si scalpra ac formas non futor ; nautica vela
 Aversus mercaturis : delirus & amens
 Undique dicatur meritò. Quî discrepat istis,
 Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
 Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum? 110
 Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
 Porrectus vigilet longo cum fuste, neque illinc
 Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum ;
 Ac potiùs foliis parcus vescatur amaris :
 Si, positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni 115
 Mille cadis, nihil est, tercentum millibus, acre
 Potet acetum ; age, si & stramentis incubet unde-
 octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
 Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ :
 Nimirum insanus paucis videatur ; eò quòd 120
 Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
 Filius, aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat heres,
 Dîs inimice senex, custodis, ne tibi desit ?
 Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,
 Ungere si caules oleo meliore, caputque 125
 Cœperis impexâ fœdum porrigine ? quare,
 Si quidvis satis est, perjuras, surripis, aufers
 Undique ? tun' sanus ? Populum si cædere faxis

Incipias,

rius or Aristippus ; but he now gives other Instances to determine the Question in Favour of the Prodigal against the Miser. Money to a Miser, is like an Instrument of Music in the Hands of a Man, who knows not how to play on it. They both owe their Harmony to the Art of using them.

109. *Nummos aurumque recondit.*] To hide our Riches is not only a Folly, but an Injustice and a Robbery, since Mankind have a natural Right to the Circulation of what was taken out of the Earth for public Use.

SAN.

114. *Foliis amaris.*] Are usually explained, *Wild Herbs*, that are not so sweet as those of the Garden. Mr. Dacier thinks the Poet means, *Herbs undrest ; without Oil or Butter.*

128. Tun'

Should he buy Lafts and Knives, who never made
 A Shoe; or if a Wight, who hated Trade,
 The Sails and Tackle for a Veffel bought,
 Madman or Fool he might be juftly thought.
 But, prithee, where's the Difference, to behold
 A Wretch, who heaps and hides his darling Gold;
 Who knows not how to ufe the mafly Store,
 Yet dreads to violate the facred Ore?

With a long Club, and ever-open Eyes,
 To guard his Corn its wretched Mafter lies,
 Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded Grain,
 While bitter Herbs his frugal Life fustain;
 If in his Cellar lie a thoufand Flasks
 (Nay, let them rife to thrice a thoufand Casks)
 Of old Falernian, or the Chian Vine,
 Yet if he drink mere Vinegar for Wine;
 If, at fourfcore, of Straw he made his Bed,
 While Moths upon his rotting Carpet fed,
 By few, forfooth, a Madman he is thought,
 For half Mankind the fame Difafe have caught.

Thou Dotard, curfed in the Love of Pelf,
 For fear of ftarving, will you ftarve yourfelf?
 Or do you this ill-gotten Treasure fave
 For a luxurious Son, or favourite Slave?
 How little would thy Mafs of Money wafte,
 Did you on better Oil and Cabbage feaft,
 Or on thy clotted Hair, and dandruff-Head,
 A fweeter, more expenfive, Effence fhed?

If Nature wifh for no immoderate Store,
 When you forfwear, and rob, and ftal for more,

Still

128. *Tun' fanus?*] We have here a new Scene. Stertinus addrefses himfelf to the Perfons, whom he had called to pafs in Review before him. *Vos ordine adite.* He now fpeaks to one, who had poisoned his

Incipias, servosve, tuo quos ære parâris ;
 Insanum te omnes pueri, clamentque puellæ. 130
 Quum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,
 Incolumi capite es? Quid enim? neque tu hoc facis
 Argis,

Nec ferro, ut demens, genitricem occidis, Orestes.
 An tu reris eum occisâ insanisse parente?
 Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quàm 135
 In matris jugulo ferrum teperfecit acutum?
 Quin, ex quo est habitus malè tutæ mentis Orestes,
 Nil sanè fecit quod tu reprehendere possis ;
 Non Pyladen ferro violare, aususve sororem est
 Electram ; tantum maledicit utrique, vocando 140
 Hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.
 Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus & auri,
 Qui Veientanum festis potare diebus
 Campanâ solitus trullâ, vappamque profestis,
 Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus ; ut heres 145
 Jam circum loculos & claves lætus ovanisque

Curreret.

his Mother, and to another, who had strangled his Wife, to get into Possession of a large Estate, or rich Portion. Thus Avarice is regularly conducted through all its Degrees, until it rise to Murder and Parricide.

TORR.

129. *Tuo quos.*] Is a conjectural Reading, but nothing more true, says Dr. Bentley, ever came from the Tripod of Apollo. It has been received into the Text by all our best Editors, and the Doctor would lay any Wager, that Horace never wrote *tuos*.

132. *Quid enim?*] Mr. Dacier here introduces, without any Necessity, a third Person, whom he calls Scæva, and to whom he gives these Words. Stertinius continues to speak, and pleasantly softens this Murder by saying, it was not committed in Argos ; that he did not shed his Mother's Blood ; and that what Orestes did in the Violence of Madness, the Miser hath done in cold, temperate Folly. This Passage hath appeared difficult, by not observing, that Stertinius here distinguishes between Folly and Madness, which he had before confounded ; and that our Poet speaks of this Tragedy, as it was played on the Roman Stage, without following the Traditions of the Greek Theatre. *Occidis* is of seven Manuscripts.

SAN.

138. N

Still are you found? But, when your Folly raves,
 If you should stone the People, or your Slaves:
 Those Slaves, whom you with Pelf, how precious! buy,
 Our Boys and Girls a Madman, Madman, cry.
 Is your Head safe, although you hang your Wife,
 Or take by Poison your old Mother's Life?
 What! nor in Argos you commit the Deed,
 Nor did your Mother by a Dagger bleed;
 Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain——
 But was Orestes of untainted Brain,
 Or was he not by Furies dire possess'd,
 Before he plung'd his Dagger in her Breast?

Yet from the Time you hold him hurt in Mind,
 His Actions are of harmless, blameless Kind.
 He neither stabs his Sister, nor his Friend;
 In a few Curses his worst Passions end;
 He calls her Fury, or whatever Names

Flow from a Breast, which Choler high inflames.

Poor was Opimius, though full rich his Chest,
 In earthen Cups, on some more solemn Feast,
 Quaff'd the crude Juices of a meagre Vine,
 On Week-Days dead and vapid was his Wine,
 When with an heavy Lethargy oppress'd,
 His Heir in Triumph ran from Chest to Chest; Swift

138. *Nil sanè facit.*] From the Time, that Orestes was thought mad, all his Actions rather deserved our Compassion, than our Indignation. But he was really mad before he killed his Mother, because he was actuated by the most criminal and violent Passions, with which he was haunted, as by so many Furies. They made him commit the Murder. Such is the State of all Madmen. When their Madness hath discovered itself, they are not so dangerous, or mischievous, as when concealed under an Appearance of good Sense and right Reason. SAN.

142. *Opimius.*] There was an illustrious House in Rome of this Name, yet Mr. Sanaden thinks, it may here possibly be a fictitious Name, and that our Poet, in a kind of jesting, not unusual in him, is playing upon the Opposition of the Words *pauper* and *opimius*, derived from *opinus*, rich, fertile. Can this Criticism engage the Reader to excuse the Translation of this Line, *Poor was Opimius*, &c?

Curreret. Hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis
 Excitat hoc pacto ; mensam poni jubet, atque
 Effundi faggos nummorum, accedere plures
 Ad numerandum ; hominem sic erigit. Addit & illud :
 Nî tua custodis, avidus jam jam auferet heres. 151
 Men' vivo ? Ut vivas igitur, vigila ; hoc age. Quid vis ?
 Deficient inopem venæ te, nî cibus atque
 Ingens acciderit stomacho fultura ruenti.
 Tu cessas ? Agedum : fume hoc ptisanarium oryzæ. 155
 Quanti emtæ ? Parvo. Quanti ergo ? Octussibus. Eheu !
 Quid refert morbo, an furtis peream, anne rapinis ?

DAMASIPPUS.

Quisnam igitur sanus ?

STERTINIUS.

Qui non stultus.

DAMASIPPUS.

Quid avarus ?

STERTINIUS.

Stultus & insanus.

DAMA-

147. *Celer atque fidelis.*] Who had a Friendship for his Patient, and an Application, to watch the Turns of his Disorder, which escape in a Moment, and on which the Success of a Medicine depends. Cicero says of his Physician, *In quâ quum ipsa scientia, tum etiam fidelitate benevolentiaque satisfecit.*

151. *Jam jam auferet.*] This Correction is taken from Heinius. *Hæc* or *hoc* is useless to the Sense or Construction, and only lessens the Vivacity of the Action. CUN. SAN.

154. *Ingens, accedit.*] *Powerful, strong.* Dr. Bentley, who understands it of a Quantity of Food, improper for a sick Man, would have us read *præfers*. Mr. Cunningham proposes *insans*, which is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon.

155. *Tu cessas.*] This Reading appears in all the Manuscript and all Editions before Muretus, who thought proper to change it for *quid*. Pijet.

Swift to his Aid his faithful Doctor flies,
 And this Expedient to awake him tries ;
 From out his Bags pours out the shining Store,
 And bids a Crowd of People count it o'er ;
 Then plac'd the Table ne'er his Patient's Bed,
 And loud, as if he rouz'd him from the Dead,
 " Awake, and guard your Wealth ; this Moment wake :
 " Your ravening Heir will every Shilling take."
 What ! while I live ? " Then wake, that you may
 live ;

" Here take the best Prescription I can give.
 " Your bloodless Veins, your Appetite will fail,
 " Unless you raise them by a powerful Meal.
 " Take this Ptisane—" What will it cost ? Nay, hold.
 " A very Trifle." Sir, I will be told. ———
 " Three Pence." — Alas ! what does it signify,
 Whether by Doctors, or by Thieves I die ?

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then is found ?

STERTINIUS.

Whoever's not a Fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

What think you of the Miser ?

STERTINIUS.

By my Rule,

Both Fool and Madman.

DAMA-

Ptisanarium oryzae.] The first of these Words is properly a Ptisane made of Barley ; when it was made of any other Grain, they always named it, to shew the Difference. Horace means a Kind of Rice-water, but our Commentators usually understand it of Rice-milk, a pleasant Remedy for a Man in a Lethargy. SAN.

156. *Ostusibus.*] Such is the Reading of all the Manuscripts, and all ancient Editions. Lambinus first changed it for *otto assibus*.

161. Car-

DAMASIPPUS.

Quid? si quis non sit avarus,

Continuò sanus?

STERTINIUS.

Minimè.

DAMASIPPUS.

Cur, Stoice?

STERTINIUS.

Dicam.

160

Non est cardiacus (Craterum dixisse putato)

Hic æger: rectè est igitur, furgetque? Negabit:

Quòd latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.

Non est perjurus, neque sordidus; immolet æquis

Hic porcam Laribus: verùm ambitiosus & audax; 165

Naviget Anticyram. Quid enim differt, balatroni

Dones quidquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?

Servius Oppidius Canusî duo prædia, dives

Antiquo censu, natis divisse duobus

Fertur,

161. *Cardiacus.*] Is properly a Person of weak Appetite. Pliny prescribes Wine, as the only Remedy for this Disorder, and Varro says, his Physician drank Chian Wine for it.

164. *Immolet æquis, &c.*] All the good and bad Accidents, that happened in Families, were generally attributed to the domestic Gods, and as these Gods were the Sons of the Goddess of Madness, they were particularly worshipped by Persons disordered in their Understanding. Stertinius therefore advises the Man, who by the Favour of these Gods is neither perjured, nor a Miser, gratefully to sacrifice a Swine to them, which was their usual Sacrifice. *Lares avidaque porcâ.* Ovid. XXIII. Lib. II.

TORN

166. *Balatroni.*] Since the Time of the Scholiasts this Word hath been differently read. The present Reading is of two Manuscripts and received by Mr. Cunningham and Sanadon into the Text. The Latins used the Word for *homo nibili, nequam, decoctor, scurra*. Young Gentlemen of Fortune endeavoured to engage People of this Kind to support them, when they proposed to stand Candidates for an Employment, or Office in the State. Horace therefore says, what Difference is there, whether Avarice deprive you of the Use of your Money, or Ambition squander it away upon such Wretches? They who read

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168.

Passions

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DAMASIPPUS.

Is he sound and well,

If not a Miser?

STERTINIUS.

No.

DAMASIPPUS.

I prithee tell,

Good Stoic, why?

STERTINIUS.

Let us suppose you heard

An able Doctor, who perchance declar'd
His Patient's Stomach good; yet shall he rise,
Or, is he well? Ah! no, the Doctor cries,
Because a keen Variety of Pains
Attack the Wretch's Side, or vex his Reins.

You are not perjur'd, nor to Gold a Slave;
Let Heaven your grateful Sacrifice receive.

But if your Breast with bold Ambition glows,
Set sail where Hellebore abundant grows.

For, prithee, say, what Difference can you find,
Whether to Scoundrels of the vilest Kind

You throw away your Wealth in lewd Excess,
Or know not to enjoy what you possess?

When rich Oppidius, as old Tales relate,
To his two Sons divided his Estate,

Two

baratbrone, and understand *baratbrum* for *gula*, *venter*, *abdomen*, mistake the Sense of the Poet. Stertinius is not yet addressing himself to Debauchees and Libertines, whom he reserves for the two hundred twenty-fourth Line, *nunc age luxuriam*, &c. We are obliged to Dr. Bentley for the greater Part of this Note.

168. *Servius Oppidius*.] An attentive Father will remark in the Passions of his Children those Motives and Springs of their Actions, which are imperceptible to others, and which are capable of leading them into great Misfortunes, if there be not early Care taken to determine their Force, and regulate their Motions. We know nothing more of this wise Father, nor of his Sons.

SAN.

172. *Ludere*

Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis 170
 Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
 Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & ludere vidi:
 Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem;
 Extimui, ne vos ageret vefania discors;
 Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam; 175
 Quare per divos oratus uterque Penates,
 Tu cave ne minuas; tu ne majus facias id,
 Quod satis esse putat pater, & Natura coërcet.
 Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure-
 Jurando obstringam ambo: uter ædilis fuerit, vel 180
 Vestrum prætor, is intestabilis & sacer esto.
 In cicere, atque fabâ, bona tu perdasque lupinis,
 Latus ut in circo spatiere, & æneus ut stes,
 Nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis?
 Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu, 185
 Astuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem?
 Ne quis humâsse velit Ajacem, Atrida, vetas cur?

AGA-

172. *Ludere.*] Dr. Bentley, with his usual Spirit of reforming the Text, would have us read *perdere* instead of *ludere*, and hath supported it with so much Probability, that Mr. Cuninghame acknowledges some Correction necessary; but unwilling to receive that of the Doctor, proposes *credere*, which is received by Mr. Sanadon. Such violent conjectural Alterations may do Honour to their critical Sagacity, but should never be received without greater Necessity, than appears in the present Instance. *Tali* does not here properly signify Dice, but Bones with which Children used to play, as *nuces* were Balls of Ivory *ocellata* or round Stones. As this could not be made intelligible to an English Reader, the Translator hath only mentioned Play things in general.

179. *Ne vos titillet gloria.*] The last eight Lines of this good Father's Discourse, as Mr. Sanadon well observes, is a Sort of Transition to prepare us for the following Character, in which the Poet shews to what criminal Excesses we are carried by Ambition.

183. *Latus.*] Is generally understood *inflatus*, *tumidus*, *superbus*; but Mr. Sanadon thinks it a Participle of the Verb *fero*, as in Ovid, *hic latus & illuc*. Persons of Distinction were frequently carried by six Slaves in a Chair, from thence called *hexaphorus*.

Et

Two ancient Farms, he call'd them to his Bed,
 And dying, thus, with faltering Accent, said;
 In your loose Robe when I have seen you bear
 Your Play-things, Aulus, with an heedless Air,
 Or careless give them to your Friends away,
 Or with a Gamester's desperate Spirit play;
 While, you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
 Your childish Wealth, and hid the little Store,
 A different Madness seem'd to be your Fate,
 Misers or Spendthrifts born to imitate.
 Then, by our household Gods, my Sons, I charge,
 That you ne'er lessen, that you ne'er enlarge
 What seems sufficient for your tender Sire,
 And Nature's most unbounded Wants require.

Then lest Ambition tempt ye, hear this Oath,
 By whose eternal Power I bind ye both,
 Curs'd be the Wretch, an Object of my Hate,
 Whoe'er accepts an Office in the State.
 Will you in Largesses exhaust your Store,
 That you may proudly stalk the Circus o'er?
 Or in the Capitol embronz'd may stand,
 Spoil'd of your Fortune and paternal Land?
 And thus, forsooth, Agrippa's Praise engage,
 Or shew, with Reynard's Tricks, the Lion's Rage?
 Wherefore does Ajax thus unbury'd lie?

AGA-

Et æneus ut fies.] This is a Reading of two ancient Manuscripts. They, who read *aut æneus* did not observe, that the ancient Poets never used *æneus* in three Syllables, but have always said *æneus* or *æneus*.

185. *Plausus, quos fert Agrippa.]* This Compliment to Agrippa is introduced with great Art, as if it escap'd accidentally, and it is enlivened by a Comparison, shorter but noble. Although Agrippa had been Consul in 717, yet he condescended to accept the Office of Ædile in 729, when he entertained the People with a Magnificence and Expence beyond what they had ever seen. SAN.

187. *Ne quis humâsse velit.]* Here opens another Scene, in which a King

AGAMEMNON.

Rex sum.

STERTINIUS.

Nîl ultra quæro plebeius.

AGAMEMNON.

Et æquam

Rem imperito ; ac si cui videor non justus, inulto
Dicere, quod sentit, permitto.

STERTINIUS.

Maxime regum,

Dî tibi dent captâ classẽm reducere Trojâ.

Ergo consulere, & mox respondere licebit?

AGAMEMNON.

Consule.

STERTINIUS.

Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus

Putrescit, toties servatis clarus Achivis ;

Gaudeat ut populus Priami, Priamusque inkumato, 195

Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere sepulcro ?

AGAMEMNON.

Mille ovium infanus morti dedit, inclytum Ulyssẽ

Et Menelaum unâ mecum se occidere clamans.

STER-

King and a Stoic are engaged, and in which the Philosopher proves in good Form, that this greatest of Monarchs is a Fool and a Madman. The Debate arises from an Incident in a Play of Sophocles, in which Agamemnon refuses to let Ajax be buried.

SAN.

188. *Et æquam rem imperito.*] Agamemnon finding his Answer, *I am a King*, a little too tyrannical, adds, *Our Decree was just*. Perhaps, the Humility of the Philosopher, either ironical, or serious, in seeming to allow his royal Manner of deciding the Question, extorted this Condescension from the Monarch.

190. *Maxime regum.*] It was but reasonable to treat his Majesty with a little Complaisance, to make him some Satisfaction for the disagreeable Things he was going to say to him.

197. *Infanus.*]

AGAMEMNON.

We are a King.

STERTINIUS.

A base Plebeian I,

And ask no more.

AGAMEMNON.

'Twas just what we decreed ;

But, if you think it an unrighteous Deed,

Speak what you think. We here our Rights resign.

STERTINIUS.

Greatest of Monarchs, may the Powers divine

A safe Return permit you to enjoy,

With your victorious Fleet, from ruin'd Troy —

But may I ask, and answer without Fear ?

AGAMEMNON.

You may.

STERTINIUS.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,

For many a Grecian fav'd who well might claim

To brave Achilles the next Place in Fame ?

Is it that Priam, and the Sires of Troy,

May view his Carcase with malignant Joy,

By whom their Sons so oft destroy'd in Fight

In their own Country want the funeral Rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

A thousand Sheep the Frantic kill'd, and cried,

" Here both Atrides ; there Ulysses died."

STER-

191. *Dii tibi dent, &c.*] A pleasant Imitation of Chryses in Homer,
ἄνδρα παρὶ θεῶν δοῦναι, &c.

BAXTER.

197. *Insanus.*] This Word alone justifies Ajax, and condemns Agamemnon. A Man, who revenges himself upon the dead Body of a Madman, must be more mad, than the Person was, who injured him.

SAN.

STERTINIUS.

Tu quum pro vitulâ statuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras, spargisque molâ caput, improbe, falsâ, 200
Rectum animi servas?

AGAMEMNON.

Quorsum?

STERTINIUS.

Infanus quid enim Ajax

Fecit, quum stravit ferro pecus? abstinuit vim
Uxore & nato: mala multa precatus Atridis:
Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipsum violavit Ulyssen,

AGAMEMNON.

Verùm ego, ut hærentes adverso litore naves
Eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine Divos. 205

STERTINIUS.

Nempe tuo, furiose?

AGAMEMNON.

Meo, sed non furiosus.

STERTINIUS.

Qui species alias veri scelerisque, tumultu
Permistas, capiet, commotus habebitur; atque

Stul-

202. *Abstinuit vim uxore & nato.*] Sophocles makes him talk to his Wife Tecmessa, and his Son Eurysaces, with much good Sense and Tendernefs.

Ω παῖ, γέναιο πατρός εὐτυχέστερον,
Τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὅμοιον.

Which Virgil hath imitated,

*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.*

208. *Qui species alias.*] Much good Learning hath been thrown away upon this Passage, but the Commentators may be now reconciled by a single Comma between *sceleris* and *tumultu*, for which they are obliged to Mr. Sanadon. The Construction is no longer perplexed and the Thought is perfectly just. *Quicumque tum veri, tum sceleris species capiet, tumultu permistas, commotus habebitur.* *Alias* for *diversas* because

STERTINIUS.

When your own Child you to the Altar led,
 And pour'd the salted Meal upon her Head ;
 When you beheld the lovely Victim slain,
 Unnatural Father ! were you sound of Brain ?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not ?

STERTINIUS.

Then what did frantic Ajax do,
 When in his Rage a thousand Sheep he slew ?
 Nor on his Wife or Son he drew his Sword,
 On Atreus' Sons alone his Curses pour'd ;
 Nor on his Brother turn'd the vengeful Steel,
 Nor did Ulysses his Resentment feel.

AGAMEMNON.

But I, while adverse Winds tempestuous roar,
 To loose our fated Navy from the Shore
 Wisely with Blood the Powers divine atone —

STERTINIUS.

What ! your own Blood, you Madman ?

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, my own ;

But yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

'Tis a disorder'd Head,

Which, by the Passions in Confusion led, The

because the Ideas of Vice and Virtue are different. *Tumultus* means the Disorder of the Passions, which makes us confound these Ideas, and mistake Vice and Virtue for each other. This was exactly the Situation of Agamemnon. If he did not sacrifice his Daughter, he was afraid his Refusal would hinder his Election to command the Army. It would have been Virtue to have sacrificed his Ambition to his paternal Tenderness, and it was Vice to sacrifice that paternal Tenderness to his Ambition. But in the Tumult and Disorder of the Passions, this detestable Crime was clothed with a specious Appearance of public Good, and disguised under the Names of Heroism and Generosity.

Stultitiâne erret, nihilum distabit, an irâ.

Ajax, quum immeritos occidit, desipit, agnos :

Quum prudens scelus ob titulos admittis inanes,

Stas animo ? & purum est, vitio tibi quum tumidum est
cor ?

Si quis lecticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam ;

Huic vestem, ut natæ, paret ancillas, paret aurum ; 210

Pupam aut pupillam appellet, fortique marito

Destinet uxorem ; interdîcto huic omne adimat jus

Prætor, & ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.

Quid ? si quis natam pro mutâ devovet agnâ,

Integer est animi ? Ne dixeris. Ergo ubi prava 220

Stultitia, hîc summa est insania : qui sceleratus,

Et furiosus erit. Cepit quem vitrea fama,

Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.

Nunc, age, luxuriam, & Nomentanum arripe mecum :

Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes. 225

Hic simul accepit patrimonî mille talenta,

Edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,

Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,

Cum scurris factor, cum Velabro omne macellum, 230

Manè domum veniant. Quid enim ? Venere frequentes

Verba facit leno : Quidquid mihi, quidquid & horum

Cuique

210. *Ira.*] Anger is here understood of any of the Passions. *SAT.*

214. *Si quis lecticâ.*] The Stoic gives the Grecian Monarch a Quarter. He hath already shewn that his Folly was criminal, & now proves that it was ridiculous. *SAT.*

216. *Pupam aut pupillam.*] The Commentators have had much Trouble about these two Words, and the Manuscripts differ greatly. *Pusam aut pusillam, putam aut putillam, pupam aut pusinam, Rufam aut Rufillam, Rufam aut posillam.* The present Reading is taken from the Manuscripts of Lazibius, and seems to have that Childishness of Language, which is usually spoken to Children. *My Baby, pupam my little Baby, pupillam.*

223. *Hunc circumtonuit Bellona.*] None but a Stoic durst treat King so familiarly. The last Compliment he makes him is, the Ambition

The Images of Right and Wrong mistakes,
And Rage or Folly no great Difference makes.

Was Ajax mad, when those poor Lambs he flew,
And are your Senses right, while you pursue,
With such a Crime, an empty Title's Fame?
Is the Heart pure high-swelling for a Name?

Should a Man take a Lambkin in his Chair,
With fondling Names caress the spotless Fair;
Clothes, Maids, and Gold, as for his Child, provide,
And a stout Husband for the lovely Bride,
His civil Rights the Judge would take away,
And to Trustees in Guardianship convey.
Then sure you will not call him sound of Brain,
By whom his Daughter for a Lamb was slain.
Folly and Guilt are Madness in th' extreme;
The impious and the mad eternally the same.
Blood-stain'd Bellona thunders round his Head,
Who is by glassy Fame a Captive led

Now try the Sons of Luxury, you'll find,
Right Reason proves them Fools of madding Kind.
A Youth, upon his Father's Death, receives
A thousand Talents, and his Orders gives,
That all the Trades of Elegance and Taste,
All who with Wit and Humour joy a Feast,
The impious Crowd, that fills the Tuscan Street,
Early next Morning at his House should meet.
What then? They frequent his Command obey'd,
And thus his Speech the wily Pander made.

What-

Ambition hath turned his Brain. The Poet has raised this Verse
with greater Pomp of Images, Expression, and Cadence. SAN.

The *vitrea fama* in the Line before, literally translated *glassy Fame*,
is well explained by the ancient Scholiast, & *splendida & fragilis*,
splendid and brittle.

224. *Nunc, age, luxuriam.*] The People of Luxury now appear at
the Bar to be convicted of Madness.

Cuique domi est, id crede tuum ; & vel nunc pete, vel
cras.

Accipe, quid contra juvenis responderit æquus :
Tu nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego ; tu pisces hyberno ex æquore verris ; 235
Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam. Aufer ;
Sume tibi decies ; tibi tantumdem ; tibi triplex,
Unde uxor mediâ currat de nocte vocata.
Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
(Scilicet ut decies solidum exforberet) aceto 240
Diluit insignem baccam : quî sanior, ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen, jaceretve cloacam ?
Quinti progenies Arrî, par nobile fratrum,
Nequitie & nugis, pravorum & amore gemellum,
Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coëmtas. 245
Quorsum abeant ? sanin' ? cretâ an carbone notandi ?
Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ,
Si quem delectet barbatum ; amentia verset.
Si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare ; 250

Nec

234. *Tu nive.*] It is thus quoted by Johnson in his Notes on Grætius, and has been received by our best modern Editors. *In* must be understood, and *tu* is necessary to distinguish the Person, to whom our Prodigal speaks.

237. *Decies.*] *Centena millia sestertium*, about seven hundred eighty-one Pounds five Shillings of our Money. The Translator uses five hundred Pounds as a general Sum, which is, probably, all that the Original means.

238. *Unde uxor.*] The old Commentators tell us, that these Merchants pretended they were married to their Slaves, that they might sell them at an higher Price.

243. *Quinti progenies Arrî.*] We may believe they were the Sons of Arrius, mentioned in the eighty-sixth Verse. Their Luxury was eating Nightingales, probably, because they could sing, as if the Music of the Bird made the Taste more delicious ; and as Mr. Dacier observes, they eat them at Dinner, against all sober Customs of the Romans.

246. *Cretâ*

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Whate'er these People have : whate'er is mine ;
To-day, to-morrow send, be sure is thine.

Hear the just Youth this generous Answer make,
" In clumsy Boots, dear Hunter, for my sake,
" You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy Waste,
" That I at Night on a whole Boar may feast.
" For Fish you boldly sweep the wintry Seas,
" That I, unworthy, may enjoy my Ease.
" Let each five hundred Pounds, with Pleasure, take,
" To thee, dear Pander, I a Present make
" Of twice a thousand, that with all her Charms
" Your Wife at Night may run into my Arms."

An Actor's Son dissolv'd a wealthy Pearl
(The precious Ear-ring of his favourite Girl)
In Vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thousand solid Talents at a Draught.
Had he not equally his Wisdom shown,
Into the Sink or River were it thrown ?

A noble Pair of Brothers, Twins, in Truth,
In all th' Excesses, Trifles, Crimes of Youth,
On Nightingales of monstrous Purchase din'd ;
What is their Process ? Are they sound of Mind ?

Suppose, in childish Architecture skill'd,
A bearded Sage his Castle-Cottage build,
Play odd and even, ride his reedy Cane,
And yoke his harness'd Mice, 'tis Madness plain.
But what if Reason, powerful Reason, prove
'Tis more than equal Childishness to love ?

If

246. *Cretâ an carbone notandi.*] Are they to be marked with Chalk or Charcoal ? A proverbial Expression. Are they to be acquitted, or condemned ? Are they wise, or foolish ?

247. *Ædificare casas.*] The Passion of Love is here represented both as Folly and Madness. In the first State, it diverts us with the

Nec quidquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
 Quale priùs, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
 Solicitus plores : quæro, faciasne, quid olim
 Mutatus Polemo ? ponas insignia morbi,
 Fasciolas, cubital, focalia ? potus ut ille 255
 Dicitur ex collo furtim carpissè coronas,
 Postquam est impransi correptus voce magistri.
 Porrigis irato puero quum poma, recusat :
 Sume, Catelle ; negat ; si non des, optat. Amator
 Exclusus quî distat ? agit ubi secum, eat, an non, 260
 Quò rediturus erat non arcessitus ; & hæret
 Invisis foribus : Ne nunc, quum me vocat ultro,
 Accedam ? an potiùs mediter finire labores ?
 Exclussit, revocat, redeam ? non, si obsecret. Ecce
 Servus non paulò sapientior : O here, quæ res 265
 Nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
 Tractari non vult. In amore hæc sunt mala : bellum,
 Pax rursus. Hæc si quis tempestatis prope ritu
 Mobilia, & cæcâ fluitantia sorte laboret

Reddere

Ridiculousness, which always attends it ; in the second, it inspires us with Horror, by the dreadful Effects it produces. SAN.

254. *Polemo*] Polemo was a young Athenian, who, running one Day through the Streets, inflamed with Wine, had the Curiosity to go into the School of Xenocrates to hear him. The Philosopher dextrously turned his Discourse upon Sobriety, and spoke with so much Force, that Polemo from that Moment renounced his Intemperance, and pursued his Studies with such Application, as to succeed Xenocrates in his School. Thus, as Valerius Maximus remarks, being cured by the wholesome Medicine of one Oration, he became a celebrated Philosopher, from an infamous Prodigal.

255. *Fasciolas, cubital, focalia.*] The Difficulty of this Passage consists in knowing whether these Words mean the Dress of a Lover, or a sick Man. The Translator hath chosen the first Sense, yet dares not be positive, that he hath made the better Choice. If we understand the Passage as applied to a sick Person, our Poet must then argue in this Manner : *When a Patient recovers his Health, he throws off the Clothes he was obliged to wear in his Disorder. Will you do the same ? Will you quit the Marks of your Distemper ; your foolish Passion of Love ?*

Such

If there's no Difference, whether in the Dust
 You sport your infant Works, or high in Lust,
 An Harlot's Cruelty with Tears deplore,
 Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,
 Throw off the Ensigns of the dear Disease,
 The Arts of Dress, and Earnestness to please?
 For the gay Youth, though high with Liquor warm'd,
 Was by the sober Sage's Doctrine charm'd;
 Chastis'd he listen'd to th' instructive Lore,
 And from his Head the breathing Garland tore,
 A peevish Boy shall proffer'd Fruit despise;
 "Take it, dear Puppy." No, and yet he cries,
 If you refuse it. Does not this discover
 The froward Soul of a discarded Lover,
 Thus reasoning with himself? What! when thus slighted
 Shall I return, return though uninvited?
 Yes, he shall sure return, and lingering wait
 At the proud Doors he now presumes to hate.
 "Shall I not go if she submissive send,
 "Or here resolve, my Injuries shall end?
 "Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
 "No; let her kneel; for she shall kneel in vain."
 When, lo! his wily Servant well replied,
 Think not by Rule and Reason, Sir, to guide
 What ne'er by Reason, or by Measure move,
 For Peace and War succeed by Turns in Love,
 And while tempestuous these Emotions roll,
 And float with blind Disorder in the Soul,

Who

Such as the *lucida funalia*, *vestes* and *arcus*, in the twenty-sixth Ode of the third Book.

260. *Agit ubi secum.*] This whole Passage is an Imitation of a Scene in the Eunuch of Terence.

261. *Arcessitus.*] *Accersitus* was introduced by the Grammarians long after the Times of pure Latinity.

SAN.

K 5

273. *Cameream*

Reddere certa sibi, nihilò plus explicet, ac si 270
 Insanire paret certâ ratione modoque.

Quid ? quum Picens excerpens semina pomis,
 Gaudes, si cameram percûsti fortè, penes te es ?
 Quid ? quum balba feris annofo verba palato,
 Ædificante casâs quî sanior ? Adde cruorem 275
 Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare. Modò, inquam,
 Hellade percussâ, Marius quum præcipitat se,
 Cerritus fuit ; an commotæ crimine mentis
 Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,
 Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus ? 280
 Libertinus erat, quî circùm compita siccus
 Lautis manè senex manibus currebat, & ; Unum
 (Quid tam magnum ? addens) unum me surpите morti,
 Dîs etenim facile est, orabat ; sanus utrisque
 Auribus atque oculis : mentem, nisi litigiosus 285
 Exciperet dominus, quum venderet. Hoc quoque vulgus
 Chrysippus ponit secundâ in gente Menenî. Jupiter,

273. *Cameram percûsti.*] Our Children have a Sport of this Kind, They shoot the Kernels or Pippins of an Apple by pressing them between their Finger and Thumb, repeating as a Charm,

Pippin, Pippin, fly away,

Send me an Apple to-morrow-day.

Mr. Duncombe, a late Translator of Horace, thought the Word *Pippins* a Mistake for *Kernels*, and that it rose from *Pepins* in Mr. Dacier's Translation.

276. *Ignem gladio scrutare.*] A proverbial Precept of Pythagoras, *do not stir the Fire with a Sword*. Our Poet uses it as an easy Transition from the Folly to the Madness of Lovers. We shall have another Proverb in the same Sense, *oleum adde camino*. CRUQ. SAN.

278. *Cerritus.*] *A Cerere percussus, lymphaticus, fanaticus*, who fancied he had seen Ceres, and that the Goddess had turned his Brain. TORR.

280. *Cognata vocabula.*] Every wicked Man is a Fool, for Vice and Folly are synonymous Terms. But Mankind endeavour to divide these Ideas, thus nearly related, by giving to each of them, at particular Times, a different Name. As, when they would find Marius guilty of Murder, they would acquit him of Madness. But Horace condemns him of both, since, in his Philosophy, Murder and Madness are the same.

Who strives to fix them by one certain Rule,
May by right Rule and Reason play the Fool.

When from the Roof the darted Pippins bound,
Does the glad Omen prove your Senses sound ?
Or when with aged Tongue you lisp your Phrases,
Is he more mad, who that Child-Cottage raises ?
Then add the Murders of this fond Desire,
And with the Sword provoke the madding Fire.

When jealous Marius late his Mistress slew,
And from a Precipice himself he threw,
Was he not mad, or can you by your Rule
Condemn the Murderer, and acquit the Fool ?
But though in civil Phrase you change the Name,
Madman and Fool for ever are the same.

With Hands clean wash'd, a sober, ancient Wight
Ran praying through the Streets at early Light,
"Snatch me from Death; grant me alone to live;
"No mighty Boon; with Ease the Gods can give."
Sound were his Senses; yet if he were sold,
His Master sure this Weakness must have told,
And if not fond a Law-suit to maintain,
Must have confess'd the Slave unsound of Brain.
This Crowd is by the Doctrine of our Schools
Enroll'd in the large Family of Fools.

Her

281. *Libertinus erat.*] There is not a Word here, that does not aggravate the Folly of this Superstition. He was old, *senex*, and should have better known what Prayer to make; *siccus*, his Folly was not an Effect of Wine; *lautis manibus*, he washed his Hands with Temper, and a real Spirit of Religion; for Washing was, by the Heathens, esteemed a Ceremony of much Purity. He makes this extravagant Petition, only because the Gods are able to grant it; not that it is in itself just and reasonable.

DAC.

287 *Fecundâ in gente Menenî.*] One would imagine by these Words, that Folly was hereditary in the Family of Menenius. It was a very ancient Name, and Menenius Agrippa is known in the earliest Times of the Republic, by appeasing a Sedition with a Fable of the Limbs declaring War against the Stomach.

Jupiter, ingentes qui dasque adimisque dolores,
 Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
 Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo 290
 Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
 In Tiberi stabit. Casus medicusve levârit
 Ægrum ex precipiti; mater delira necabit
 In gelidâ fixum ripâ, febrimque reducet.
 Quone malo mentem concussâ? timore Deorum. 295

DAMASIPPUS.

Hæc mihi Stertinius, sapientûm octavus, amico
 Arma dedit: posthac ne compellarer inultus.
 Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet; atque
 Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.

HORATIUS.

Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris; 300
 Quam me stultitiam (quoniam non est genus unum)
 Infanire

288. *Jupiter, ingentes.*] Another frightful Instance of Superstition. A Mother begs of Jupiter to cure her Son, and at the same time makes a Vow to kill him. DAC.

291. *Die, quo tu indicis jejunia.*] The Romans had regular Fasts in Honour of Jupiter. They were usually celebrated on Thursday, which was consecrated to that God. They began on the Eve; and the next Morning, which was properly the Fast-day, was observed with great Rigour and Austerity. Aristophanes, in his *Clouds*, introduces the Chorus complaining, that they had a Fast, rather than a Feast; and in another of his Plays, he mentions a Fast, which was observed on the third Day of the Festival of Ceres. DAC. SAN.

293. *Ex præcipiti.*] Mr. Sanadon does not understand this of a dangerous Distemper, for that the Fears and Vows of the Mother must suppose, but *ex præcipiti* for *subito*, as *ex facili* for *facile*. The Quickness of the Cure makes a Kind of Miracle, which imposes on her Understanding.

295. *Timore Deorum.*] What Stertinius here says of the Fear, may as justly be said of the Love of the Gods, which is equally capable of misguiding us, when it exceeds its proper Bounds.

296. *Hæc mihi Stertinius.*] Damasippus is wise enough to know his own Folly, but does not seem touched with the Truths, which Stertinius taught him. He values them only as Arms offensive and defensive;

Her Child beneath a Quartan Fever lies
 For full five Months, when the fond Mother cries,
 "Sickness and Health are thine, all powerful Jove,
 "Then from my Son this dire Disease remove,
 "And when your Priests thy solemn Fast proclaim,
 "Naked the Boy shall stand in Tyber's Stream."
 Should Chance, or the Physician's Art up-raise
 Her Infant from this desperate Disease,
 The frantic Dame shall plunge her hapless Boy,
 Bring back the Fever, and the Child destroy.
 Tell me, what Horrors thus have turn'd her Head?
 Of the good Gods a superstitious Dread.

DAMASIPPUS.

These Arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth Sage,
 That none unpunish'd may provoke my Rage;
 Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a Fool,
 And know he trails his Mark of Ridicule.

HORACE.

Great Stoic, so may better Bargains raise
 Your ruin'd Fortune, tell me, if you please,
 Since Follies are thus various in their Kind,
 To what dear Madness am I most inclin'd.

For

five; to guard himself and throw back the Fool on him, who attacks him.

DAC.

299. *Respicere ignoto.*] This Passage may be explained by the fifty-third Line, *caudam tergo*, or by the Fable, which says, that Jupiter threw over the Shoulder of every Mortal two Bags; that the Faults of his Neighbour were put into the Bag before him, and his own into that behind him.

300. *Stoice, post damnum.*] The Poet wishes, that Damasippus may sell every thing hereafter for more than it is worth; a wish, that insults the honest Wisdom of a Philosopher. Thus, in covert Terms, he advises him to return to his Merchandise, and trouble his Head no more about Philosophy. Damasippus understands the Ridicule, and is very sufficiently, though with not too much Delicacy, revenged. SAN.

302. *Nam*

206 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATIRARUM Lib. 2.
Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.

DAMASIPPUS.

Quid? caput abscissum manibus quum portat Agave
Nati infelicitis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?

HORATIUS.

Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris) 305
Atque etiam insanum: tantum hoc ediffere, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio?

DAMASIPPUS.

Accipe: primum

Ædificas; hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis; & idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis 310
Spiritus & incessum: qui ridiculus minus illo?
An quodcunque facit Mæcenus, te quoque verum est,
Tantum dissimilem, & tantò certare minorem?
Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens 315
Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare,

Quan-

302. *Nam videor mihi sanus.*] The Eyes of the Mind are like those of the Body; they neither of them can throw their Rays inward upon themselves, that they may see themselves. There is a Passage in Plato upon this Subject, which Mr. Dacier calls truly divine. *As the Eye cannot see itself, except in some outward Object, perfectly like itself, such as another Eye; the same be said of the human Mind. It must throw its Rays upon some outward Object, which most resembles itself, and this Object can be no other than God.*

303. *Manibus quum portat Agave.*] *Manibus* is of sufficient Authority, and adds a greater Horror to the Fact; whereas *demens* is not only perfectly useless, but lies with Weight upon the Sentence. Agave, in a Transport of Bacchanalian Fury, tore her Son Pentheus in pieces.

CRUQ. BENT.

305. *Stultum me fateor.*] Horace owns himself a Fool, and then pleasantly asks, what his Follies are; but he will soon have Reason to repent of having made such a Concession.

DAC SAN.

308. *Longos imitaris.*] *Longus*, in Opposition to *moduli bipedalis*, must signify tall, but as the Stoics were too grave a Race to be good Jokers,

For I, methinks, my Reason well maintain——

DAMASIPPUS.

What! did Agave then suspect her Brain,
When by a Bacchanalian Frenzy led
In her own Hand she carried her Son's Head?

HORACE.

Since we must yield to Truth, 'tis here confess,
I am a Fool; with Madness too possess,
But since my Mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper Kind of my Disease?

DAMASIPPUS.

First that you build, and scarce of two foot Height,
Mimic the mighty Stature of the Great.
While you, forsooth, a Dwarf in Arms, deride
His haughty Spirit, and gigantic Stride,
Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,
Mere Mimic, with Mæcenas to compare?

It chanc'd, a Mother-Frog had stroll'd abroad,
When a fell Ox upon her young ones trod;
And only one escap'd, who thus exprest
The doleful News——“ Ah me! a monstrous Beast

“ My

Jokers, there is a poor Quibble in the Word, by which Damasippus means great as well as tall. And he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man. Our Poet was happy enough to be able to laugh at his own diminutive Stature, which was probably a Jest among his Acquaintance.

312. *An quodcunque faciet.*] The Construction may have some Difficulty. *An verum & par est te facere quodcunque Mæcenas facit? te, inquam, tantum ei dissimilem. & tanto minorem certare cum illo.* There is a Grecism in these last Words; *tanto minor certare* for *tam impar certamini*; a Manner of speaking very frequent in our Author, *as ludere doctior, spernere fortior.*

BENT. SAN.

313. *Tantum dissimilem.*] This Reading is of two excellent Manuscripts, and *tanto dissimilem* is not even Latin. *Tantum* here signifies *tam*, as in *nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.*

CRUQ. BENT. CUN. SAN.

317. *Quan-*

Quantane? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuit? Tum
 Major dimidio: num tantum? Quum magis atque
 Se magis inflaret: Non, si te ruperis, inquit,
 Par eris. Hæc à te non multum abludit imago. 320
 Adde poemata nunc; hoc est, oleum adde camino;
 Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis & tu.
 Non dico horrendam rabiem.

HORATIUS.

Jam define.

DAMASIPPUS.

Cultum

Majorem censu.

HORATIUS.

Teneas, Damasippe, tuis te.

DAMASIPPUS.

Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores. 325

HORATIUS.

O major, tandem parcas infane minori.

SAT.

317. *Quantane? num tantum.*] Our Commentators think they understand this Passage, and the best of them do not condescend to take notice of it, although, perhaps, there is not another in Horace more sensibly defective. Almost all our Editions read,

Quantane? Num tandem se inflans sic magna fuisset?
Major dimidio. Num tanto?

First, *tandem*, at length, cannot agree with the first Efforts, therefore Porphyrius reads *tantum*, which is confirmed by several Manuscripts. Secondly, the Correction, however necessary, does not make the Sentence more intelligible. A Grammarian must blush at such a Construction, as *tantum sic magna*. The Manuscripts of Cruquius and many others have *sufflans se*, and Dr. Bentley assures us, *inflans* is not in any of his Copies. But *sufflare* for *inflare*, and *tantum* for *tam* is good Latin. Thirdly, *fuisset*, the best ascertained Word in the Passage is not undisputed. After *quantane*, the Construction requires *num fuit*, not *num fuisset*. The Correction *tum* supports the Dialogue, and the same Reason for *tantum* in the first Line, will maintain it in the second, that it appears in the same Manuscripts. *Tanto* hath caused

"My Brothers hath destroy'd." How large? she cries,
And swelling forth ——— was this the Monster's Size?
Then larger grows ——— What? is he larger still?
When more and more she strives her Bulk to fill;
"Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great."
No idle Image, Horace, of thy State.
Your Verses too; that Oil, which feeds the Flame;
If ever Bard was wise, be thine the Name.
That Horrid Rage of Temper ———

HORACE.

Yet have done?

DAMASIPPUS.

That vast Expence ———

HORACE.

Good Stoic, mind your own.

DAMASIPPUS.

Those thousand furious Passions for the Fair——

HORACE.

Thou mightier Fool, inferior Idiots spare.

SAT.

caused great Perplexity in the Sense, and the Difficulty of the whole Sentence is much increased by the young Frog's not answering to its Mother, until it hath seen her last Efforts exerted in vain. This Note is taken from some Corrections of Mr. Sanadon, intended for a second Edition of his Translation.

321. *Adde poemata.*] The Stoics, in their Pedantry of Wisdom, condemned all Kinds of Poetry, but there is a particular Ridicule in making Damasippus blame our Poet for writing, when he began the Satire with reproaching him for not writing.

DAC.

326. *O major tandem parcas.*] The Poet begins this Line, as if he designed to compliment Damasippus with a Superiority of Wisdom, but he soon undeceives his impertinent Moralist, and breaks off the Dialogue with returning him the Title of Madman. If this Remark is not a little too refined, we are obliged to Mr. Dacier for it.

This

S A T. IV.

HORATIUS. CATIUS.

HORATIUS.

U N D E, & quò Catius ?

CATIUS.

Non est mihi tempus aventi

Ponere signa novis præceptis ; qualia vincant
Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.

HORATIUS.

Peccatum fateor, quum te sic tempore lævo
Interpellârim : sed des veniam bonus, oro.

5
Quodd

This Satire is sufficiently singular, both for the Subject, and the Manner, in which it is treated. An Actor appears upon the Scene, who is a perfect Original. He pretends to be an able Philosopher, and an excellent Cook, but we find him as ignorant in the Science of the Kitchen, as in Philosophy. Our Poet treats him with much Respect, and begs he may be received, as a Disciple, into a School of such superior Wisdom, as hath at last found, that the supreme Happiness of Mankind consists in good eating. It would have been ridiculous, gravely to refute a Doctrine of this extraordinary Kind, and therefore the Poet pleasantly takes his leave of the Doctor, in solemn Admiration of his profound Wisdom. SAN.

Verf. 1. *Catius.*] All the learned Inquiries of our Commentators only convince us, that it is impossible to know who Catius was. Nor are there any Marks in the Satire itself, by which we may fix the Date of it.

Non est mihi tempus.] His first Words are in a Style of Importance, and his Philosophy hath taken such Possession of him, that he hath not Time for the common Forms of saluting a Friend. SAN.

2. *Ponere signa novis præceptis.*] *Nova præcepta in animo consignare, to impress upon my Memory some admirable Precepts, which I have just*

NOTY

SAT. IV.

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

WHENCE comes my Catius? whither in such
Haste?

CATIUS.

I have no Time in idle Prate to waste.
I must away to treasure in my Mind
A Set of Precepts, noble and refin'd;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates, nor scienc'd Plato teach.

HORACE.

I ask your Pardon, and confess my Crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a Time.
But yet, if aught escap'd through strange Neglect,
You shall with Ease the Wisdom recollect,

Whether

now heard. Much good Learning hath been employed to render this
Expression obscure, which is in itself clear and open. SAN.

Novis præceptis.] This Philosopher, so busy, as not to be able to stop
a Moment, is however impatient to display his Doctrine, and makes
the first Advances to raise our Poet's Curiosity. *Præcepta* are Prin-
ciples of Conduct, these Principles are just now discovered, *nova*;
they are above all the Precepts of other Philosophers, *qualia vincant*
Pythagoran, and they require a Penetration of Spirit to understand
them, which few People possess, *res tenues tenui sermone peractas*. SAN.

3. *Anytique reum.*] Socrates, whom Anytus and Melitus accused.

12. *Longa*

Quòd si interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox;
Sive est naturæ hoc, sive artis, mirus utroque.

CATIUS.

Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem;
Utpote res tenues, tenui sermone peractas.

HORATIUS.

Ede hominīs nomen; simul & Romanus, an hospes. 10

CATIUS.

Ipsa memor præcepta canam: celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melioris, & ut magis alta rotundis,
Ponere; namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.
Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris, 15
Dulcior: irriguo nihil est elutius horto.
Si vespertinus subitò te oppresserit hospes,
Ne gallina, malum, responset dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam musto mersare Falerno:
Hoc teneram faciet. Pratenſibus optima fungis 20

Natura

12. *Longa quibus facies.*] Catius preserves at least some Order in delivering his Precepts, for we should not wrong him of the only good Thing he has taken from Philosophy. He begins with the first Course of the Roman Tables; he proceeds next to the Fruit, which was called the second Table, and ends with some general Reflections upon Neatness and Elegance. But he opens with a Precept, which is contradicted by Experience. The round are male Eggs, and their Shell is harder, than that of the long. However, the Decision of this new Legislator hath imposed upon Columella, Pliny, and other great Authors, who look upon these Words of Catius as the real Opinion of Horace. SAN

Our Doctor opens his Lecture with much Solemnity, which the Translator hath endeavoured to preserve by a more numerous Pomp and Burlesque.

13. *Magis alta rotundis.*] *Alta* for *nutrita*, from the Verb *alere*. Horace hath used *altum* in the same Sense in his Odes. *Magis alba* si ridiculous. CUN. SAN

15. *Caule*

Whether you boast from Nature or from Art
This wonderful Gift of holding Things by Heart.

CATIUS.

I meant to store them total in my Head,
The Matter nice, and wrought of subtle Thread.

HORACE.

But prithee, Catius, what's your Sage's Name:
Is he a Roman, or of foreign Fame?

CATIUS.

His Precepts I shall willingly reveal,
And sing his Doctrines, but his Name conceal.

Long be your Eggs, far sweeter than the round,
Cock-Eggs they are, more nourishing and sound.
In thirsty Fields a richer Colewort grows,
Than where the watery Garden overflows.
If by an evening Guest perchance surpris'd,
Left the tough Hen (I pray you be advis'd)
Should quarrel with his Teeth, let her be drown'd
In Lees of Wine, and she'll be tender found.

Best

15. *Caule suburbano.*] Another false Principle. Greens and Roots of a natural Soil have always more Salts, and consequently an higher Relish; on the contrary, those which are raised by Force of watering are usually flat and insipid. But Catius heightens the Absurdity, by the Reason he gives for his Opinion, *irriguo nihil est elutius borto*, which is directly contrary to Matter of Fact. Pliny is again deceived in following our Philosopher.

TORR. SAN.

19. *Musto mersare Falerno.*] The Character of Catius is perfectly well supported. This Precept is true, but his Expression is faulty. To make a Fowl tender, it was suffocated in Wine; but *mersare*, which signifies only *to dip into Water*, is not full to his Meaning. *Musto* for *misto* is a Correction received by four of our late Editors.

20. *Pratensibus optima fungis.*] Nothing is more false. The best Mushrooms, generally speaking, are those gathered in Woods, Heaths, or Downs. They are more wholesome and better flavoured than those of Meadows.

TORR. DAC.

22. *Qui*

Natura est; aliis malè creditur. Ille salubres
 Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
 Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem.
 Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno,
 Mendosè; quoniam vacuis committere venis
 Nil nisi lene decet. Leni præcordia mulso
 Prolueris meliùs. Si dura morabitur alvus,
 Mitulus, & viles pellent obstantia conchæ,
 Et lapathi brevis herba; sed albo non sine Coo.
 Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliæ lunæ:
 Sed non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ.
 Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris;
 Ostrea Circeiis, Miseno oriuntur echini;
 Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.
 Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temerè arroget artem,
 Non priùs exactâ tenui ratione saporum.
 Nec satis est carâ pisces averrere mensâ,
 Ignarum quibus est jus aptius, & quibus assis
 Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva reponet.
 UMBER, & ilignâ nutritus glande, rotundas
 Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem;
 Nam Laurens malus est, ulvis & arundine pinguis.

Vinea

22. *Qui nigris prandia moris finiet.*] The Ancients had only one Meal, but they, who could not wait for Supper, usually eat Bread, Grapes, Figs, or Mulberries in the Morning. But our Doctor, who loved to dine in Form, taught another Method, and in contradiction to Galen and the Faculty, would have his Disciples eat Mulberries after Dinner.

23. *Ante gravem legerit.*] The Juices of tenderer Fruit evaporate by the Heat of the Sun, but are collected and confined by the Coldness of the Night. On the contrary, harder and firmer Fruit, such as Apples, should be gathered in the middle of the Day, when the Sun hath ripened and concocted their Juices.

25. *Mendosè.*] Marcus Aufidius Lurco was a Man extremely knowing in the Science of good Eating. Our Doctor Adventurer here hazards a Decision with his usual Spirit. Aufidius invented a Morning Draught of strong Wine mixed with Honey, to fortify the Stomach, and promote Digestion. Catius pleasantly steals the Honour of this Invention from him, and condemns the Custom in Aufidius, even while he recommends it himself.

30. Lu-

Best flavour'd Mushrooms Meadow-Land supplies,
In other Kinds a dangerous Poison lies.

He shall with Vigour bear the Summer's Heat,
Who after Dinner shall be sure to eat
His Mulberries, of blackest, ripest Dies,
And gather'd ere the Morning-Sun arise.
Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
Strong Wine and Honey for his Morning-Draught.
With lenient Beverage fill your empty Veins,
And smoother Mead shall better scour the Reins.
Sorrel and White-Wine, if you coſtly prove,
And Muscles, all Obstructions shall remove.
In the New-Moon all Shell-Fish fill with Juice,
But not all Seas the richer Sort produce ;
The largest in the Lucrine Lake we find,
But the Circæan are of sweeter Kind.
Crayfish are best on the Misenian Coasts,
And soft Tarentum broadest Scollops boasts.

If not exact and elegant of Taste,
Let none presume to understand a Feast.
'Tis not enough to buy the precious Fish,
But know what Sauce gives Flavour to the Dish,
If stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
And to the Table rouse the languid Guest.

If the half-tainted Flesh of Boars you hate,
Let the round Dishes bend beneath the Weight
Of those with Acorns fed ; though fat, indeed,
The rest are vapid from the marshy Reed.

The

30. *Lubrica nascentes.*] In justice to Catius, it must be confessed, that this Error is of ancient Date, but contradicted by constant and universal Experience.

32. *Murice Baiano.*] *Murex* and *peloris* were Shell-fish of different Kinds, for which we have not any Names in English.

37. *Nec satis est carâ, &c.*] *Averrere* is of a great Number of Manuscripts and best Editions. By *mensa* the Poet means the Table on which Fishmongers exposed their Fish for Sale.

TORR.

42. *Nam Laurens malus est.*] All People of Taste have ever esteemed Boars

Vineæ summittit capreas non semper edules.
 Fecundæ leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.
 Piscibus atque avibus quæ natura ac foret ætas, 45
 Ante meum nulli patuit quæsitæ palatum.
 Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula promit.
 Nequaquam satis in re unâ consumere curam :
 Ut si quis solum hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret,
 Quali perfundat pisces securus olivo. 50
 Massica si cælo suppones vina sereno,
 Nocturnâ, si quid crassi est, tenuabitur aurâ,
 Et decedet odor nervis inimicus ; at illa
 Integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem.
 Surrentina vaser qui miscet facie Falernâ 55
 Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo ;
 Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
 Tostis marcentem squillis recreabis & Afrâ
 Potorem cochleâ : nam lactuca innatat acri
 Post vinum stomacho : pernâ magis, ac magis hillis 60
 Flagitat immorsus refici : quin omnia mavult,
 Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis.

Est

Boars fed in marshy Ground, as of higher Flavour, although Catius is of another Opinion.

Dac.

44. *Fecundæ leporis.*] Is a Reading of two Manuscripts. We find *elephantus gravis* in Plautus, and *mus una*, *mus reperta* in Pliny, where *fœmina* must be understood. Our Philosopher is here of a singular Taste, when he prefers the Shoulders to any other Part of an Hare. Some of our Commentators, not entering into the Spirit of the Satire, would have *armos* signify the Back.

51. *Massica si cælo.*] Pliny advises, that all the best Campanian Wines should be exposed Night and Day to the Sun, Moon, Rain, and Winds.

57. *Vitellus.*] Catius recommends the Yolks of Eggs, and our Vintners fine down their Wines with the White.

61. *Flagitat immorsus refici.*] Seven Manuscripts and nine learned Editors give us this Reading. *Immorsus* for *villicatus*, *excitatus*, *punctus*, *pervulsus*. *In morsus* is incapable of any reasonable Sense, as

Dr.

The Vine-fed Goat's not always luscious Fare ;
Wise Palates chuse the Wings of pregnant Hare.

None before me so sapient to engage
To tell the various Nature, or the Age
Of Fish and Fowl ; that Secret was my own,
'Till my judicious Palate quite unknown.

In some new Pastry that Man's Genius lies,
Yet in one Art 'tis Meanness to be wise.
For should we not be careful, lest our Oil,
Though excellent our Wine, the Fish should spoil?

The Sky serene, set out your Massic Wine ;
In the Night-Air its Foulness shall refine,
And lose the Scent, unfriendly to the Nerves,
Through Linen strain'd, no Flavour it preserves.
He, who with Art would pour a stronger Wine
On smooth Falernian Lees, should well refine
Th' incorporated Mass with Pigeons Eggs ;
The falling Yolk will carry down the Dregs.

Stew'd Shrimps and Afric Cockles shall excite
A jaded Drinker's languid Appetite ;
But Lettuce after Wine is cold and crude,
Yet Ham or Sausage is provoking Food ;
Perhaps he may prefer with higher Zest,
Whatever in a filthy Tavern's drest.

Two

Dr. Bentley hath well proved. Catius, to rouse a jaded Drinker, recommends whatever is most capable of provoking his Appetite, and would rather send to a Tavern for some high-seasoned Ragout, than suffer him to eat Lettuce, which, being naturally cooling, might dispel the Fumes of his Wine, and temper its excessive Heat.

Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris
 Naturam. Simplex è dulci constat olivo:
 At pingui miscere mero muriâque decebit
 Non aliâ, quàm quâ Byzantia putuit orca.
 Hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis,
 Corycioque croco sparsum stetit, insuper addes
 Pressa Venafranæ quod bacca remisit olivæ.
 Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo :
 Nam facie præstant. Venucula convenit ollis.
 Rectiùs Albanam fumo duraveris uvam ;
 Hanc ego cum malis, ego facem primus & allec,
 Primus & invenior piper album, cum sale nigro
 Incretum, puris circumposuisse catillis.
 Immane est vitium, dare millia terna macello,
 Angustoque vagos pisces urgere catino.
 Magna movet stomacho fastidia, seu puer unctis
 Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurit :
 Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæsit.

65

70

75

80

Vilibus

65. *At pingui miscere mero.*] *At* instead of *quod* is authorised by an ancient Manuscript, and is so necessary, that the Passage is inexplicable without it. *Miscere* must be understood absolutely for *miscere jus*, *jus mistum facere*. Juvenal uses *miscere* for *miscere pocula*. BENT. CUN. SAN.

66. *Quâ Byzantia putuit orca.*] The common Editors read *putruit*, and give a very strange Meaning to the Words. They understand *orca* for a Fish not less than a Whale, of greater Strength, and rarely seen, except in the main Ocean. The Brine of such a Fish must be very extraordinary; but we still want to know why the Fish should rot, *putruit*, in a Pickle intended to preserve it. Catius hath Absurdities enough of his own, nor need we load him with more. *Putuit* is of almost all the Manuscripts. *Orca* is an earthen Pot. The Poet says, *muria quâ orca putuit*, because the Pickle gives a Vessel a disagreeable Scent, and he adds *Byzantia*, because Byzantium was famous for a great Quantity of Brine of different Fish.

68. *Corycioque croco stetit.*] *Corycus* was a Mountain of Cilicia famous for its Saffron. *Stetit*, stood to cool.

70. *Picenis*

Two Sorts of Sauce are worthy to be known;
Simple the first, and of sweet Oil alone:
The other mix'd with rich and generous Wine,
And the true Pickle of Byzantian Brine;
Let it with shredded Herbs and Saffron boil,
And when it cools pour in Venafran Oil.

Picenian Fruits with juicy Flavour grow,
But Tibur's with superior Beauty glow.
Some Grapes have with Success in Pots been tried:
The Alban better in the Smoke are dried;
With them and Apples and the Lees of Wine,
White Pepper, common Salt, and Herring-Brine,
I first invented a delicious Feast,
And gave a separate Plate to every Guest.
Monstrous, to spend a Fortune on a Dish,
Or crowd the Table with a Load of Fish.

It strongly turns the Stomach, when a Slave
Shall on your Cup the greasy Tokens leave
Of what rich Sauce the luscious Caitiff stole;
Or when vile Mould incrusts your antique Bowl.

Brooms,

70. *Picenis cedunt pomis.*] He now passes to the second Course, or Table, as the Romans called it. *Poma* is a general Name of all Sorts of Fruit, such as Apples, Pears, &c.

TORR.

75. *Facem primus & allec.*] Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Horace does not mean two different Things. but uses *fax* and *allec* for *fax cum allec*, Brine on its Lees; Brine not clarified. Pliny calls *allec*, *imperfecta* nec colata *fax*. All ancient Manuscripts write *allec*; not *alec* or *stalec*.

75. *Inceretum.*] *Permissum, incerniculo purgatum.*

LAMB.

77. *Argustoque vagos.*] Catius calls it a monstrous Folly, not to know how to make an Entertainment without an immense Expence in Meat, or almost crowding a Fishmonger's whole Shop in a single Dish. Perhaps, the Poet means to play upon the Words, *vagos* and *argusto*; that Creatures of their wandering Sort should be confined in a narrow Dish.

Vilibus in scopis, in mattis, in scobe, quantus
 Consistet sumtus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.
 Ten' lapides varios lutulentâ radere palmâ,
 Et Tyrias dare circum illota toralia vestes;
 Oblitum, quantò curam sumtumque minorem
 Hæc habeant, tantò reprehendi justius illis,
 Quæ nisi divitibus nequeant contingere mensis?

85

HORATIUS.

Docte Cati, per amicitiam Divosque rogatus,
 Ducere me auditum, perges quumcunque, memento.
 Nam quamvis memori referas mihi pectore cuncta,
 Non tamen interpret tantumdem juveris. Adde
 Vultum habitumque hominis; quem tu vidisse beatus
 Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi cura
 Non mediocris inest, fontes ut adire remotos,
 Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.

95

SAT.

81. *In mattis.*] Is a Conjecture of Mr. Le Fevre. *Mappa* signifies
 a Napkin, but cannot be designed here, where the Poet speaks only
 of the Cleanliness of a Floor. When they had not Mats, they threw
 Saw-dust on the Floor to soak the Wine.

85. *Oblitum, quanto.*] It is worth remarking, that Horace does not
 make this Philosopher so ridiculous, but that he says some excellent
 Things. The Poet would not only divert, but instruct us. DAC.

88. *Docte Cati.*] Our Author ends the Satire with an Irony of the
 last Malignity. He displays his Gratitude in the most lively Expres-
 sions.

Brooms, Mats and Saw-dust are so cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a shameless Fault.
What! sweep with dirty Broom a Floor inlaid,
Or on foul Couches Tyrian Carpets spread?

HORACE.

Caius, by Friendship, by the Powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned Sage of thine;
For though his Rules you faithfully express,
This mere repeating makes the Pleasure less.
Besides, what Joy to view his Air and Mien!
Trifles to you, because full often seen.
Nor mean that Ardour, which my Breast enflames,
To visit Wisdom's even remoter Streams,
And by your learned, friendly Guidance led,
Quaff the pure Precept at the Fountain-Head.

SAT.

sions; he admires the uncommon Wisdom of Caius; he dies to be personally known to the Author of this enchanting Morality, that he may study his Principles, which he calls the Springs and Fountains of Happiness.

SAN.

89. *Quumcunque.*] *Quandocunque, quoties cunque, as often as.* Mr. Cunningham proposed this natural, easy Correction, and it is received by Mr. Sanadon.

92. *Adde vultum habitumque hominis.*] Caius had declared, that he would not name the Author of this singular Morality; and Horace, perceiving that it was Caius himself, maliciously presses to be introduced to him.

S A T. V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

HOC quoque, Tiresia, præter narrata, petenti
 Responde : quibus amissas reparare queam res
 Artibus atque modis ? Quid rides ?

TIRESIAS.

Jamne, dolose,
 Non satis est Ithacam revehi, patriosque penates
 Aspicere ?

ULYSSES.

O nulli quidquam mentite, vides ut 5
 Nudus inopsque domum redeo, te vate : neque illic
 Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus. Atqui
 Et genus & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

TIRE-

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

We have here a Dialogue in the delicate and lively Taste of Lucian. It is true the Poet recommends to Ulysses some Practices not extremely agreeable to the Spirit of a General, and a King ; but, besides that the Knowledge we have of the Characters of the two Persons ought to make us perceive the Pleasantry concealed in the Satire, the Poet hath taken Care not to violate the Rules of Probability. Ulysses preserves his Honour unblemished by rejecting such infamous Methods of making his Fortune ; and although he hath Patience to hear the Prophet, yet he does not condescend to answer him, or inform him, whether he would follow his Advice.

We may conclude, by the sixty-second Verse, that the Satire was not written before the Year 734, when Augustus recovered the Roman Eagles from Phraates, King of Parthia. SAN.

Vers. 1. *Hoc quoque, Tiresia.*] Homer made Ulysses descend into Hell to consult Tiresias concerning the Success of his Voyage. Our Poet supposes, that when he had landed at Ithaca, and seen the melancholy

S A T. V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES the Precepts, which you gave before,
 Resolve this Question, and I ask no more :
 Say by what Arts and Methods I may straight
 Repair the Ruins of a lost Estate.
 How now, 'Tiresias ? whence those leering Smiles ?

TIRESIAS.

Already vers'd in double-dealing Wiles,
 Are you not satisfied to reach again
 Your native Land, and view your dear Demaine ?

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
 Unerring Prophet, as you first foretold.
 The wooing Tribe, in Revellings employ'd,
 My Stores have lavish'd, and my Herds destroy'd ;
 But high Descent and meritorious Deeds,
 Unblest with Wealth, are viler than Sea-Weeds.

TIRE-

choly State of his Affairs, he raises the Spirit of the Prophet to direct him how to put them into better Order. This Conversation is not a Continuance of the first, but only supposes it *præter narrata*. SAN.

7. *Neque illic aut apotheca.*] Ulysses must have been in Ithaca, by his knowing the Condition of his House and Family. This Remark is necessary, because many of our Commentators imagine this Satire is a Continuation of the Dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias in Homer.

TIRESIAS.

Quando pauperiem, missis ambagibus, horres :
 Accipe, quâ ratione queas ditescere. Turdus, 10
 Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi : devolet illuc,
 Res ubi magna nitet, domino fene : dulcia poma,
 Et quoscunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,
 Ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives.
 Qui quamvis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus 15
 Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus ; ne tamen illi
 Tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.

ULYSSES.

Utnè tegam spurco Damæ latus ? Haud ita Trojæ
 Me gessi, certans semper melioribus.

TIRESIAS.

Ergo

Pauper eris.

ULYSSES.

Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo : 20
 Et quondam majora tuli. Tu protinus, unde
 Divitias ærisque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.

TIRE-

9. *Missis ambagibus.*] Tiresias pleasantly means that oratorical Circumlocution of Ulysses, *Et genus & virtus*, when he might more simply have expressed his Fears of being poor. Nor is this Apprehension of Poverty quite out of Character, but seems to be taken from a Speech of Ulysses to the Phæacians in the Odyssey. DAC.

11. *Privum.*] Horace puts *privus* in Opposition to *communis*. Thrushes, and all Kinds of wild Birds, were of common Property, *communis & publici juris*, but tame Fowl belonged to particular Persons, *sunt aliquid domesticum, proprium, privum*. The Beauty of *devolet* is happily preserved in the Translation.

17. *Comes exterior.*] In walking with a Companion, the Side, which is most exposed, as in walking near a River or a Precipice, was called the outward Side. This, in general, is the left Side, because the Person, with whom we walk, has his right Hand at Liberty for his Defence in any unlucky Accidents. When three People walk together, the middle is, for the same Reason, the most honourable Place, and is therefore always given to the Person of most Distinction, *interior comes*.

27. Fortem

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the Thought
 Of Want, attend how Riches may be caught.
 Suppose a Thrush, or any dainty Thing
 Be sent to you, dispatch it on the Wing
 To some rich Dotard. What your Garden yields,
 The choicest Honours of your cultur'd Fields,
 To him be sacrific'd, and let him taste,
 Before your Gods, the vegetable Feast.
 Though he be perjur'd; though a low-born Knave,
 Stain'd with fraternal Blood, a fugitive Slave,
 Yet wait upon him, at his least Command,
 And always bid him take the upper Hand,

ULYSSES.

What! shall Ulysses then obey the call
 Of such a Wretch, and give a Slave the Wall?
 Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty Mind,
 Contending ever with the nobler Kind.

TIRESIAS.

Then Poverty's your Fate.

ULYSSES.

And be it so.

Let me with Soul undaunted undergo
 This loathsome Evil, since my valiant Heart
 In greater Perils bore a manly Part.
 But instant tell me, Prophet, how to scrape
 Returning Wealth, and pile the splendid Heap.

TIRE-

20. *Fortem hoc animum.*] Ulysses cannot descend to Meannesses unworthy of his Rank, nor would it have been in Character. He had a Fund of Art and Dissimulation, and pretended to hear the sage Advice Tiresias gave him, as if he approved of it, but takes Care, at parting, not to tell, whether he was determined to follow it. DAC.

SAN.

21. *Protinus.*] Tiresias laughed even before he spoke: but Ulysses, growing

TIRESIAS.

Dixi equidem, & dico. Captes astutus ubique
 Testamenta senum : neu, si vafer unus & alter
 Infidiatorem præroso fugerit hamo, 25
 Aut spem deponas, aut artem illusum omittas.
 Magna minorve foro si res certabitur olim ;
 Vivet uter locuples sine natis, improbus, ultro
 Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius esto
 Defensor : famâ civem causâque priorem 30
 Sperne, domi si natus erit, fecundave conjux.
 Quinte, puta, aut Publi (gaudent prænomine molles
 Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum :
 Jus anceps novi : causas defendere possum :
 Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quàm te 35
 Contentum casâ nuce pauperet : hæc mea cura est,
 Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis jocus. Ire domum atque
 Pelliculam curare jube : si cognitor ipse :
 Persta, atque obdura : seu rubra canicula findet
 Infantes statuas ; seu pingui tentus omafo 40

Furius

growing impatient, and imagining that the Prophet still continued to treat him with too much Pleasantry, desires him to tell him, *at once, protinus*, whether there might not be some other Manner of making his Fortune. Tiresias is firm to the Advice he had given, *dixi equidem & dico*, as if he were seriously convinced, that this was the best Method, by which the Monarch could repair his broken Fortune.

32. *Quinte, puta, aut Publi.*] A Slave was no sooner made free, than he qualified himself with a Surname, such as Marcus Quintus Publius, which carried a Sort of Dignity with it. The Romans saluted each other by their Surnames.

38. *Fi cognitor.*] *Fi*, which is of all the Manuscripts, hath been changed into *si* and *sis* in different Editions. It is an Imperative Mood of the Verb *fo*, and is often used by Plautus.

39. *Seu rubra canicula findet.*] Horace here laughs at a Couple of Poets ; one of whom had called Statues, *infantine*, or *young*, to shew, they were newly made ; an Expression affected, absurd and ridiculous. The other represented Jupiter spitting Snow upon the Alps ; an Idea low, harsh and extravagant. The last of these Bards was Furius Bibaculus,

TIRESIAS.

I told, and tell you : you may safely catch
 The Wills of Dotards, if you wisely watch ;
 And though one Hunk or two perceive the Cheat,
 Avoid the Hook, or nibble off the Bait,
 Lay not aside your golden Hope of Prey,
 Or drop your Art, though baffled in your Play,
 Should either great, or less important Suit
 In Court become the Matter of Dispute,
 Espouse the Man of prosperous Affairs,
 Pregnant with Wealth, if indigent in Heirs ;
 Though he should hamper with a wicked Cause
 The juster Party, and insult the Laws.
 Despise the Citizen of better Life,
 If clog'd with Children, or a fruitful Wife.
 Accost him thus, (for he with Rapture hears
 A Title tingling in his tender Ears)
 Quintus, or Publius, on my Faith depend,
 Your own Deserts have render'd me your Friend :
 I know the mazy Doubles of the Laws,
 Untie their Knots, and plead with vast Applause.
 Had you a Nut, the Villain might as well
 Pluck out my Eyes, as rob you of the Shell.
 This is the Business of my Life profess,
 That you lose nothing, or become a Jest.
 Bid him go home, of his sweet Self take Care;
 Conduct his Cause, proceed, and persevere,
 Should the red Dog-star infant Statues split,
 Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic Fit

Rom-

culus, the Name of the other is unknown. Some of our Commenta-
 tors understand *infantes statuas*, dumb, silent Statues. JUNIUS. SAN.

Furius hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.
 Nonne vides (aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens
 Inquiet) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?
 Plures adnabunt thynni, & cetaria crescent.
 Si cui præterea validus malè filius in re 45
 Præclarâ sublatuſ aletur; ne manifestum
 Cælibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
 Arrepe officiosus, ut & scribare secundus
 Heres, & si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,
 In vacuum venias. Perrarò hæc alea fallit. 50
 Qui testamentum tradet tibi cunque legendum,
 Abnuere, & tabulas à te remove memento:
 Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo
 Cera velit versu; solus multisne coheres,
 Veloci percurrere oculo. Plerumque recoctus 55
 Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem;
 Captatorque dabit risus Nasica Corano.

ULYSSES.

Num furis? an prudens ludis me, obscura canendo?

TIRE-

41. *Furius hybernas.*] *Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes* is the Line, which our Author has parodied. He pleasantly puts Furius himself in the place of Jupiter spitting forth Snow, and the Term *conspuere* seems better to agree with the fat Paunch of Furius, than with a God. In the Lines before, he compares him to the Dog star, as if his Poetry was cold as that Constellation in Winter. Servius tells us, in his Notes on *Æraque diffiliunt vulgo* in Virgil, That Statues of Brass frequently cracked with excessive Cold. DAC.

46. *Sublatus.*] A Word taken from a Roman Custom of laying their new-born Infants on the Ground, and educating only those the Father took up.

53. *Quid prima secundo cera velit versu.*] *Prima cera* signifies the first Page of the Will, in which the Testator's Name was written. *Secundo versu* was the second Line, which contained the Names of the Heirs and Coheirs.

55. *Recoctus scriba ex quinqueviro.*] The *Quinqueviri* were a Kind of Tip-Staff or Bailiff in the Colonies and municipal Towns. A Man who

Bombastic howl, and, while the Tempest blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary Snows.

Some Person then, who happens to be nigh,
Shall pull your Client by the Sleeve, and cry,
“ See with what Patience he pursues your Ends !
“ Was ever Man so active for his Friends ? ”

Thus Gudgeons daily shall swim in a-pace,
And stock your Fish-ponds with a fresh Increase.

This Lesson also well deserves your Care,
If any Man should have a sickly Heir,
And large Estate, lest you yourself betray
By making none but Batchelors your Prey,
With winning Ease the pleasing Bane instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his Will ;
Then if the Boy by some Disaster hurl'd,
Should take his Journey to the nether World,
Your Name in full Reversion may supply,
The Void ; for seldom fails this lucky Die.

If any one desires you to peruse
His Will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you ; but obliquely read
The second Clause, and quick run o'er the Deed,
Observing, whether, to reward your Toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the Spoil.

A feason'd Scrivener, bred in Office low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping Crow.
Thus foil'd Nasica shall become the Sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his Court.

ULYSSES.

What ! are you mad, or purpos'd to propose
Obscure Predictions, to deride my Woes ?

TIRE-

who had passed through these little Offices, may well be supposed to
be sufficiently knowing in what we call the Practice, and from this
Body

TIRESIAS.

O Laërtiade, quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non :
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.

60

ULYSSES.

Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, si licet, ede.

TIRESIAS.

Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus ab alto
Demissum genus Æneâ, tellure marique
Magnus erit ; forti nubet procera Corano
Filia Nasicæ, metuentis reddere foldum.

65

Tum gener hoc faciet : tabulas focero dabit, atque
Ut legat orabit : multum Nasicæ negatas
Accipiet tandem ; tacitus leget, invenietque
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.
Illud ad hæc jubeo : mulier si fortè dolosa,
Libertusve senem delirium temperet ; illis
Accedas focius : laudes, lauderis ut absens.

70

Adjuvat hoc quoque : sed vincit longè prius ipsum
Expugnare caput. Scribet mala carmina vecors ?

Laudato.

Body public Notaries and Registers were chosen. Horace therefore means by *scriba recoctus* a Notary, sufficiently refined in Tricks and Cunning of the Law. *Recoctus* is properly *double-died*, who hath fully taken his Colour.

59. *Quidquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.*] It is well disputed, whether these Words be spoken in Jest by Tiresias to railly the Monarch, who consults him, or whether he too carelessly discovers his real Opinion of his Art. There is an acknowledged double Meaning in his Expression, under which, perhaps, the Poet disguises his own Sentiments of the Skill of these Diviners, and the frequent Ambiguity of their Answers.

62. *Juvenis.*] In 734 Augustus was about four and forty Years of Age, when the Word *Juvenis* might be applied to him, as the Reader may find in the Notes on the second Ode.

64. *Nubet.*] As the Verb *nubere* does not always signify Marriage, Mr. Dacier understands it here of a criminal Commerce. The Words *gener*, and *focer*, are therefore Terms of Gallantry, as *Villius in Fausta Syllæ gener*.

TIRESIAS.

O Son of great Laertes, every Thing
 Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
 For Phœbus, Monarch of the tuneful Nine,
 Informs my Soul, and gives me to divine.

ULYSSES.

But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
 What means the Sequel of that mystic Tale.

TIRESIAS.

What Time a Youth, who shall sublimely trace
 From fam'd Æneas his heroic Race,
 The Parthian's Dread, triumphant shall maintain
 His boundless Empire over Land and Main;
 Nafica, loath to re-imburse his Coin,
 His blooming Daughter shall discreetly join
 To stout Coranus, who shall sily smoke
 The Harpy's Aim, and turn it to a Joke,
 The Son-in-Law shall gravely give the Sire
 His witness'd Will, and presently desire
 That he would read it: coyly he complies,
 And silent cons it with attentive Eyes,
 But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
 No Legacy bequeath'd —— except to mourn.

Add to these Precepts, if a crafty Lafs,
 Or Freed-man manage a delirious As,
 Be their Ally; their Faith applaud, that you,
 When absent, may receive as much in lieu;
 'Tis good to take these Out-Works to his Pelf,
 But best to storm the Citadel itself.

Writes he vile Verses in a frantic Vein?
 Augment his Madness, and approve the Strain:

Prevent

Laudato. Scortator erit? cave te roget: ultro 75
 Penelopen facilis potiori trade.

ULYSSES.

Patafne,
 Perduci poterit tam frugi tamque pudica,
 Quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu?

TIRESIAS.

Venit enim magnum donandi parca juvenus,
 Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ. 80
 Sic tibi Penelope frugi est: quæ si semel uno
 De fene gustarit, tecum partita lucellum,
 Ut canis, à corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.
 Me fene, quod dicam, factum est. Anus improba Thebis
 Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver 85
 Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit heres:
 Scilicet elabi si posset mortua; credo
 Quòd nimium infiterat viventi. Cautus adito:
 Neu desis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.
 Difficilem & morosum offendes garrulus; ultro 90
 Non etiam fileas. Davus sis comicus, atque
 Stes capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti. Obse-

79. *Venit enim magnum, &c.*] Although Tiresias gives Ulysses no better Reason for his Wife's Virtue, than the Avarice of her Lovers, yet the Monarch hears him patiently, since even this Reason proves her sufficiently virtuous. Our Poet probably took the Hint of this Passage from Homer, who makes Penelope reproach her Wooers with their Want of Generosity and never having made her any Presents. The next Line is almost a Translation from the Odyssey. DAC.

85. *Elata.*] Carried out to the funeral Pyle. *Effertur, Imus.*

TERRENT.

90. *Offendes.*] The Verbs *adito*, *desis*, *abundes*, *fileas* and *sis*, require *offendes*, which was found by Cruquius in a Manuscript of the Scholiaft. Mr. Sanadon thinks, *Silere ultro* for *Silere intempestivè, inopportune, obstinatè*, is worth remarking. The best Manuscripts of Cruquius, and some of Lambinus read *ultra*, which is received into the Text by Baxter. It is explained by an ancient Commentator, *ultra, quam satis est.*

92. *Obstipo capite.*] Hath been explained in the Note on the eighty-ninth Line of the third Satire, first Book.

95. *As-*

Prevent his asking, if he loves a Wench,
And let your Wife his nobler Passion quench.

ULYSSES.

Can you suppose, a Dame so chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty Lure,
Whom all the Suitors amorously strove,
In vain, to stagger in her plighted Love?

TIRESIAS.

The Youth too sparing of their Presents came ;
They lov'd the Banquet, rather than the Dame ;
And thus your prudent, honourable Spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial Vows.
But had she once indulg'd the Dotard's Glee,
Smack'd her old Cull, and shar'd the Spoil with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious Beagle, from the reeking Hide.

I'll tell a Tale, well worthy to be told,
A Fact that happen'd, and I then was old :
An Hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her Will, lugg'd out,
Stiff to the Pile. Upon his naked Back
Her Heir sustain'd the well-anointed Pack.
She, likely, took this Crotchet in her Head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
From him, who trudging through a filthy Road,
Had stuck too closely to the living Load.

Be cautious therefore, and advance with Art,
Nor sink beneath, nor over-act your Part.
A noisy Fellow must of course offend
The surly Temper of a fullen Friend :
Yet be not mute —— like Davus in the Play
With Head inclin'd, his awful Nod obey,

Creep

Obsequio grassare : mone, si increbuit aura,
 Cautus uti velet carum caput : extrahe turbâ
 Oppositis humeris : aurem substringe loquaci. 95
 Importunus amat laudari ? donec, ohe jam !
 Ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge, &
 Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.
 Quum te servitio longo curâque levarit ;
 Et certum vigilans, Quartæ esto partis Ulysses 100
 Audieris heres : Ergo nunc Dama sodalis
 Nusquam est ? Unde mihi tam fortem tamque fidelem ?
 Sparge subinde : & , si paulum potes, illachrymare. Est
 Gaudia prodentem vultum celare. Sepulchrum,
 Permissum arbitrio, sine sordibus extrue : funus 105
 Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. Si quis
 Fortè coheredum senior malè tussiet ; huic tu
 Dic, ex parte tuâ, seu fundi, five domûs sit
 Emor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. Sed me
 Imperiosa trahit Proserpina : vive, valeque. 110

SAT.

95. *Aurem substringe loquaci.*] A familiar Expression for putting his Hair behind his Ears, that he might hear better.

100. *Quartæ esto partis Ulysses.*] This Reading is preserved in several Manuscripts. *Esto* was the Term used in Wills. BENT.

103. *Sparge subinde.*] Throw out, by Breaks and Starts, such Expressions as these, *unde mihi tam fortem ?* &c. Such were the customary Lamentations at Funerals. CRUG.

109. *Nummo addicere.*] When a Counterfeit-Sale was made of any thing left by Will, the Forms of Law were to be observed. The Buyer and Seller went to a public Officer called *Libripens*, or Keeper of the Scales, and the Purchaser in the Presence of Witnesses put a Piece of Money into the Scales, which the Seller took out, and the Sale was afterwards deemed legal. *Nummo addicere* means here *to sell for nothing ; for any Sum.* DAC.

110. *Imperiosa trahit Proserpina.*] Had the Dialogue continued any longer, Ulysses must either have refused to follow the Prophet's Advice, which would have been cold, and unworthy of the Spirit of Satire, or he must have complied with it, in Violation of his own Character. Horace probably borrowed the very happy Manner of breaking off the Conversation from a Passage in the *Odyssey*, where Proserpine bids the Ghosts advance in Order before Ulysses, and then commands them to retire. DAC.

Creep into Favour : If a ruder Gale
Assault his Face, admonish him to veil
His precious Pate. Oppose your Shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling Crowd.
If he loves Prating, hang an Ear : should Lust
Of empty Glory be the Blockhead's Gust,
Indulge his eager Appetite, and puff
The growing Bladder with inspiring Stuff,
Till he with Hands uplifted to the Skies,
Enough ! enough ! in glutt'd Rapture cries.

When he shall free you from your servile Fear,
And tedious Toil ; when broad awake, you hear :
" To good Ulysses, my right trusty Slave,
" A fourth Division of my Lands I leave."
Is then (as void of Consolation roar)

My dearest Friend, my Dama now no more ?
Where shall I find another Man so just,
Firm in his Love, and faithful to his Trust ?
Squeeze out some Tears : 'tis fit in such a Case
To cloak your Joys beneath a mournful Face.
Though left to your discretionary Care,
Erect a Tomb magnificently fair,
And let your Neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your Fame, the pompous Funeral applaud.

If any Vassal of the Will-Compeers,
With Asthma gasping, and advanc'd in Years,
Should be dispos'd to purchase House or Land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your Proportion come,
And for the Value, let him name the Sum ———
But I am summon'd by the Queen of Hell
Back to the Shades. Live artful, and farewell.

SAT.

SAT. VI.

HOC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
 Dî melius fecere. Bene est : nihil amplius oro,
 Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis. 5
 Si neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem ;
 Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem :
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum ; O si angulus ille
 Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
 O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi monstret ! ut illi, 10
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
 Hercule : si quod adest, gratum juvat, hac prece te oro,
 Pingue

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

A moderate Fortune can give us all the rational Pleasures of Life, and our Passions only make us unsatisfied. This is a Subject plain and simple in itself ; nor could we reasonably expect, after all he hath said upon it in his Odes, that our Poet could here make it appear still pleasing and new. In the present Satire he sets the calm, tranquil Amusements of the Country in Opposition to the tumultuous Business, and irregular Pleasures of Rome.

We shall find by the fortieth and forty-fifth Line, that the Satire was written in 723. SAN.

Vers. 5. *Maiâ nate.*] He addresses his Prayer to Mercury, not only because this God was a Patron of Poets in general, and that our Poet, as we find in his Odes, was particularly obliged to his Protection, but because he presided over Industry and Merchandize, as Hercules did over any sudden, accidental Increase of Riches. Besides, he was a rural Deity, from whence, as Mr. Dacier observes, the Poet recommends the Preservation of his Cattle to him, in the fourteenth Verse.

9. *Denormat.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author.

14. Et

S A T. VI.

I OFTEN wish'd, I had a Farm,
 A decent Dwelling, snug and warm,
 A Garden, and a Spring as pure
 As Crystal, running by my Door,
 Besides a little ancient Grove,
 Where at my Leisure I might rove.

The gracious Gods, to crown my Bliss,
 Have granted this, and more than this,
 I have enough in my possessing,
 'Tis well : I ask no greater Blessing,
 O Hermes ! than remote from Strife
 To have and hold them for my Life.

If I was never known to raise
 My Fortune by dishonest Ways,
 Nor, like the Spend-thrifts of the Times,
 Shall ever sink it by my Crimes :

If thus I neither pray, nor ponder——
 O ! might I have that Angle yonder,
 Which disproportions now my Field,
 What Satisfaction it would yield ?

Oh ! that some lucky Chance but threw
 A Pot of Silver in my View,
 As lately to the Man, who bought
 The very Land, in which he wrought !
 If I am pleas'd with my Condition,
 O hear, and grant this last Petition :

Indulgent,

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As lately to the Man, who bought
The very Land, in which he wrought !
If I am pleas'd with my Condition,
O hear, and grant this last Petition :

Indulgent,

Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera, præter
 Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adfis. 15
 Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Quid priùs illustrem Satiris Musâque pedestri?
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
 Matutine pater, seu Jane libentiùs audis, 20
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
 Instituunt (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
 Principium. Romæ sponforem me rapis: eia,
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge;
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem 25
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quod mî obsit, clarè certumque locuto,
 Lucandum

14. *Et cætera, præter ingenium.*] The Latins in speaking of Style have Expressions not unlike this, *pingue & adipatum dicendi genus; poeta pingue quiddam sonantes.* Ovid says of Midas, *pingue sed ingenium mansit.* This playing on the double Meaning of the Word is much in our Author's Manner. Besides, Mercury was a good humour'd God, who understood Raillery, *de Dîs non tristibus.* Yet for fear the Deity should understand the Word *cætera* in its full Extent, and without any Exception, the Petitioner pleasantly guards against the Fatness of his Understanding. SAN.

16. *In arcem.*] He considers his Country-House as a Citadel, inaccessible to the Cares, that besieged him at Rome. SAN.

17. *Musâque pedestri.*] The Muse of Satire, if such an Expression may be allowed, is a Muse on Foot. She borrows nothing from Poetry but the Measure of her Verses, the only Particular in which she differs from Prose. SAN.

18. *Plumbeus.*] This Epithet very well expresses the Weight of Air in Autumn, when the South-Wind was usually attended at Rome with pestilential Disorders. Our Poet's Country-House was covered by Mountains, in such a Manner, as that he had nothing to fear from its bad Effects. SAN.

20. *Matutine pater.*] The Satire properly begins here, and all before this Line is a Kind of Preface. Janus presided over Time, and therefore Horace calls him God of the Morning, as if Time seemed to be renewed every Morning. DAC. SAN.

The Superstition of calling the Gods by all their Names, for fear of disobliging them by forgetting any of their Titles, hath been already remarked.

Indulgent, let my Cattle batten,
 Let all Things, but my Fancy, fatten,
 And thou continue still to guard,
 As thou art wont, thy suppliant Bard.

Whenever therefore I retreat
 From Rome into my Sabine Seat,
 By Mountains fenc'd on either Side,
 And in my Castle fortify'd,
 What can I write with greater Pleasure,
 Than Satires in familiar Measure?
 Nor mad Ambition there destroys,
 Nor sickly Wind my Health annoys;
 Nor noxious Autumn gives me Pain,
 The ruthless Undertaker's Gain.

Whatever Title please thine Ear,
 Father of Morning, Janus hear,
 Since mortal Men by Heaven's Decree,
 Commence their Toils, imploring thee,
 Director of the busy Throng,
 Be thou the Prelude of my Song.

At Rome, you press me: "Without fail
 " A Friend expects you for his Bail,
 " Be nimble to perform your Part,
 " Lest any Rival get the Start.
 " Though rapid Boreas sweep the Ground,
 " Or Winter in a narrower Round
 " Contract the Day, through Storm and Snow,
 " At all Adventures you must go."

When bound beyond Equivocation,
 Or any mental Reservation,

By

23. *Eia, ne prior officio, &c.*] To shew, that all his Distresses begin with the Morning, the Poet introduces Janus, the God of the Morning, pressing them upon him, *Urge; sine Aquilo, &c.* DAC.

26. *Interiore diem.*] The northern Part of the Circle, which the Sun

Luſtandum in turbâ, facienda injuria tardis.

Quid tibi vis, quas res agis, infane? improbus urget
Iratis precibus: Tu pulſes omne quod obſtet,

Ad Mæcenatem memori ſi mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, & melli eſt, non mentiar At ſimul atras

Ventum eſt Eſquilias, aliena negotia centum

Per caput & circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam

Rofcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.

De re communi Scribæ magnâ atque novâ te

Orabant hodie meminifſes, Quinte, reverti.

Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenas ſigna tabellis.

Dixeris, experiar; ſi vis, potes, addit, & inſtat.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,

Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere ſuorum

In numero; dumtaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ

Vellet,

Sun deſcribes in Summer, is more diſtant from our Earth, than the ſouthern Part, which he deſcribes in Winter. From hence our Days are ſhorter in Winter than in Summer, and the Sun may therefore be poetically ſaid to drive the Day in a ſmaller Courſe. Horace calls this Circle *interiorem gyrum*, by a Figure taken from Chariot-Races, in which the Driver, who turned neareſt the Goal, marked a narrower Circle, and was therefore called *interior quadriga*, with Regard to thoſe, who were obliged to take a larger Compaſs, *exterioreſ*.

TORR.

29. *Quas res agis, infane?*] Our Editors give us many various Readings of this Verſe. That, which the preſent Edition hath choſen, is authoriſed, as Torrentius aſſures us, by three excellent Manuſcripts

32. *Atras Eſquilias.*] Hath been explained in the Notes on the firſt Epode, and the tenth Satire of the firſt Book.

35. *Ad Puteal.*] He deſcribes a Part of the Forum by a Monument erected there to ſhew, that the Place had been ſtruck with Thunder. Some of the Prætors held a Kind of Sefſions there to decide private Cauſes.

TORR.

36. *De re communi ſcribæ.*] Horace had purchaſed an Employment of Register or Secretary to the Treafury, and is deſired to return early from Mæcenas, to conſult about ſome important Affair, that concerned the whole Body.

TORR. DAC.

38. *Impri-*

By all the Ties of legal Traps,
 And to my Ruin too, perhaps,
 I still must bustle through the Crowd,
 And press the tardy ; when aloud
 A foul-mouth'd Fellow reimburses
 This Usage with a Peal of Curses.
 " What Madness hath possess'd thy Pate
 " To jostle Folk at such a Rate,
 " When puffing through the Streets you scour
 " To meet Mæcnas at an Hour ?"

This pleases me, to tell the Truth,
 And is as Honey to my Tooth.
 Yet when I reach th' Esquilian Hill,
 (That dreadful Scene, and gloomy still)
 A thousand busy Cares surround me,
 Distract my Senses, and confound me.
 " Roscius entreated you to meet
 " At Court To-morrow before eight ———
 " The Secretaries have implor'd
 " Your Presence at their Council-Board ———
 " Pray, take this Patent, and prevail
 " Upon your Friend to fix the Seal ———"
 Sir, I shall try—— replies the Man,
 More urgent ; " If you please you can ——"

'Tis more than seven Years complete,
 It hardly wants a Month of eight,
 Since great Mæcnas' Favour grac'd me,
 Since first among his Friends he plac'd me,

Sometimes

38. *Imprimat his, cura.*] Dion informs us, that Mæcnas was intrusted with the great Seal of the Roman Empire, and was a Kind of Lord High Chancellor to Augustus.

42. *Duntaxat ad hoc.*] Our Poet did not abuse that Confidence, with which Mæcnas honoured him, and it had been happy for this great Minister, if he had found all his Friends equally discreet.

Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro
par?

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent; 45
Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure.

Per totam hoc tempus subjectior in diem & horam
Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverit unâ,
Luserit in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.

Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor; 50

Quicumque obvius est, me consulit: O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)

Numquid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra 55
Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure, daturus?

Jurantem

Augustus would not have had Reason to complain, that he had not
Discretion enough to keep a Secret. DAC.

48. *Noster ludos spectaverit.*] The Construction is a little difficult by
the Poet's neglecting to mark the regular Transitions, that he might
better preserve the Freedom and Vivacity of the Conversation. *Si
unâ cum Mæcenate spectaverim ludos, vel in campo luserim, omnes conti-
nuè exclamant; Fortunæ filius est.* SAN.

49. *Luserit in campo.*] They played at Ball, of which both Mæ-
cenas and Horace were extremely fond.

53. *De Dacis.*] The Dacians had engaged in Antony's Army at
the Battle of Actium in 723, and Octavius had disoblged them by
refusing some Favours, which they demanded by their Ambassadors.
He was obliged to send Marcus Crassus against them the Year
following. SAN.

55. *Militibus promissa Triquetra.*] Octavius promised the Soldiers,
who had served under him in reducing Sicily, to divide some of the
conquered Lands amongst them. But the War, in which he was en-
gaged against Anthony, obliged him to defer this Division, and im-
mediately after the Battle of Actium, the Troops, which he had sent
to Brundisium, mutinied on this Occasion. He went himself to stop
the Beginning of a Revolt, which might have been attended with
most dangerous Consequences. This Affair was all the News at
Rome, when our Poet wrote the present Satire.

Sicily

Sometimes to carry in his Chair,
A Mile or two, to take the Air,
And might intrust with idle Chat,
Discourfing upon this or that,
As in a free familiar Way,

“ How, tell me, Horace, goes the Day!

“ Think you the Thracian can engage

“ The Syrian Hector of the Stage?

“ This Morning Air is very bad!

“ For Folks, who are but thinly clad.” —

Our Converfation chiefly dwells
On thefe, and fuch like Bagatelles,
As might the verieft Pratler hear,
Or be repos’d in leaky Ear.

Yet every Day, and every Hour,
I’m more enflav’d to Envy’s Power.

“ Our Son of Fortune (with a Pox)

“ Sat with Mæcenas in the Box,

“ Juft by the Stage: You might remark,

“ They play’d together in the Park.”

Should any Rumour, without Head
Or Tail, about the Streets be fpread,
Whoever meets me gravely nods,

And fays, “ As you approach the Gods,

“ It is no Myftery to you,

“ What do the Dacians mean to do?”

Indeed, I know not — “ How you joke,

“ And love to sneer at fimple Folk!”

Then Vengeance feize this Head of mine,
If I have heard, or can divine —

“ Yet, prithee, where are Cæfar’s Bands

“ Allotted their Debenture-Lands?”

Jurantem me scire nihil, miratur, ut unum
 Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
 Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis :
 O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit 60
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ ?
 O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Uncta fatis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?
 O noctes, cœnæque Deûm ! quibus ipse, meique, 65
 Ante Larem proprium vescor ; vernasque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
 Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus insanis ; seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula ; seu modicis uvescit lætiùs. Ergo 70
 Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis ;
 Nec malè necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet,

Sicily was called Triquetra from its triangular Shape, and in some ancient Coins it is represented under the Figure of a Woman with three Legs.

63. *Faba Pythagoræ cognata.*] This Expression is pleasant and satirical, in Allusion to the Metempsychosis of Pythagoras. Never did Kindred and Consanguinity extend so far as that of this Philosopher. Every living Creature was of his Family, and as he found in a Bean a certain whimsical Likeness of some Parts of an human Body, he fancied it contained a Soul subjected to the Vicissitudes of a Transmigration, and therefore forbade his Disciples to eat Beans, lest they might eat some of their Relations.

HEINSIUS. SAN.

67. *Libatis dapibus.*] It is not necessary to suppose, that Horace admitted his Domestics to his own Table, but when he had a mind to entertain them with better Cheer, he gave them Dishes of Meat, of which he only paid the first Offerings to the Gods, *libatis dapibus*. The first Portion of the Supper, thus offered to the *Lares*, was thrown into the Fire. Others understand *libatis*, which the Poet himself had only tasted.

68. *Solutus legibus insanis.*] The Greeks had more good Manners in their Cups, than the Romans, for they never compelled their Guests to drink. Their Maxim was, *aut bibe, aut abi*, either drink or leave the Company.

72. *Malè necne Lepos saltet.*] Such is usually our polite Conversation.

Although I swear, I know no more
Of that, than what they ask'd before,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest Mortal ever known.

Thus, in this giddy, busy Maze,
I lose the Sun-shine of my Days,
And oft, with fervent Wish, repeat —
“ When shall I see my sweet Retreat ;
“ Oh ! when with Books of Sages deep,
“ Sequester'd Ease, and gentle Sleep,
“ In sweet Oblivion, blissful Balm !
“ The busy Cares of Life becalm ?
“ Oh ! when shall I enrich my Veins,
“ Spite of Pythagoras, with Beans ?
“ Or live luxurious in my Cottage
“ On Bacon-Ham and savoury Pottage ?
“ O joyous Nights ! delicious Feasts !
“ At which the Gods might be my Guests.”
My Friends and I regal'd, my Slaves
Enjoy what their rich Master leaves.
There every Guest may drink and fill,
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the Bedlam-Rules
Of roaring Prodigals and Fools :
Whether, in merry Mood or Whim,
He fills his Bumper to the Brim,
Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a moderate Glass.

Nor this Man's House, nor that's Estate
Becomes the Subject of Debate ;
Nor whether Lepos, the Buffoon,
Can dance, or not, a Rigadoon ;

Pertinet, ac nescire malum est, agitamur : utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati ;

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos ; 75

Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius, hæc inter, vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arellî

Solicitas ignarus opes ; sic incipit : Olim

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur 80

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;

Asper, & attentus quæsitis ; ut tamen arctum

Solveret hospitii animum. Quid multa ? neque ille

Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ :

Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi

Frustra dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ

Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo :

Quum pater ipse domûs paleâ porrectus in hornâ

Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.

Tandem

tion. Take away Plays, Operas, Fashions, and two thirds of the World would have nothing to say. We may, with Mr. Sanadon, lament the People, whose Education has not made them capable of talking of any thing else, nor are they less to be pitied, who are obliged to listen to such Companions.

75. *Usus rectumne.*] Friendship is an Inclination of the Heart, and the great Mover of the Heart is Pleasure. Thus our Self-Love finds its Account in Friendship. When Zeno says, that it can arise only from Virtue, he does not contradict Epicurus, who places it among the Virtues, and even gives it the Preference to all others. They had only different Ideas of the same Virtue. SAN.

77. *Aniles fabellas.*] Traditionary Stories, *ab avorum memoriâ repetitas.*

82. *Ut tamen arctum.*] *Ita tamen ut.* This contracted Spirit, *arctus*, which enlarges itself, *solvitur*, at Sight of a Friend, is a metaphorical Expression of great Beauty and Energy. SAN.

83. *Neque ille sepositi, &c.*] *Ille* is of more than twelve Manuscripts. It has more Elegance, and that Elegance has more of the Manner of Horace than *illi*. *Sepositum cicer* & *longa avena* is for *avena* & *cicer* in longum tempus seposita. The first Epithet agrees equally with both Substantives.

BENT. SAN.

92. Vis

But what concerns us more, I trow,
 And were a Scandal not to know ;
 Whether our Bliss consist in Store
 Of Riches, or in Virtue's Lore :
 Whether Esteem, or private Ends
 Should guide us in the Choice of Friends :
 Or what, if rightly understood,
 Man's real Bliss, and sovereign Good.

While thus we spend the social Night,
 Still mixing Profit with Delight,
 My Neighbour Cervius never fails
 To club his Part in pithy Tales :
 Suppose, Arellius, one should praise
 Your anxious Opulence : he says——

A Country-Mouse, as Authors tell,
 Of old invited to his Cell
 A City-Mouse, and with his best
 Would entertain the courtly Guest.
 Thrifty he was, and full of Cares
 To make the most of his Affairs,
 Yet in the midst of his Frugality
 Would give a Loose to Hospitality.
 In short, he goes, and freely fetches
 Whole Ears of hoarded Oats, and Vetches,
 Dry Grapes and Raisins crosses his Chaps,
 And dainty Bacon, but in Scraps,
 If Delicacies could invite
 My squeamish Courtier's Appetite,
 Who turn'd his Nose at every Dish,
 And saucy piddled, with a — Pish !

The Master of the House, reclin'd
 On downy Chaff, more temperate din'd
 On Wheat, and Darnel from a Manger,
 And left the Dainties for the Stranger.

Tandem urbanus ad hunc: Quid te juvat, inquit,
amice,

90

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere fylvis?

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est

Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga. Quo, bone, circa, 95

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:

Vive memor, quàm sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exilit: inde

Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

Mœnia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat 100

Nox medium cœli spatium; quum ponit uterque

In locuplete domo vestigia; rubra ubi cocco

Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,

Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cœnâ,

Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris. 105

Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit

Agrestem;

92. *Vis tu.*] The City-Mouse does not ask the Country-Mouse whether he be willing to follow him, but, by a common Manner of Expression, exhorts, and almost commands him. They, who read *vin' tu*, mistake the Sense of the Passage, and contradict the greater Number of Manuscripts.

BENT.

100. *Jamque tenebat, &c.*] The Time, in which our Travellers performed their Journey, was a Matter of great Importance, and the Poet has therefore marked it with much Pomp of Cadence and Expression.

DAC.

108. *Næ*

The Cit, displeas'd at his Repast,
Address'd our simple Host at last :

" My Friend, what Pleasure can you find,

" To live this Mountain's Back behind ?

" Would you prefer the Town, and Men,

" To this wild Wood, and dreary Den,

" No longer, moaping, loiter here,

" But go with me to better Cheer.

" Since Animals but draw their Breath,

" And have no Being after Death ;

" Since nor the Little, nor the Great,

" Can shun the Rigour of their Fate ;

" At least be merry while you may,

" The Life of Mice is but a Day ;

" Come then, my Friend, to Pleasure give

" The little Life you have to live."

Encourag'd thus, the Country-Mouse,

Transported, sallies from his House :

They both set out, in hopes to crawl

At Night beneath the City-Wall ;

And now the Night, elaps'd Eleven,

Possess'd the middle Space of Heaven,

When in a rich and splendid Dome

They stopp'd, and found themselves at home,

Where Ivory Couches, overspread

With Tyrian Carpets, glowing, fed

The dazzled Eye. To lure the Taste,

The Fragments of a costly Feast,

Remaining, drest but Yesterday,

In Baskets, pil'd on Baskets, lay.

The Courtier on a purple Seat

Had plac'd his rustic Friend in State,

Agrestem ; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipfis
 Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod adfert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque 110
 Rebus agit lætum convivam : quum subitò ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus, Haud mihi vitâ
 Est opus hac, ait, & valeas : me sylva cavusque 115
 Tutus ab infidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

108. *Nec non verniliter.*] Our City-Mouse would treat his Guest with all the Politeness of a Courtier, *verniliter*, and therefore performs all the Ceremonials due to a Prince, *fungitur officiis*. SAN.

109. *Prælibans*] Is of an excellent Manuscript, and received by our best Editors. They who read *prælibans* mistake the Meaning of the Word, which is used only for *radere*, *mordere*, when speaking of a River, that washes away its Banks. Besides, the Scholiast explains the Word by *præguſtans*. Or if we should understand *prælibans* in the Sense here given to it, yet it presents to us an Idea of a Slave, not of a Master of the Feast ; whereas *præguſtans* naturally signifies the Formalities observed at the Tables of Kings, who had proper Officers, called by Suetonius *præguſtatores*, appointed to taste their Meat and their Wines. BENT.

S A T. VII.

DAVUS. HORATIUS.

DAVUS.

JAMDUDUM ausculto, & cupiens, tibi dicere
 fervus
 Pauca reformido. HORA-

The particular Design of the Saturnalia was to represent that Equality, with which Mankind lived, under the Reign of Saturn, according to the Law of Nature. Horace here introduces a Slave asserting, that a wise Man alone is free, and that real Liberty consists in not obeying

Then bustled, like a busy Host,
 Supplying Dishes boil'd and roast,
 Nor yet omits the Courtier's Duty
 Of tasting, ere he brings the Booty.

The Country-Mouse, with Rapture strange,
 Rejoices in his fair Exchange,
 And lolling, like an easy Guest,
 Enjoys the Cheer, and cracks his Jest.
 When, on a sudden, opening Gates,
 Loud-jarring, shook them from their Seats.

They ran, affrighted, through the Room,
 And, apprehensive of their Doom,
 Now trembled more and more ; when, hark !
 The Mastiff-Dogs began to bark,
 The Dome, to raise the Tumult more,
 Resounded to the surly Roar.

The Bumpkin then concludes, Adieu !
 This Life, perhaps, agrees with you :
 My Grove, and Cave, secure from Snares,
 Shall comfort me with Chaff and Tares.

SAT. VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

I'LL hear no more, and with Impatience burn,
 Slave as I am, to answer in my Turn ;
 And yet I fear——

HORACE.

obeying our Passions, or being enslaved to Vice. He boldly reproaches his Master with his Faults and Follies. His Reasoning is so natural, sensible, and pressing, that Horace not being able to answer him, at last loses his Temper, and is obliged to make use of Menaces to silence him.

M 6

DAC. SAN.
Vers. 1.

HORATIUS.

Davusne ?

DAVUS.

Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis ; hoc est,
Ut vitale putes.

HORATIUS.

Age, libertate Decembri

(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere ; narra.

5

DAVUS.

Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
Propositum ; pars multa natat, modò recta capeffens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inequalis, clavum ut mutaret in horas : 10
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè :
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta chiragra 15
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ

Con-

Verf. 1. *Jamdudum ausculto.*] Tired of the fantastic Humours of a whimsical Poet, our Slave is determined to enjoy the Liberty of speaking his Mind, and saying a few Words, as he calls them. Few indeed in comparison of all he had heard in the Course of a Year, although his Master thinks him very sufficiently tedious. SAN.

3. *Frugi, quod sit satis ; hoc est.*] The common People have always imagined, that Persons of eminent Merit do not live long. From thence the Proverb, *too witty to live.* TORR.

9. *Lævâ Priscus inani.*] Before the Time of Horace it was infamous to wear more than one Ring, and when they began to wear more, they carried them only on the left Hand, which was less exposed to public View, as if they would seem ashamed of such Marks of Effeminacy. BOND.

13. *Doctus Athenis.*] If Davus, as Mr. Sanadon imagines, was a Grecian, we should not be surprised to find him preferring Athens to Rome.

HORACE.

What ! Davus, is it you ?

DAVUS.

Yes. Davus, Sir, the faithful and the true.
With Wit enough no sudden Death to fear——

HORACE.

Well. Since this jovial Season of the Year
Permits it, and our Ancestors ordain,
No more thy dear Impertinence restrain.

DAVUS.

Among Mankind, while some with steady View
One constant Course of darling Vice pursue,
Most others float along the changing Tide,
And now to Virtue, now to Vice they glide.
Lo ! from three Rings how Priscus plays the Light ;
Now shews his naked Hand —— The various Wight
With every Hour a different Habit wears :
Now in a Palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in some vile and filthy Place,
Where a clean Slave would blush to shew his Face.
Now rakes at Home, and now to Athens flies ;
Intensely studies with the Learn'd and Wise.
Sure all the Gods, who rule this varying Earth,
In deep Despair presided at his Birth.

Old Volanerius, once that Man of Joke,
When the just Gout his crippled Fingers broke, Main-

Rome. The Conjecture, which is confirmed by his counting by Drachmas in the forty-third Line, gives a Spirit and Poignancy to the Passage, as it is an additional Insult to Horace, that his Slave should describe Rome by its Vices, and Athens by its Learning.

14. *Vertumnis natus iniquis.*] Vertumnus presided over the regular Seasons of the Year, established by the Laws of Nature. Priscus was therefore born in despite of the God, because all his Changes were an Effect of Oddity and Whim. Horace multiplies this God, *Vertumni*, from the different Forms under which he was represented.

BOND. SAN.

19. Tanto

Conductum pavit : quanto constantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miser, ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

20

HORATIUS.

Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendant,
Furcifer ?

DAVUS.

Ad te, inquam.

HORATIUS.

Quo pacto, pessime ?

DAVUS.

Laudas.

Fortunam ac mores antiquæ plebis ; & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subitò te agat, usque recuses :
Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse ;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas ; absentem rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis. Si nusquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus ; ac, velut usquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem ducis amasque,
Quòd nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
Mæcenas ferum sub lumina prima venire

Con-

19. *Tanto leviùs miser, &c.*] Davus does not absolutely mean, that a Man in one constant Course of Vice is less miserable, than he who continually changes from Vice to Virtue, from Virtue to Vice, but that he is less sensible of his Misery ; because the other is perpetually struggling with himself, and labouring between two Extremes.

Ac prior ille.] *Ac* in our Author is frequently used for *quam*, and *prior* must be referred to *Priscus*.

SAN.

20. *Qui jam contento.*] A Man enslaved to his Passions, and struggling to get free, is like a Beast chained, which is always equally miserable, *laboras*, whether it endeavours to break its Chain, or lies quietly under it. Horace takes his Comparison from an Image of Misery, which cannot agree with the Sports of Children, by which Mr. Dacier would explain it.

SAN.

30. *Lau*

Maintain'd a Slave to gather up the Dice,
So constant was he to his darling Vice.
Yet less a Wretch than he, who now maintains
A steady Course, now drives with looser Reins.

HORACE.

Tell me, thou tedious Varlet, whither tends
This putrid Stuff ?

DAVUS.

At you direct it bends.

HORACE.

At me, you Scoundrel ?

DAVUS.

When with lavish Praise

You vaunt the Happiness of ancient Days,
Suppose some God should take you at your Word,
Would you not scorn the Blessing you implor'd ?
Whether not yet convinc'd, as you pretend,
Or weak the Cause of Virtue to defend ;
While sinking in the Mire you strive, in vain,
Too deeply plung'd, to free your Foot again.

When you're at Rome, the Country has your Sighs ;
A Rustic gown, you vaunt into the Skies.
The absent Town. Perchance, if uninvited
To sup abroad, Oh ! then you're so delighted
With your own homely Meal, that one would think,
That he, who next engages you to drink,
Must tie you Neck and Heels ; you seem so blest,
When with no Bumper-Invitation prest.

But should Mæcenus bid his Poet wait
(Great Folks, like him, can never sup, 'till late)

Sput.

30. *Laudas securum olus.*] Our Poet is perfectly sincere in acknowledging the Faults of his own Character, as particularly where he says of himself, *tutus parvula laudo, quum res deficiunt.* SAN.

33. *Sub lumina prima.*] What the Latins called *supremo sole*, the setting

Convivam ; Nemon' oleum fert ocyus ? ecquis
 Audit ? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque. 35
 Mulvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
 Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
 Duci ventre levem : nasum nidore supinor :
 Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde, popino.
 Tu, quum sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultro 40
 Infectere, velut melior, verbisque decoris
 Obvolvas vitium ? Quid, si me stultior ipse
 Quingentis emto drachmis deprenderis ? Aufer
 Me vultu terrere ; manum stomachumque teneto,
 Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo. 45
 Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum :
 Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius ? Acris ubi me
 Natura incendit ; sub clarâ nuda lacernâ
 Dimittit neque famosum, neque sollicitum, ne
 Ditiore aut formæ melioris meiat eodem. 50
 Tu, quum projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,
 Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
 Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ,
 Non es quod simulas ? metuens induceris, atque
 Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore. 55

Quid

setting Sun : *ad facem primam*, at Candle-Light. The Romans generally supped at three or four in the Evening, but Mæcenas could not sup so early, as he was engaged in Business.

36. *Mulvius*] Was a Buffoon, who intending to sup with Horace, loads him with Imprecations for disappointing him. *Mulvius* is of sufficient Authority, and is found in the best Manuscripts of several Authors, collated by Dr. Bentley.

45. *Quæ Crispini docuit me janitor.*] This is mere Malice in Davus, to insinuate that his Master's Vices must be publicly known, when the Porter of a Family, where he was very little acquainted, could be so well informed of them. But the Poet with equal Address disappoints the Accusation, by shewing, that it may be justly suspected, since it is formed against him by a Domestic of a Philosopher, who was his open Enemy, and whom he always treated with Contempt.

52. *Prodis*

Sputtering with idle Rage the House you rend,
 "Where is my Essence? Rogues, what, none attend?"
 While the Buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
 Sneak off with Curses —— not to be repeated.

Fond of my Guts, too fond, perhaps, I seem;
 I throw my Nose up to a savoury Steam:

Or Folks may call me, careless, idle Sot,
 Or say I pledge too oft the other Pot:

But shall the Man of deeper Vice like you,
 With Malice unprovok'd my Faults pursue,
 Because with specious Phrase, and Terms of Art,
 You clothe, forsooth, the Vices of your Heart?

What if a greater Fool your Worship's found,
 Than the poor Slave you bought for twenty Pound?
 Think not to fright me with that threatening Air,
 Nay, keep your Temper, Sir, your Fingers spare,
 While I the Maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
 Taught me by Crispin's Porter at his Gate.

You tempt your Neighbour's Wife; an humble Harlot
 Contents poor Davus—— Who's the greater Varlet?

When Nature fires my Veins, I quench the Flame,
 And leave the Fair-one with uninjur'd Fame,
 Nor shall one jealous Care disturb my Breast,
 By whom the Wanton shall be next possess'd.

When you throw off those Ensigns of your Pride,
 Your Ring, your Judge's Robe, and basely hide,
 Beneath a Slave's vile Cap, your essenc'd Hair,
 Say, are you not the Wretch, whose Clothes you wear?
 Then

52. *Prodis ex judice Dama.*] Davus calls his Master a Judge, because Augustus had granted him the Privilege of wearing a Ring, and a Robe, called *Angusticlavium*. Thus he was in some measure incorporated into the Body of Roman Knights, whom Augustus appointed to determine civil Causes.

DAC.

56. *Uri*

Quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
 Auctoratus eas; an turpi clausus in arcâ,
 Quo te demisit peccati conscia herilis,
 Contractum, genibus tangas caput? Estne marito
 Matronæ peccantis in ambos iusta potestas? 60
 In corruptorem vel iustior. Illa tamen se
 Non habitu, mutæve loco, peccatæ supernè;
 Quum te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti.
 Ibis sub furcam prudens, dominoque furenti
 Committes rem omnem & vitam & cum corpore famam.
 Evâsti? metues, credo, doctusque cavebis: 66
 Quæres, quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire
 Possis. O toties servus! quæ bellua ruptis,
 Quum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
 Non sum mœchus, ais. Neque ego, Hercule, fur, ubi vasa
 Prætereo sapiens argentea. Tolle periclum, 71
 Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.
 Tune mihi dominus; rerum imperiis hominumque
 Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
 Imposita haud umquam miserâ formidine privet? 75
 Adde super dictis quod non leviùs valeat: nam
 Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos Vester

56. *Uri virgis.*] The People, who sold themselves to a Master of Gladiators, engaged in a Form or Bond, called *auctoramentum*, to suffer every thing, Sword, Fire, Whips, Chains and Death. They were then received into the Profession, and styled *auctorati*. From thence the Terms came to be used for all Kinds of infamous Engagements.

Torr.

59. *Contractum, genibus tangas caput?*] Falstaffe, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, very humourously describes this awkward Situation. Next, to be compassed, like a good Bilboe, in the Circumference of a Peck; Hilt to Point; Heel to Head. It might, perhaps, be worthy of the Sagacity of our Critics upon Shakespeare, to inquire, whether he had not this Passage of Horace in his View; *turpi clausus in arcâ—contractum, genibus tangas caput.*

70. *Non sum mœchus.*] Our Poet really looked upon Adultery with Horrour, but Davus imagines his Master's Virtue, like his own Honesty, was an Effect of Fear.

74. Vin-

Sat.

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74.

Slave,

76.

Then where's the Difference, whether you engage
Through Scourges, Wounds and Death, to mount the
Stage,

Or by the conscious Chamber-Maid are prest
Quite double, Neck and Heels, into a Chest?

The Husband's Vengeance o'er the Wife extends,
But yet his juster Wrath on you descends;
For she ne'er strolls abroad in vile Disguise,
And when her lewdest Wishes highest rise,
She dares but half indulge the Sin; afraid,
Even by the Man she loves, to be betray'd.

You take the Yoke, and to the Husband's Rage
Your Fortune, Person, Life and Fame engage.
Have you escap'd? Methinks, your future Care
Might wisely teach You to avoid the Snare.
No, you with Ardour to the Danger run,
And dare a second Time to be undone.
Repeated Slave! What Beast, that breaks his Chain,
In love with Bondage would return again?

But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded Dame——
Then, by the Son of Jove, I here disclaim
The Name of Thief, when, though with backward Eye
I wisely pass the silver Goblet by.
But take the Danger, and the Shame away,
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her Prey,
Spurning the Reins. But say, shall you pretend
O'er me to lord it, who can vilely bend
To each proud Master; to each changing Hour
A very Slave? Not even the Prætor's Power,
With thrice-repeated Rites, thy Fears controul,
Or vindicate the Freedom of thy Soul.

But

74. *Vindicta*] Was a Rod, which the Lictor laid on the Head of a Slave, when the Prætor made him free. Plautus calls it *Festuca*.

76. *Nam sine vicarius*.] The Romans generally had a Master-Slave in

Vester ait, seu confervus: tibi quid sum ego? Nempe
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile signum. 80

HORATIUS.

Quisnam igitur liber?

DAVUS.

Sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent:
Respondere cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in seipso totus; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari; 85
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. Potesne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum
Perfundit gelidâ: rursus vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla iugo: liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis; 90
Urget enim mentem dominus non lenis, & acres
Subjectat lasso stimulos, versatque negantem.
Vel quum Pausiacâ torpes, infane, tabellâ,
Quî peccas minùs atque ego? quum Fulvâ, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror 95
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut si Re

in every Family, *servus atriensis*, and all their other Slaves were called by one common Name, *vicarii*. The first, who commands, is not less a Slave, than those who obey. To hear Men talk, they seem to assert that Liberty, for which they were born; to look into their Conduct, they willingly multiply their Dependences even to Slavery. In this general Servitude, the Great, properly speaking, are only Master-Slaves; and in Proportion to their Fortunes and Honours, pay a larger Tribute to their own Ambition and Vanity, as well as to the Pride and Insolence of their Superiours. They are only different from the rest of Mankind, as their Servitude is of larger Extent, and disguised under more specious Names.

SAN.

80. *Nervis alienis mobile signum.*] *Lignum* of the common Editions does not determine the Meaning of the Poet; besides these Automata, *neurospasta*, *figilla automata*, were often made of Metal or Ivory. That Men are acted by their Passions, as Puppets are by Wires, is a Sentiment in Plato.

84. *Teres*

But as the Slave, who lords it o'er the rest,
Is still a Slave, a Master-Slave at best,
So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd ;
Thou Thing of Wood and Wires, by others play'd.

HORACE.

Who then is free ?

DAVUS.

The Wise, who well maintains
An Empire o'er himself : whom neither Chains,
Nor Want, nor Death, with slavish Fear inspire,
Who boldly answers to his warm Desire,
Who can Ambition's vainest Gifts despise,
Firm in himself who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round who runs his proper Course,
And breaks Misfortune with superior Force.

What is there here, that you can justly claim,
Or call your own ? When an imperious Dame
Demands her Price, with Insults vile pursues thee ;
Driven out of Doors with Water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back ; for Shame, shake off her Chain,
And boldly tell her you are free——In vain ;
A Tyrant-Lord thy better Will restrains,
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his Reins.

If some fam'd Piece the Painter's Art displays,
Transfix'd you stand, with Admiration gaze ;
But is your Worship's Folly less than mine,
When I with Wonder view some rude Design
In Crayons or in Charcoal, to invite
The Crowd, to see the Gladiators fight ?

Me-

84. *Teres atque rotundus.*] The Metaphor is taken from a Globe, and our Vices are those Inequalities, which stop us in our Course of Virtue. Our ablest Critics Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame, and Sanderson have corrected the Punctuation ; for they, who read *in seipso totus teres atque rotundus*, confound two Qualities of the wise Man, which the Poet justly distinguishes. *Rotundus in seipso* does not form any reasonable Sense.

Re verâ pudent, feriant vitentque moventes
Arma viri. Nequam, & cessator Davus: at ipse
Subtilis veterum iudex, & callidus audis.

Nîl ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus, atque animus cœnis responsat opimis.

100

Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est cur?

Tergo plector enim: quî tu impunitior illa,

Quæ parvo fumi nequeunt, obsonia captas?

Nempe inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,

105

Illusque pedes vitiosum ferre recusant

Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam

Furtivâ mutat strigili? qui prædia vendit,

Nîl servile, gulæ parens, habet? Adde, quòd idem

Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia rectè

110

Ponere; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro;

Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam;

Frustra: nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem.

HORATIUS.

Unde mihi lapidem?

DAVUS.

Quorsum est opus?

HORATIUS.

Unde sagittas?

DAVUS.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

HORA-

93. *Pausiacâ.*] Pausias was a famous Flower-Painter. Lucullus gave a thousand Crowns for a Picture, in which he drew his Mistress sitting, and making a Wreath of Flowers. He was a Contemporary of Apelles.

96. *Prælia, rubricâ picta.*] Masters of Gladiators hung the Pictures of their best Champions, such as Fulvius, Rutuba, or Placideianus, at the Door of the House where they fought.

102. *Mibi perniciosus est cur?*] Horace had no better Excuse for indulging his Appetites, than his not being afraid of the Lash, like a Slave. Davus prevents this Objection by shewing, that he is sufficiently chastised by the Distempers, which his Luxury produces. Surely then the Terrors, which they feel, are at least equal.

107. *Uvam furtivâ mutat strigili.*] For *strigilem uvâ mutat*, as in the Art of Poetry, *sylvæ foliis mutantur*, for *folia mutantur in sylvis*.

Methinks, in very Deed they mount the Stage,
 And seem in real Combat to engage ;
 Now in strong Attitude, they dreadful bend ;
 Wounded they wound ; they parry and defend :
 Yet Davus is with Rogue and Rascal grac'd,
 But you're a Critic, and a Man of Taste.

I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing Knave,
 When by a smoking Pasty made a Slave :
 In you it shews a Soul erect and great,
 If you refuse even one luxurious Treat.
 Why may not I, like you, my Guts obey ? —
 “ My Shoulders for the dear Indulgence pay.”
 But should not you with heavier Stripes be taught,
 Who search for Luxuries ; how dearly bought !
 For soon this endless, this repeated Feast,
 Its Relish lost, shall pall upon the Taste ;
 Then shall your trembling Limbs refuse the Weight
 Of a vile Carcase with Disease repletè.

How seldom from the Lash a Slave escapes,
 Who trucks some Trifle, that he stole, for Grapes ?
 And shall we not the servile Glutton rate,
 To please his Throat who sells a good Estate ?
 You cannot spend one vacant Hour alone ;
 You cannot make that vacant Hour your own.
 A Self-Deferter from yourself you stray,
 And now with Wine, and now with Sleep allay
 Your Cares ; in vain : Companions black as Night,
 Thy pressing Cares, arrest thee in thy Flight.

HORACE.

Is there no Stone ?

DAVUS.

At whom, good Sir, to throw it ?

HORACE.

Have I no Dart ?

DAVUS.

What Mischief ails our Poet ?

He's

HORATIUS.

Ocyus hinc te 115

Nî rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

116. *Accedes opera.*] *Opera* for *servus*. Slaves, who were employed in tilling their Lands, were generally chained, so that the Threat was great enough to alarm Davus, and end the Conversation. DAC.

SAT. VIII.

HORATIUS. FUNDANIUS.

HORATIUS.

UT Nasidieni juvit te cœna beati?
Nam mihi convivam quærenti, dictus herè illic
De medio potare die.

FUNDANIUS.

Sic, ut mihi nunquam

In vitâ fuerit meliùs.

HORATIUS.

Dic (si grave non est)

Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca. 5

FUNDANIUS.

In primis Lucanus aper; leni fuit Austro
Captus, ut aiebat cœnæ pater; acria circùm

Rapula

Nasidienus having determined to give Mæcenus an elegant Entertainment, invited three Persons of first Distinction, in the Court of Augustus, to entertain his illustrious Guest. Mæcenus carries with him two others of the same Character, and Nasidienus completed the Set with a Couple of Parasites and Buffoons. The Feast is such as we generally call a Miser's Feast; an ill-judged Expence and Profusion; every Elegance of the Season, but either tainted by being kept too long, or spoiled by a Cook, who might well have forgotten his Trade in a Miser's Kitchen. Yet their Host commends every Dish with such an impertinent, ridiculous Affectation of Taste, that at last he talks his Guests out of his House.

Vers. 1. *Nasidieni.*] The Profody of this Verse has much perplexed our Commentators. The second Foot is a Spondee, by uniting the third

and

He's mad or making Verses.

HORACE.

Hence, you Knave,
Or to my Farm I'll fend you, the ninth Slave.

S A T. VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

THEY told me, that you spent the jovial Night
With Nafidienus, that same happy Wight,
From early Day, or you had been my Guest;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd your Feast.

FUNDANIUS.

Sure never better.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your Appetite appease.

FUNDANIUS.

First a Lucanian Boar, of tender Kind,
Caught, says our Host, in a soft; southern Wind.

Around

and fourth Syllables; a Licence which our Author has used in *confilium, principium, vindemiator, &c.*

SAN.

3. *De medio potare die.*] Nafidienus, to give himself an Air of a Man of Taste, dines three or four Hours before the usual Time; or perhaps Fundanius would insinuate, that this was too solemn a Feast for vulgar Hours.

6. *Leni fuit Austro captus.*] Either by buying it cheap, or keeping it too long, the Boar was tainted; but our Host would insinuate, that it had a particular Flavour by being taken when the Wind was South, which made it delicate and tender.

8. *Rapula.*] The Roots and Pickles were such as might best, by their Sharpness, overcome the tainted Flavour of the Boar, as well as excite the Guests to eat.

Rapula, lactucæ, radices, qualia lassum
 Pervellunt stomachum, fiser, allec, fecula Coa.
 His ubi sublatis, puer altè cinctus acernam 10
 Gausape purpureo mensam perterfit, & alter
 Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, quodque
 Posset cœnantes offendere : ut Attica virgo
 Cum sacris Cereris, procedit fuscus Hydaspes
 Cæcuba vina ferens ; Alcon, Chium, maris experts. 15
 Hic herus : Albanum, Mæcenas, sive Falernum
 Te magis appositis delectat ; habemus utrumque :
 Divitias miseras.

HORATIUS.

Sed queis cœnantibus unà,
 Fundani, pulchrè fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.

FUNDANIUS.

Summus ego, & prope me Viscus Thurinus, & infra 20
 (Si memini) Varius ; cum Servilio Balatrone
 Vibidius, quos Mæcenas adduxerat umbras :

Nomen

11. *Gausape purpureo.*] The Table was made of Maple, a cheap and common Wood, but Nasidienus, in an Air of polite Extravagance, makes the Slaves wipe it with a purple Napkin. DAC.

12. *Quodque posset cœnantes offendere.*] This was the Pretence, that nothing might offend his Guests, but his Design was, that nothing might be lost. DAC.

15. *Chium maris experts.*] It was customary to mix Sea-Water with the strong Wines of Greece, but Fundanius, when he tells them, that the Wine Alcon carried had not a Drop of Water in it, would have them understand, that this Wine had never crossed the Seas, and that it was an Italian Wine, which Nasidienus recommended for Chian. LAMB.

18. *Divitias miseras.*] Albanian and Falernian Wines were the best of Italy ; but Nasidienus calls them wretched, contemptible Riches, that he may better recommend his pretended Chian Wine. DAC. SAN.

20. *Summus ego, &c.*] If we should examine the Manner, in which the Romans sat, or lay at Table when they supped, by the Prints, which are said to be taken from some ancient Monuments, we shall find it impossible to explain the present Entertainment. Each Courie, as

Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent Force, the jaded Appetite,
Rapes, Lettuce, Radishes, Anchovy-Brine,
With Skerrets, and the Lees of Coan Wine.

This Dish remov'd, a Slave expert and able
With purple Napkin wip'd a maple Table.
Another sweeps the Fragments of the Feast,
That nothing useless might offend the Guest.

At Ceres' Feast as Attic Virgin walks
Solemn and slow, so black Hydaspes stalks
With right Cæcubian, and the Wines of Greece ———
Of foreign Growth, that never cross'd the Seas.
If Alban and Falernian please you more,
So says our Host, you may have both good Store;
Poor Wealth indeed ———

HORACE.

But tell me, who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy such luscious Fare?

FUNDANIUS.

On the first Bed Thurinus lay between
Varius and me, if haply right I ween;
Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenæ, and with him they share The

as represented in those Monuments, consisted of only a single Dish, and this Usage was so general, that Catius boasts he was the first, who divided a certain Sauce into different Plates. But it is impossible to conceive how every Guest, according to the common Representations, could reach to the same Dish. Secondly, Nomentanus pointed with his Finger to the Delicacies of each Service, but while he lies at a Corner of the Table (according to the Prints) how could he distinguish the delicious Parts of a Dish, that certainly was in the middle of the Table, or how could he shew them to those, who lay on the other Beds!

As our understanding the Satire will in a great Measure depend upon our knowing in what Manner the Guests were placed, a Plate has been engraved after a Design of Mr. Sanadon, which perfectly agrees with our present Entertainment, nor have the common Figures any other Authority, than what depends on their Agreement with ancient Authors.

Nomentanus erat supra ipsum ; Porcius infra,
Ridiculus totas semel absorbere placentas.

Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, si quid fortè lateret,
Indice monstraret digito. Nam cætera turba,
Nos, inquam, cœnamus aves, conchylia, pisces,
Longè dissimilem noto celantia succum :

Ut vel continuò patuit, quum passeris assi, atque
Ingustata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi.

Post hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem
Ad lunam delecta. Quid hoc intersit, ab ipso
Audieris meliùs. Tum Vibidius Balatroni :

Nos, nisi damnosè bibimus, moriemur inulti ;
Et calices poscit majores. Vertere pallor

Tum parochi faciem, nîl sic metuentis ut acres
Potiores : vel quòd maledicunt liberiùs ; vel
Fervida quòd subtile exfurdant vina palatum.

Invertunt Allifanis vinaria tota

Vibidius Balatroque ; secutis omnibus : imi
Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuere lagenis.

Adfertur squillas inter muræna natantes

In patinâ porrecta. Sub hoc herus : Hæc gravis, inquit,
Capta

24. *Ridiculus totas.*] Our Parasites are well employed. One of them commends the most delicious Morsels ; the other thinks he cannot better shew how excellent the Pies and Custards are, than by swallowing them whole. DAC.

28. *Longè dissimilem noto.*] There is much Malice in the Ambiguity of this Expression. The Meats, being not over excellent in their Kinds, were disguised and concealed by Sauces and Seasoning. Nomentanus declares their Taste is very singular, and Fundanius confesses he had never eaten any thing like them. DAC. SAN.

31. *Post me docuit melimela.*] The Dish was garnished with these Apples. Seneca says expressly, that it was customary. SAN.

38. *Exfurdant vina palatum.*] This Figure applying to one Sense what belongs to another, has a particular Boldness and Beauty. Virgil says *tardus sapor*, and Pliny *color surdus*. SAN.

The Translation hazards the Expression. *Deafen the Taste.*

39. *Invertunt Allifanis.*] *Allifana* were large Cups made at *Allifæ*, a Samnite Town. *Vasa* must be understood to agree with *vinaria*, and *poculis*

The middle Bed. Our Master of the Feast
On the third Couch, in Seat of Honour plac'd,
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly swallows Custard-pies.

Whate'er of curious Relish lay unknown
Is by Nomentane with his Finger shown,
For we, poor Folk, unknowing of our Feast,
Eat Fish and Wild-Fowl — of no common Taste.
But he, to prove how luscious was the Treat,
With a broil'd Flounder's Entrails crowds my Plate,
Then tells me, Apples are more ruddy bright,
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning Light.
He best can tell you where the Difference lies —
But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
“ Sure to be poison'd, unreveng'd we die,
“ Unless we drink the wretched Miser dry.
“ Slave, give us larger Glasses.” — Struck with Dread,
A fearful Pale our Landlord's Face o'erspread;
Great were his Terrors of such drinking Folk,
Whether with too much Bitterness they joke,
Or that hot Wines, dishonouring his Feast,
Deafen the subtle Judgment of the Taste.

When our two Champions had their Facers crown'd,
We did them Justice, and the Glass went round;
His Parasites alone his Anger fear'd,
And the full Flask unwillingly they spar'd.

In a large Dish an outstretch'd Lamprey lies,
With Shrimps all floating round: the Master cries,

This

peculis with *Allifanis*. The Translator has made use of a Word, perhaps, never printed before, but well known amongst the Friends of the Bottle. A Facer is a Kind of technical Term for a Glass so full, as not to be rais'd off the Table; the Person, who drinks it, must keep, and lay his Face to it.

42. *Hæc gravis.*] Lampreys were a favourite Dish among the Romans,

Capta est ; deterior post partum carne futura.
 His mistum jus est oleo, quod prima Venafri
 Pressit cella ; garo de succis piscis Iberi : 45
 Vino quinquenni, verum citra mare nato,
 Dum coquitur : cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non
 Hoc magis ullum aliud ; pipere albo, non sine aceto,
 Quod Methymneam vitio mutaverit uvam. 50
 Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras
 Monstravi incoquere ; illotos Curtillus echinos,
 Ut melius muriâ, quam testa marina remittit.
 Interea suspensa graves aulæa ruinas
 In patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri 55
 Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
 Nos majus veriti, postquam nihil esse pericli,
 Sensimus, erigimur. Rufus posito capite, ut si
 Filius immaturus obisset, flere. Quis esset
 Finis, nî sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum 60
 Tolleret : Heu ! Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
 Te Deus ? ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
 Humanis ! Varius mappâ comescere risum
 Vix poterat. Balatro, suspendens omnia naso,
 Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat ; eoque 65
 Responsura tuo nunquam est par fama labori.
 Tene, ut ego accipiar lautè, torquerier omni
 Solitudine districtum ? ne panis adustus,
 Ne malè conditum jus apponatur ; ut omnes
 Præcincti rectè pueri contique ministrent ? 70

Adde

mans, but when pregnant, or when they had just spawned, were little esteemed. Perhaps, they were even thought dangerous, from an Apprehension, that they copulated with Serpents. DAC.

48. *Dum coquitur.*] Nasidienus, being resolved not to be too prodigal of his Chian Wine, only poured a little of it into the Sauce, when it was boiled. But he would willingly persuade his Guests, that his Frugality was a Matter of Taste and Refinement.

54. *Interea suspensa graves.*] These Lines are of such heroic Pomp, as to alarm a Reader, and are therefore translated in a Pomp of Burlesque. 72. *Pede*

This Fish, Mæcnas, big with Spawn was caught,
For after Spawning-time its Flesh is naught.
The Sauce is mix'd with Olive-Oil; the best,
And purest from the Vats Venafran prest,
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spanish Brine,
Nor less than five-year-old Italian Wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often spoil'd.

Then was white Pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And Vinegar of Lesbian Vintage four'd.

I first among the Men of Sapience knew
Roquets and Herbs in Cockle-Brine to stew,
Though in the same rich Pickle, 'tis confess'd,
His unwash'd Cray-fish sage Curtillus dress'd.

But lo! the Canopy, that o'er us spreads,
Tumbled, in hideous Ruin, on our Heads,
With Dust, how black! not such the Clouds arise
When o'er the Plain a Northern Tempest flies.
Some Horrors, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raise us, when we found the Danger fled.

Poor Rufus droop'd his Head, and sadly cried,
As if his only Son untimely died.

Sure he had wept, till Weeping ne'er had End,
But wise Nomentane thus up-rais'd his Friend;
" Fortune, thou cruelest of Powers divine,
" To joke poor Mortals is a Joke of Thine."
While Varius with a Napkin scarce suppress'd
His Laughter, Balatro, who loves a Jest,
Cries, such the Lot of Life, nor must you claim,
For all your Toils, a fair Return of Fame.
While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with Pain,
A Guest like me, polite to entertain
With Bread well bak'd, with Sauces season'd right,
And all your Slaves most elegantly dight,

Down

Adde hos præterea casus ; aulæa ruant si,
 Ut modò ; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso.
 Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
 Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.
 Nasidienus ad hæc : Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris, 75
 Commoda dent ; ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis ;
 Et soleas poscit. Tum in lecto quoque videres
 Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.

HORATIUS.

Nullos his mallem ludos spectâsse. Sed illa
 Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.

FUNDANIUS.

Vibidius dum 80
 Quærit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagena,
 Quòd sibi poscenti non dentur pocula ; dumque
 Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo ;
 Nasidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte
 Emendaturus fortunam. Deinde secuti 85
 Mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes
 Membra gruis sparsi sale multo, non sine farre,
 Pinguibus & ficis pastum jecur anseris albi,

Et

72. *Pede lapsus agaso.*] All this comfortable Speech is mere Irony. The Bread was burned ; the Sauce ill made ; the Servants awkwardly drest, and brought from the Stable to wait at Supper, *agaso* ; yet poor Nasidienus takes it all in good Part, and thanks his Guest for his Good-nature.

77. *Soleas poscit.*] That he might rise from Table. The Guests laid their Slippers at the End of the Bed, when they went to Supper.

TORR.

81. *Num sit quoque fracta lagena.*] Vibidius asks whether the Groom had broken the Bottle, at the same Time that he broke the Dish, for *quoque* certainly refers to *patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso*. He seems to insinuate, that Nasidienus had given Orders to his Slaves, not to be in too much Haste to supply the Guests with Wine, but to let them call for it more than once.

CRUQ. DAC.

84. *Nasi-*

Down falls the Canopy, a Trick of Fate,
Or a Groom-Footman stumbling breaks a Plate.
Good Fortune hides, Adversity calls forth,
A Landlord's Genius, and a General's Worth.

To this mine Host; "Thou ever-gentle Guest,
"May all thy Wishes by the Gods be blest,
"Thou best good Man"—But when we saw him rise,
From Bed to Bed the spreading Whisper flies.

HORACE.

Sure, never Play so fine. But, prithee, say,
How afterwards you laugh'd the Time away.

FUNDANIUS.

Slaves, cries Vibidius, have you broke the Cask?
How often must I call for t'other Flask?
With some pretended Joke our Laugh was drest,
Servilius ever seconding the Jest,
When you, great Host, return with alter'd Face,
As if to mend with Art your late Disgrace.

The Slaves behind in mighty Charger bore
A Crane in Pieces torn, and powder'd o'er
With Salt and Flower; and a white Gander's Liver,
Stuff'd fat with Figs, bespoke the curious Giver;

Be-

84. *Nasidiene, redis.*] The Spirit, with which Fundanius leaves the Narration, and speaks to Nasidienus, is an Apostrophe, truly heroic. This Figure is frequently used by Homer and Virgil, to awake an Attention in their Readers.

Mutatæ frontis] As Mr. Sanadon remarks, is an Expression like *homo excellentis ingenii*, nor is it necessary to apply to the Greek Language to explain the Mystery.

83. *Pinguibus & ficis.*] It appears by this Line, says Mr. Dacier, that the Romans were fond of the Liver of a Goose, fattened with green Figs. But as this must have been an expensive Dish, our frugal Host chose rather to give his Guests the Liver of a Goose, fed in the common Manner; but to make it appear fat and plump, he stuffed it with Figs.

Anseris

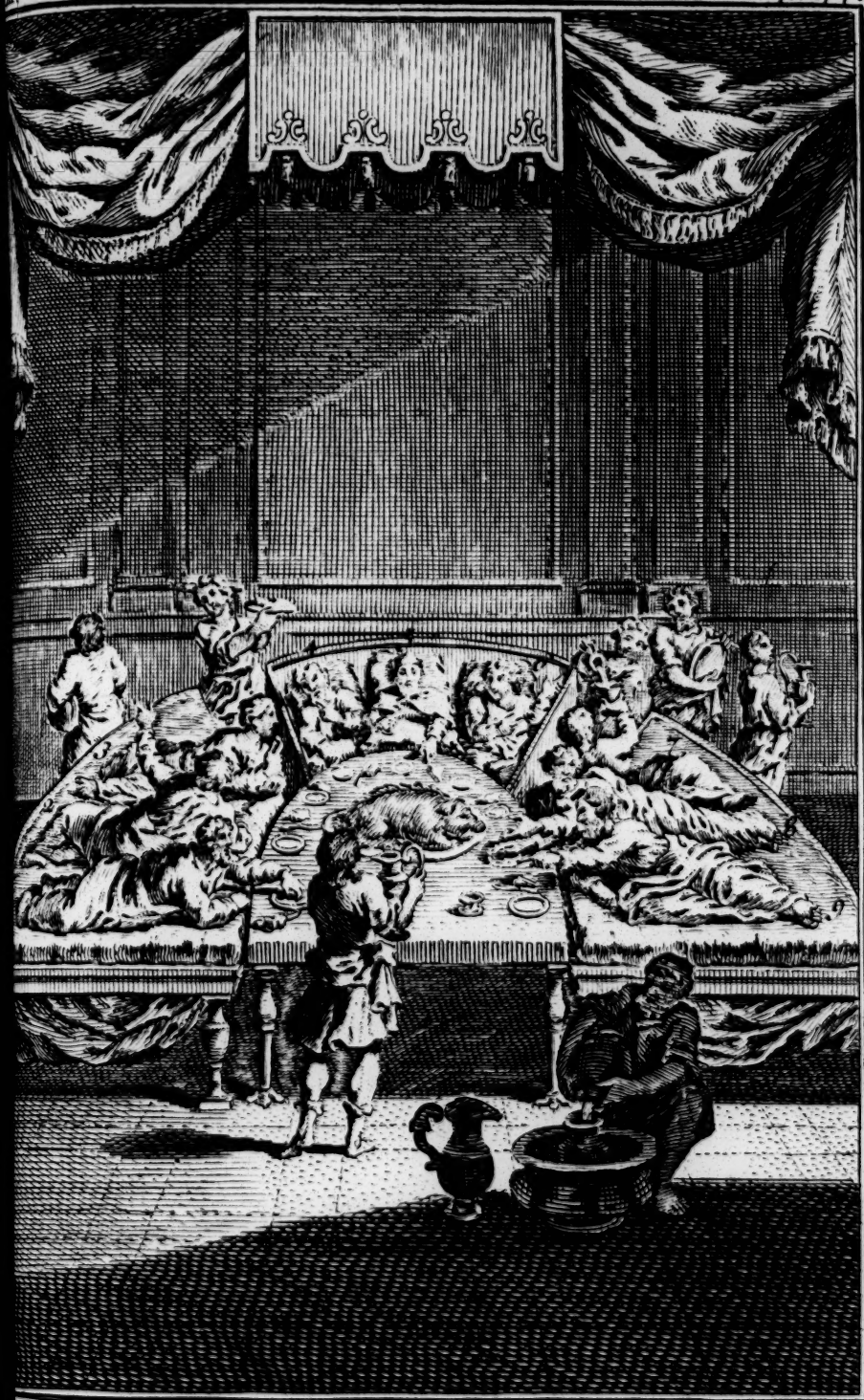
Et leporum avulsos, ut multò suaviùs, armos,
 Quàm si cum lumbis quis edit. Tum pectore adusto 90
 Vidimus & merulas poni, & sine clune palumbes;
 Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum, &
 Naturas dominus: quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
 Ut nihil omnino gustaremus, velut illis
 Canidia afflâset, pejor serpentibus Afris.

Anseris albi.] Our late Editions read *albæ*, but there seems a more whimsical Ridicule in the masculine Gender. People of Taste among the Romans were particularly fond of white Geese, as among us all white-legged Fowl are of politer Luxury.

89. *Et leporum avulsos.*] Nasidienus here improves upon the Maxims of Catius. Since the Wings of Hares are sweeter than the Back, he would have them dressed alone, *ut multo suavius, quam si cum lumbis.*

91. *Sine clune palumbes.*] Our Host had probably bought these Ring-doves a cheap Penny-worth, since the Rumps, which are the most delicious Part of the Bird, were so tainted as not to be brought to Table,

The Dining-Room of NISIDIENUS p. 274.



Engraving by Sculp.

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|---------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Fundanius. | 4. Servilius. | 7. Nomentanus. |
| 2. Viscus. | 5. Maecenas. | 8. Nisidienus. |
| 3. Varius. | 6. Vibidius. | 9. Porcius. |

place this at the End of Vol 3

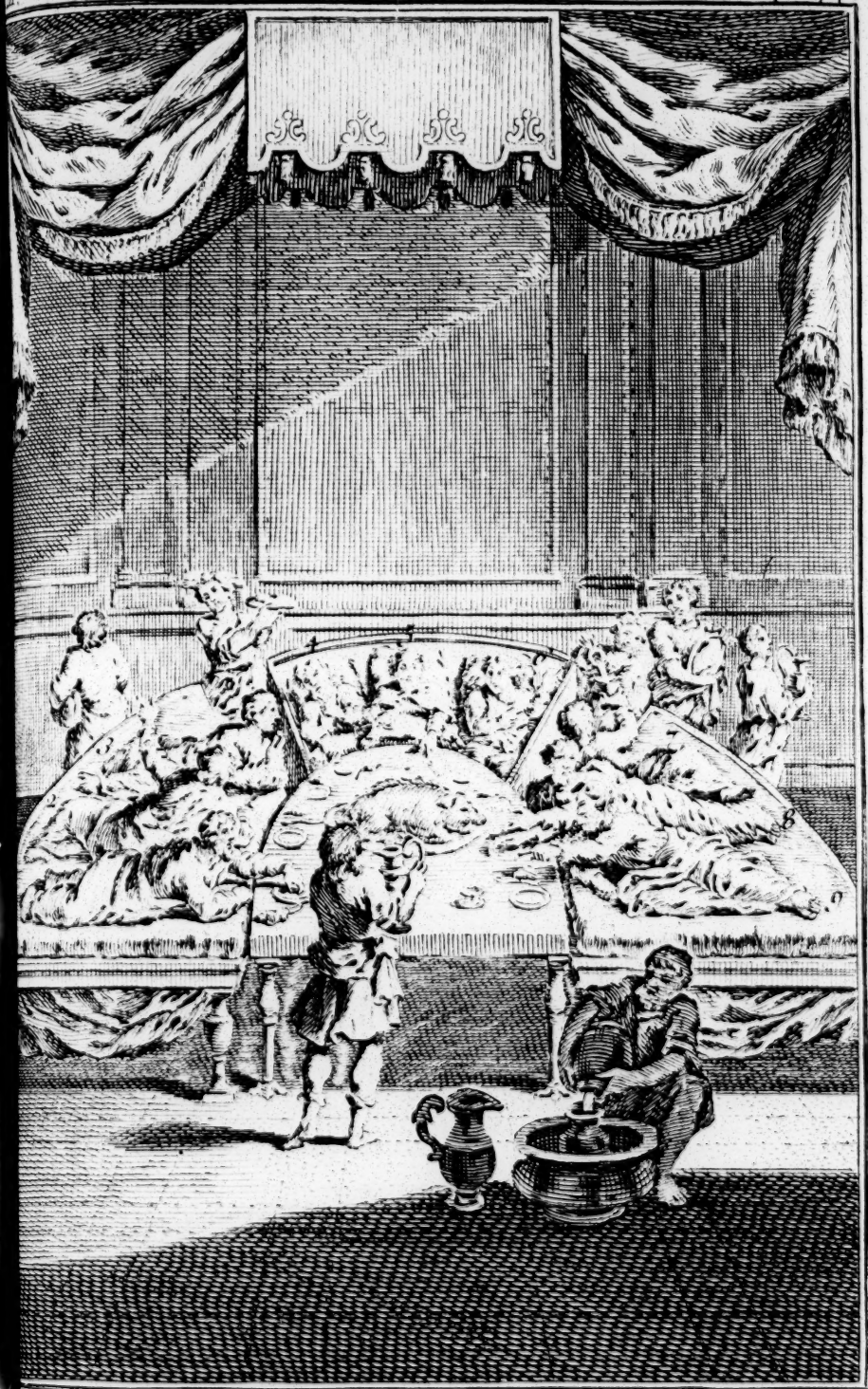
Et leporum avulsos, ut multò suaviùs, armos,
 Quàm si cum lumbis quis edit. Tum pectore adusto 90
 Vidimus & merulas poni, & sine clune palumbes;
 Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum, &
 Naturas dominus: quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
 Ut nihil omnino gustaremus, velut illis
 Canidia afflâset, peior serpentibus Afris.

[*Anseris albi.*] Our late Editions read *alba*, but there seems a more whimsical Ridicule in the masculine Gender. People of Taste among the Romans were particularly fond of white Geese, as among us all white-legged Fowl are of politer Luxury.

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The Dining-Room of A. TRIDIANUS p. 274.



Ammon Scalp.

1. Fundanius.

2. Vicius.

3. Varius.

4. Servilius.

5. Marcenas.

6. Vibidius.

7. Amentanus.

8. Aisidienus.

9. Percius.

place this at End of Vol 3

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Besides the Wings of Hares, for so, it seems,
No Man of Luxury the Back esteems.

Then saw we Black-birds with o'er-roasted Breast,
Laid on the Board, and Ring-Doves Rump-less drest !
Delicious Fare ! did not our Host explain
Their various Qualities in endless Strain,
Their various Natures ; but we fled the Feast,
Resolv'd in Vengeance nothing more to taste,
As if Canidia, with empoison'd Breath,
Worse than a Serpent's, blasted it with Death.

92. *Suaves res.*] These were delicious Rarities, to be sure ; but their Host was even more insupportable, than his Entertainment. Therefore while he was impertinently philosophising on the various Nature and Qualities of every Dish, his Guests left him to enjoy his Wisdom, his Feast, and his Parasites.

END OF THE SATIRES.



